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THE NEW YORKER

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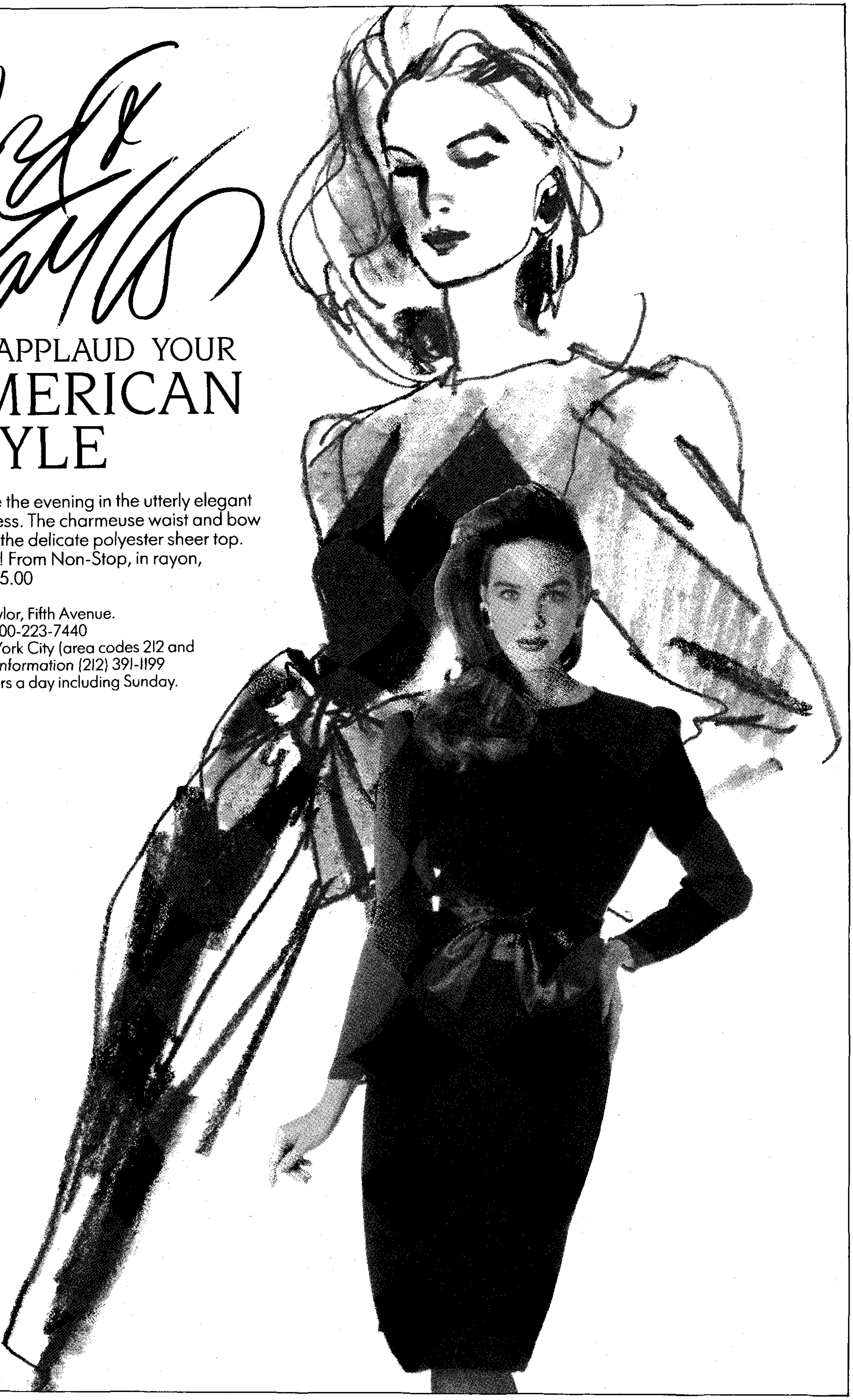

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

OCTOBER 24, 1988

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 4
THE TALK OF THE TOWN 31
"ORANGES AND APPLES" . . . . *Alice Munro* 36
"UPHILL HOME" (POEM) . . . . *Eamon Grennan* 38
"WEDDING" (POEM) . . . . *Linda Bierds* 44
A REPORTER AT LARGE (THE OLD SOUTH—PART I) . . . . *V. S. Naipaul* 56
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 103
ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS (SOUNDS) . . . . *Calvin Tomkins* 110
BOOKS . . . . *Helen Vendler* 122
  BRIEFLY NOTED 130

COVER: *Edward Koren*

DRAWINGS: *Lee Lorenz, Nurit Karlin, Jack Ziegler, Donald Reilly, Roz Chast, Dana Fradon, Arnie Levin, Richard Cline, Everett Opie, Leo Cullum, George Booth, J. B. Handelsman, Warren Miller, Oliver Williams, Charles Saxon, Robert Mankoff, Danny Shanahan, Robert Weber*

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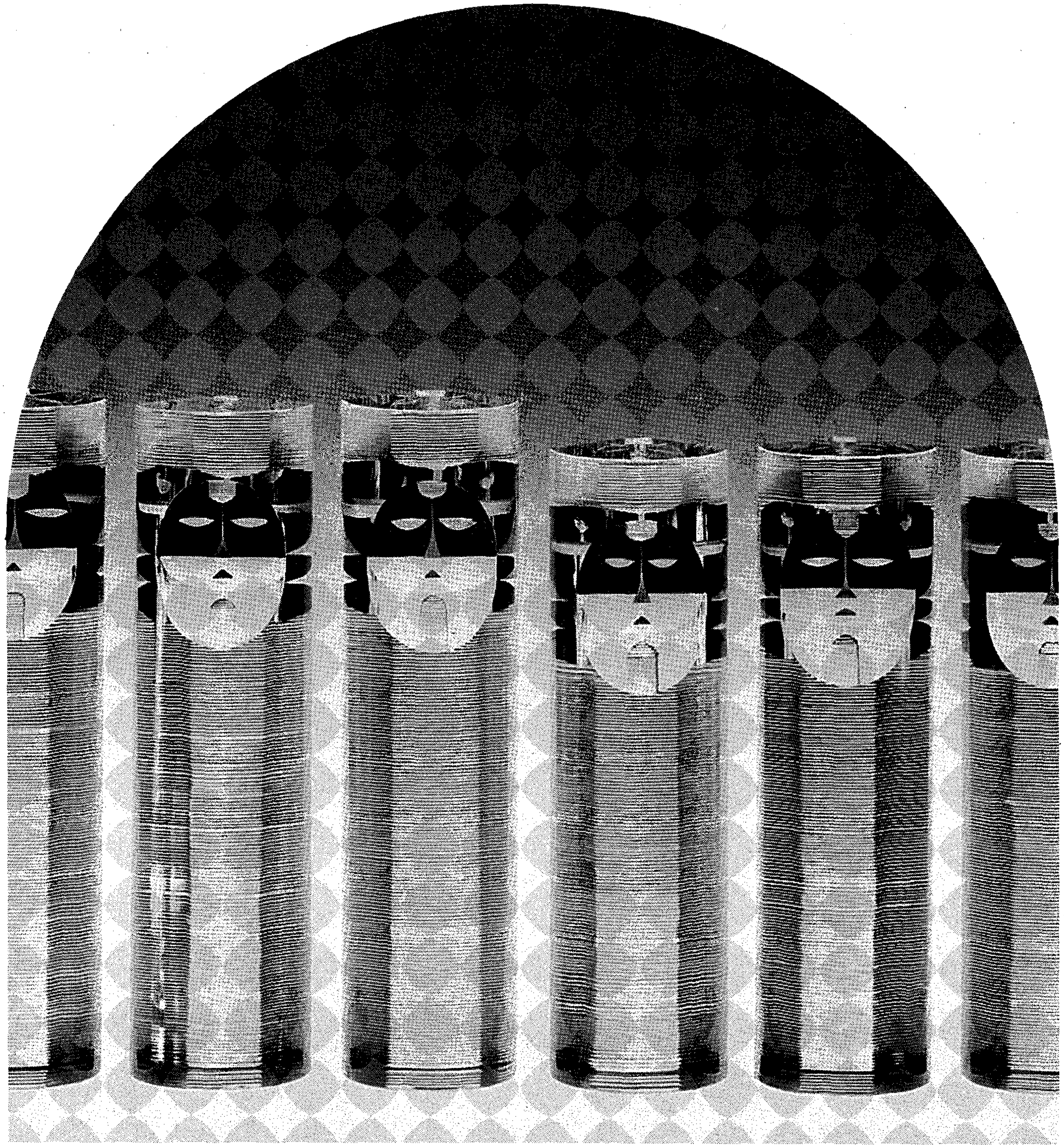

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MUSEUM CRYSTAL
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—A revival, after ten years, of this celebration of the music and the comic spirit of Fats Waller, in all its beauty and variety, as conceived and directed by Richard Maltby, Jr. The members of the original company are present and just as dynamic as they were the first time around. They are Nell Carter, Andre De Shields, Armelia McQueen, Ken Page, and Charlaine Woodard. The invaluable (and protean) Luther Henderson, conductor and arranger, again presides at the piano. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/5/88.) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

Blues in the Night—Carol Woods, Brenda Pressley, Leilani Jones, and Lawrence Hamilton appear as residents of a cheap hotel, presumably in Chicago, in this recital of blues and popular songs, many of them from the thirties. All the singers are good, Miss Woods especially so. (9/26/88) (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Checkmates—Ron Milner's "domestic comedy," about an older couple who lease the apartment above them to a recently married young couple, should be more entertaining than it is. There are some funny moments, though, and the performances are distinguished. The actors are Ruby Dee and Paul Winfield (downstairs) and Denzel Washington and Marsha Jackson (upstairs). Woodie King, Jr., directed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—**reckless,** a new play by Craig Lucas, about a woman whose husband has taken a contract out on her life, has slightly absurdist tendencies and pretensions but nothing to say. Only sprightly performances, from a cast led by Robin Bartlett, keep it from being unwatchable. (10/10/88) (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Cocktail Hour—A new comedy by A. R. Gurney, with Keene Curtis, Bruce Davison, Nancy Marchand, and Holland Taylor. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 18-19. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 20, at 6:45. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Forbidden Broadway 1988—The funniest show in town is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way, as conceived by Gerard Alessandrini, who directed it and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are *Toni DiBuono, Roxie Lucas, David B.* McDonald, and Michael McGrath—inspired mimics all. (9/26/88) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

Ghosts—Fionnula Flanagan and David McCallum in Ibsen's play. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 18-19. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 20. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Godspell—A revival of the 1971 musical by Stephen Schwartz and John-Michael Tebelak. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Just Say No—A play by Larry Kramer. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 18-19. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 20. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 6 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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23	24	25	26			

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **sweethearts.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Ma Rose—A play by Cassandra Medley. Preview Tuesday, Oct. 18. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 19. (Apple Corps Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. 242-4204. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30.)

M. Butterfly—David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play is based on an actual case. A French diplomat takes as his mistress a star of the Beijing Opera, and some twenty years later—when they are both charged with being spies—discovers that "she" is a he. David Dukes is the diplomat; B. D. Wong is exceptional as his lover. Lori Tan Chinn and George N. Martin give them sound support. (4/4/88) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Michael Feinstein in Concert: Isn't It Romantic—A program of popular songs of the twenties, thirties, and forties. Feinstein's knowledge of the genre is exhaustive: he knows all the old songs and their intros, so the show becomes a meeting place for the timeless and the charmingly dated. (5/9/88) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 6.)

My Unknown Son—A play by Daniel Curzon. Preview Monday, Oct. 17. Opens officially on Tuesday, Oct. 18. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 563-1684. Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 17-18; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 21-22; and Wednesday, Oct. 26, all at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 23, at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 22-23, at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Presenting **from the mississippi delta,** an ingenious play by Endesha Ida Mae Holland that, in a kind of dramatic collage, traces the life of a young woman from the fifties to the eighties. Brenda Denmark, Saundra McClain, and Gwen Roberts-Frost, three mettlesome actresses, portray her and an assortment of other characters, male and female. (9/5/88) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 23.)

Rameau's Nephew—An adaptation by Shelley Berc and Andrei Belgrader of Diderot's play. Preview Tuesday, Oct. 18. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 19. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Romance/Romance—A pair of charming one-act musicals, with Barry Williams and Alison Fraser in the leading roles. Barry Harman wrote the clever books and lyrics, and Keith Herrmann wrote the engaging scores. Mr. Harman directed. (5/16/88) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Saved from Obscurity—A play written by and starring Tom Mardirosian, which had a brief workshop production last June. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Speed-the-Plow—David Mamet's satire on Hollywood is just as scathing, just as acute as his "Glengarry Glen Ross," and even funnier, if that can be imagined. With David Rasche, Bob Balaban, and Felicity Huffman; directed by Gregory Mosher. (5/16/88) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Suds—This uninspired musical, set in a laundromat, uses the pop music of the early sixties to cash in on the nostalgia boom. (10/10/88) (Stage Left at Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Taffetas—A revue of songs from the early fifties. Four female singers reprise the hits of Rosemary Clooney, Jo Stafford, the Lennon Sisters, and others. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ten Percent Revue—A musical revue by Tom Wilson Weinberg about gay life. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, Nov. 6.)

What Did He See?—A new play written and directed by Richard Foreman. With Will Patton, Rocco Sisto, and Lili Taylor. Opens Tuesday, Oct. 18. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays at 8; and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10.)

York Theatre Company—Presenting **sing for your supper: a rodgers and hart musical celebration.** (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Wednesday, Oct. 19, and Friday, Oct. 21, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 22, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 23, at 3 and 7. For information about tickets, call 534-5366. Closes Saturday, Nov. 5.)

Long Runs—**anything goes:** This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, and Anthony Heald, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **burn this:** A play by Lanford Wilson, with Scott Glenn as a foulmouthed restaurant manager who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Oct. 29.) . . . **cats:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery and costumes by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Satur-

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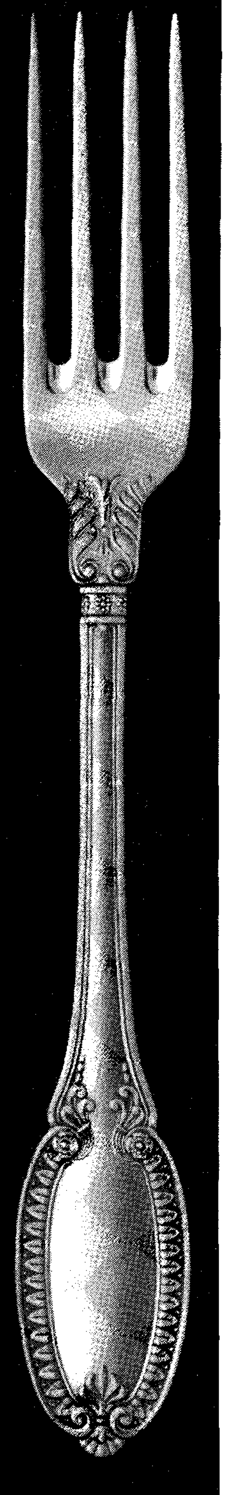

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE–Cont'd

days at 2.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** This longest of long runs recently had its twenty-eighth birthday. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **FRANKIE AND JOHNNY IN THE CLAIR DE LUNE:** Bonnie Franklin and Tony Musante in Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **INTO THE WOODS:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!":** The comedian's one-man show. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday evening, Oct. 17.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A fifty-year-old British musical starring Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Tim Shew and Norman Large star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OIL CITY SYMPHONY:** Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Michelle Horman, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny musical. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SARAFINA!:** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A SHAYNA MAIDEL:** A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** The first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

NEXT WAVE FESTIVAL—Surf's up; the sixth annual clambake opens on Thursday, Oct. 20, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 18. The first production is Lee Breuer and Bob Telson's new musical, **"THE WARRIOR ANT,"** in which an African-style griot, Latin rhythms, and Bunraku puppets tell the life story of a samurai ant. (Majestic, 651 Fulton St., about a block east of Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 20-21, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 25-26, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 22, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 23, at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30.) . . . ¶ Teatro del Sur, of Buenos Aires, in **"TANGO VARSOVIANO,"** a theatre piece that incorporates dance and music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 7, and Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30.)

"THE BEST OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN"—Former members of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in an evening of songs by the aforementioned gents. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 280-2875.)

DANCE

MARTHA GRAHAM DANCE COMPANY—Final performances of the engagement—Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Phaedra's Dream," "The Rite of Spring," and excerpts from the repertory. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8: "Celebration," "Diversion of Angels," "Phaedra," and "Temptations of the Moon." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8: "Embattled Garden," "Celebration," "Phaedra," and excerpts from the repertory. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 21, at 8: "Celebration," "El Penitente," "Night Chant," and "Letter to the World." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 22, at 2: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Night Chant," "El Penitente," and "Temptations of the Moon." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8: "Embattled Garden," Act I of "Clytemnestra," and "Diversion of Angels." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 23, at 2: "Cave of the Heart," "Temptations of the Moon," and excerpts from the repertory. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 23, at 7:30: "Night Chant," "Letter to the World," and excerpts from the repertory. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

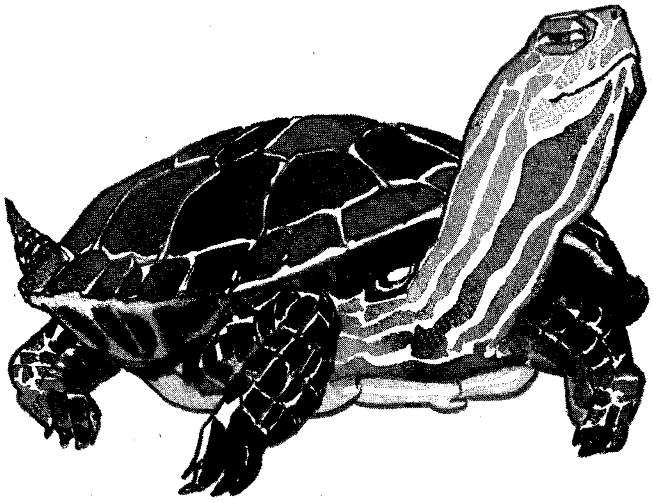
JOFFREY BALLET—The Robert Joffrey memorial season opens on Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 7:30, with "Suite Saint-Saëns," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," and the company's première of "Cotillon." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

BALLET HISPANICO—A two-week engagement. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesdays, except Oct. 18, through Saturdays at 8; Sundays and Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, Oct. 30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **BLOSSOM DEARIE,** whose voice is no bigger than a dainty child's and is just the right instrument for singing "Peel Me a Grape" or "Moonlight Saving Time,"



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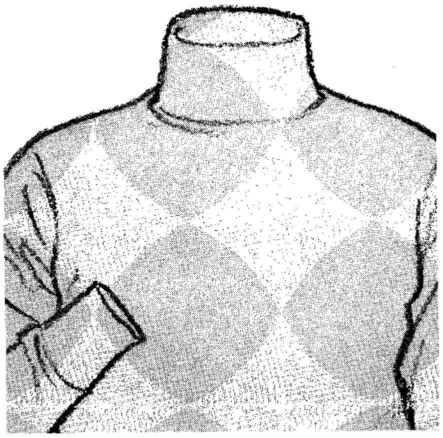

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NIGHT LIFE—*Cont'd*

gives an early-bird show Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty. **BARBARA COOK,** a Broadway-musical star with a star soprano, sings at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays (except on Tuesday, Oct. 18, when she performs only at nine).

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—A fledgling jazz operation that could easily be mistaken for a yuppie bar. The scenery includes waiters and waitresses in bowling shirts, some trees, and some nice-looking neon wading birds. Trumpeter **MARK MORGANELLI** leads a combo on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 21-22. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A long, narrow, bemirrored room with a piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and jazz people of various magnitudes on the dais. **BILLY ECKSTINE,** whose famous bass comes equipped with a wide vibrato, sings Tuesday through Sunday, Oct. 18-23; the formidable **CARMEN MC RAE,** a singer whose approach to a lyric is sternly unsentimental, comes in on Tuesday, Oct. 25. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Bruce Springsteen played here in 1975 and, eyewitnesses say, just about blew the house down; Tony Bennett sang here in 1981; and Dan Hicks, the toast of the folk-swing circuit, spent a night here in 1987. ("Howdja hear about this?" Hicks asked the audience, a small one.) In between and since, big stars and little stars, people with interesting haircuts and people with no hair have come and gone. The schedule: Tuesday, Oct. 18, drummer **JACK DE JOHNETTE'S** jazz band; Wednesday, Oct. 19, blues-rock guitarist **ROBBEN FORD;** Friday and Saturday, Oct. 21-22, the **LOUNGE LIZARDS;** and Wednesday, Oct. 26, country singer Eddie Rabbitt. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A Village bar that has long featured first-rate piano-bass teams and pro conversationalists and that now also features Bradley's T-shirts, Bradley's sweatshirts, Bradley's customized coasters, horn players, a person to take an admission fee, and a person to seat you and shush you. It's an institution. **MUNDELL LOWE,** a West Coast guitarist rarely heard outside the studios, works with bassist **RON CARTER** through Saturday, Oct. 22; trumpeter **DANNY MOORE** heads up a trio on Sunday, Oct. 23. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. **JAY MC SHANN,** a blues-minded Kansas City pianist who first arrived in New York forty-seven years ago, with a hot band that included Charlie Parker, will be here Tuesday through Sunday, Oct. 18-23, with a quintet. **GERI ALLEN,** a young Detroit-born pianist, brings in a trio on Tuesday, Oct. 25. Mondays belong to a foursome led by tenor saxophonist **BIG NICK NICHOLAS.** Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

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CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Bemelmans Bar, a small, well-upholstered room, has Ludwig Bemelmans' whimsical drawings and the proficient piano and pleasant baritone of **RONNY WHYTE.** Music from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CAT CLUB, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—This room, which caters to thrash-metal buffs and cooler heads on weeknights, opens its doors on Sundays to swing-music fans, most of whom come to Lindy. Feet jitter, skirts fly, and a nattily dressed gent gets a dreamy look on his face which says "Watch my next move, darlin'." Up by the stage, two men who have come stag scatter their feet when the band goes into "Jumpin' at the Woodside." The New York Swing Dance Society organizes these Sundays meetings, and on Oct. 23 it brings in the **WIDESPREAD JAZZ ORCHESTRA,** a youngish outfit that does satisfying versions of works by Basie, Ellington, Lunceford, and the rest. First set at eight.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A red-velvet-and-mirror-walled lair that will seem intimate to some people and too intimate to tall people (who may want to remove their homburgs before entering). **ROY HAYNES,** a snazzy bop-age drummer, leads a quartet Tuesday through Sunday, Oct. 18-23; jazz singer **MARK MURPHY** comes in with a trio on Tuesday, Oct. 25. Mondays remain in the hands of guitarist **LES PAUL.** Music from eight. Dining.

FORTUNE GARDEN PAVILION, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Two nice things not known to be available in the next world—Chinese cooking and American jazz—are here, under a greenhouse roof, above which loom garden-variety skyscrapers. **RUBY BRAFF,** who likes to speak low on his cornet, works with pianist **DICK HYMAN** on Mondays, Oct. 17 and 24. A trio made up of **CAROL BRITTO** (piano), **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** (guitar), and **MAJOR HOLLEY** (bass) has the floor Tuesday through Friday, Oct. 18-21; on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 22-23, Britto and Pizzarelli will be joined by bassist **LYNN SEATON.** Music from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

J'S, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room where the tenth letter of the alphabet (uncapped and disguised as a quarter note) turns up often: on doors, window shades, matchbooks. It's also a room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). Pianist **MIKE RENZI,** bassist **JAY LEONHART,** and drummer **GRADY TATE**—choice accompanists all, they back up Peggy Lee when she comes to town—perform on Wednesday, Oct. 19; clarinettist **KEN PEPLOWSKI'S** quartet visits on Saturday, Oct. 22. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

JAN WALLMAN'S, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A room fit for a singer, an accompanist or two, and a party of forty-eight. The singers: Molly Scates (with pianist Colin Romoff and trumpeter **JOE WILDER**) on Mondays, Oct. 17 and 24; **BOB STEWART** on Thursday, Oct. 20; and **BARBARA LEA** on Friday, Oct. 21. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 18-22, the pianist is Ted Rosenthal and the bassist is **JAY LEONHART.** Singer-pianist **HARRY CONNICK, JR.,** the latest good news to come up the river from New Orleans, holds forth Sundays and Mondays. Music from about nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music and performing space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmolodics and the post-ness of postmodernism. The room is run by two amiable young guys from Wisconsin, whose views on such things as cover charges are enlightened. Monday, Oct. 17, belongs to **SHELLEY HIRSCH,** who makes many curious sounds with her experimentalist's voice (she scats at supersonic speed, cackles like a crone, evokes Bugs Bunny, becomes a Chinese opera singer, pretends she's water hurrying down a drain) and makes some of those sounds curiouser still by altering them electronically. **CASSANDRA WILSON,** a young Brooklyn-based jazz singer, performs on Saturday, Oct. 22. Music after nine.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Scary-movie buffs like the epic-size iguana on the roof; Texans like the reminders of home; and musicians like the Texans, the New Yorkers, and the other visitors from this planet who regularly fill the joint up. The Paladins, a West Coast rockabilly trio, have the floor on Saturday, Oct. 22; **JOE (KING) CARRASCO,** who plays Tex-Mex party music that sounds cheerful even when he's stomping on gringo imperialists, will be around on Tuesday, Oct. 25, and so will Memphis-blues pianist **ROSCO GORDON.** Music after nine. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—The midtown branch of the aforementioned honky-tonk. The façade is a Silver Eagle bus, the kind your itinerant musician tools around in. The inside is upscale roadhouse; it has a couple of postage-stamp dance floors and some real pretty Gibson guitars decorating the walls. **RUTH BROWN,** a star R. & B. singer in the fifties and the wiggy R. & B. d.j. Motormouth Maybell in John Waters' 1988 movie "Hairspray," performs on Wednesday, Oct. 19; the **DEL-LORDS,** a Gotham rock band, hold forth on Saturday, Oct. 22. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Not far from this pub's gabbing, well-heeled crowds, **MAUREEN MC GOVERN,** a pop-jazz singer with a swell set of pipes and technique to burn, performs. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays (but not Tuesday, Oct. 18) at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Traditional jazz (big- and little-band Swing, several varieties of Dixieland) in the theatre district, and not a bad place to calm down in if, for instance, you happen to have just dropped a week's wages by taking the missus and your aunt from Macon to see a Broadway musical. Music from six on Sundays, from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll of the Present Moment—and, occasionally, of the Classical Era (the fifties), the Romantic Era (the sixties), and the OPEC Era (the seventies)—in a big, fancy thirties-era ballroom. **MITCH EASTER,** whose Drive-In studio (built in the garage of his parents' home in

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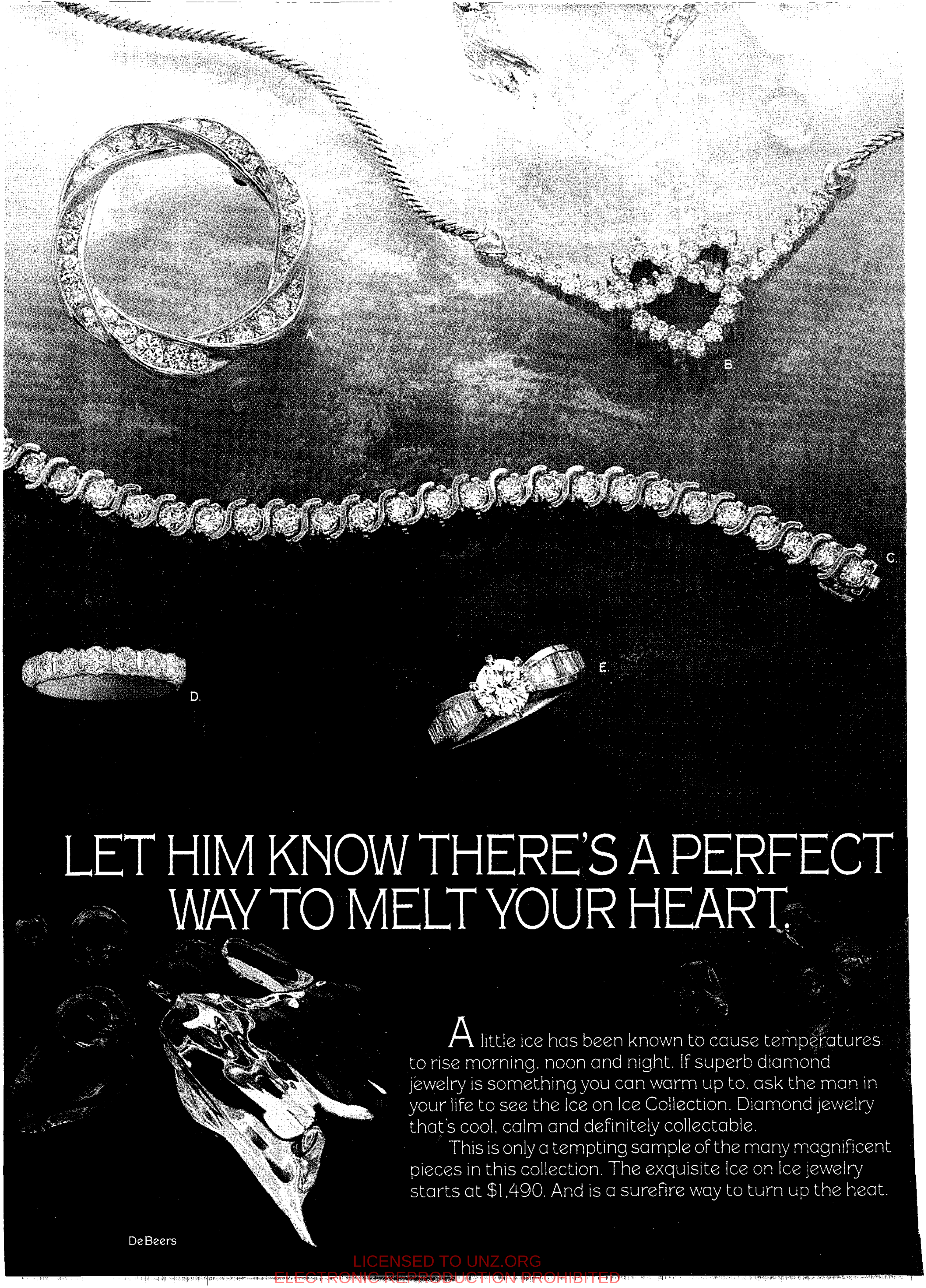
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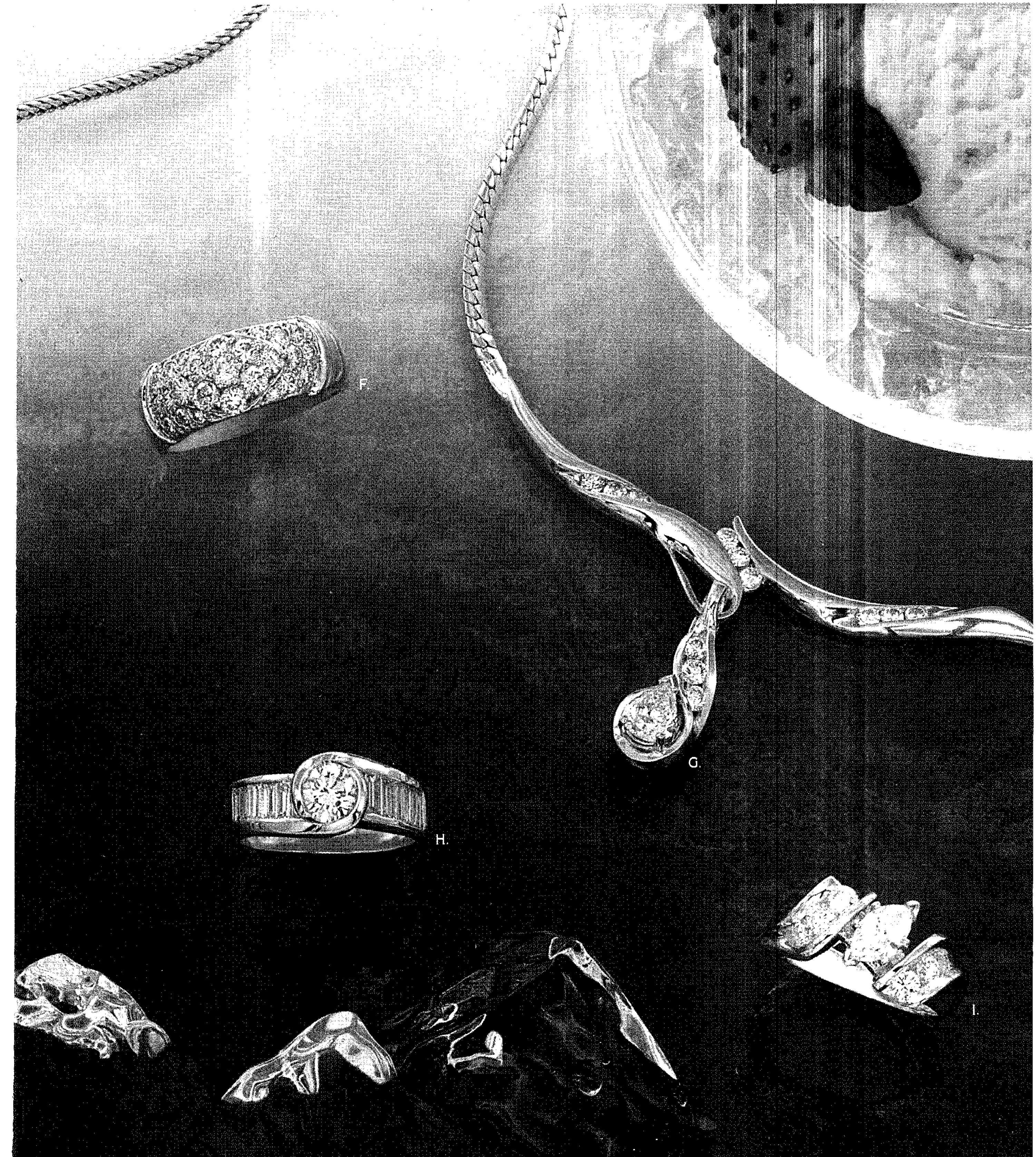

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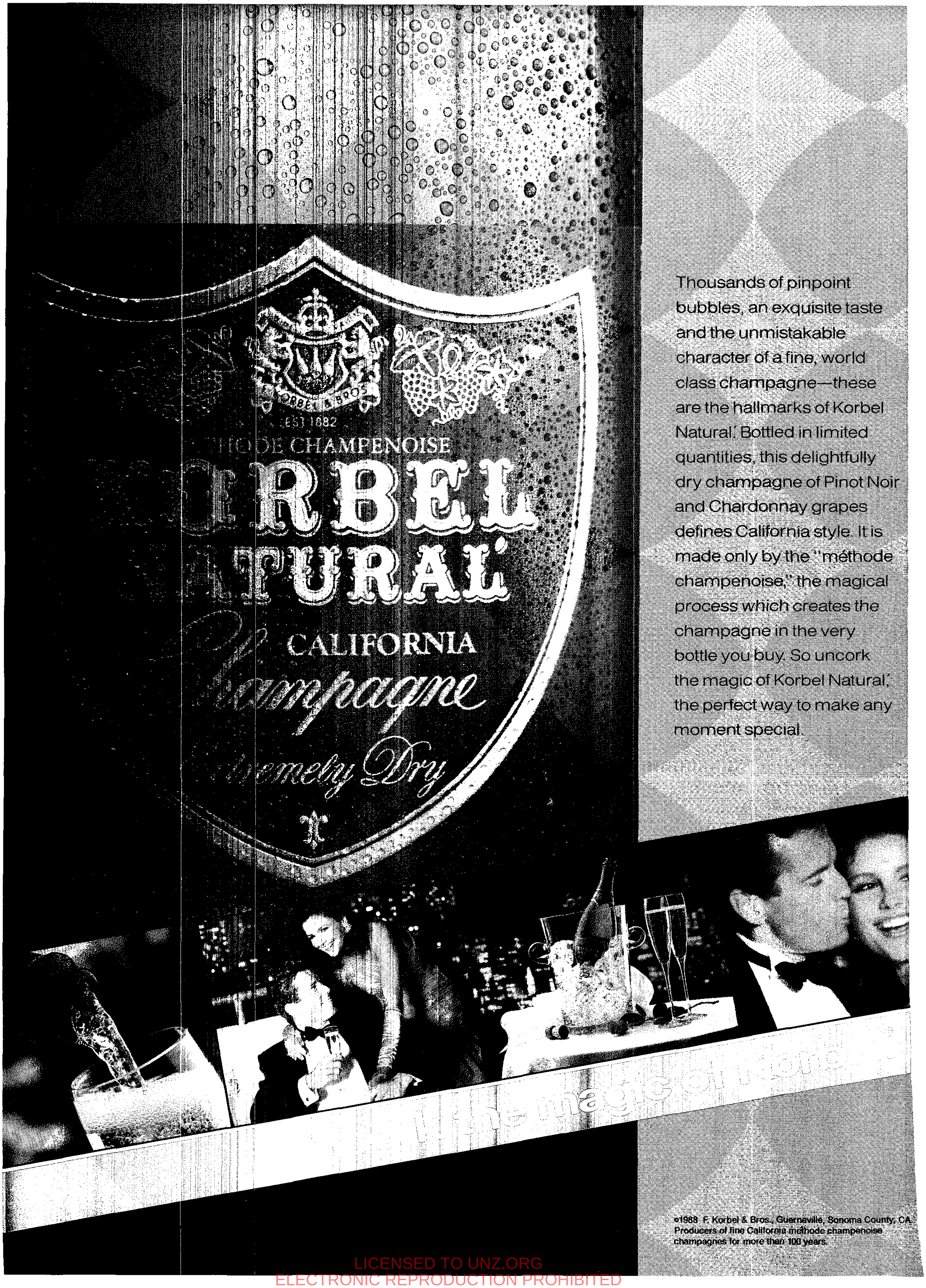
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

Winston-Salem, N.C.) became the place for eccentric Southern pop bands to record in the eighties, will be here on Wednesday, Oct. 19, with his own group, **LET'S ACTIVE,** and with **VELVET ELVIS,** a Kentucky band that he produces. **FISHBONE,** a boisterous Los Angeles R. & B. sextet (they backed up Little Richard on his hell-for-leather remake of "Rock Island Line," done for the Smithsonian's Folkways project), performs on Thursday and Friday, Oct. 20-21, along with Schoolly-D, a Philadelphia rapper whose X-rated raps are nasty, brutish, and un-funny. **CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN,** a Santa Cruz quintet that works in the late-eighties Cuisinart mode (blending psychedelic folk-rock with Celtic marches and Greek taverna music and whatever else is handy and reducible to a joke), holds forth on Saturday, Oct. 22. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African pop bands, reggae people, zydeco outfits, and salsa ensembles all pass through this former luncheonette. **ASTRUD GILBERTO,** a flower of the bossa-nova movement and one of the softest voices in town, sings Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 18-20; Grupo Mancotal, a Nicaraguan salsa band, has the floor on Saturday, Oct. 22; **YELLOWMAN,** a Jamaican singer who is the star of just about all of his reggae songs ("all of de girls, dey say, 'Yellow, you're bold' "), performs Sunday and Monday, Oct. 23-24; and on Tuesday, Oct. 25, Argentine tenor saxophonist **GATO BARBIERI** brings in a group. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Speakeasy, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—The site, many moons ago, of Rienzi's, a coffeehouse on the beaten path; nowadays, it's home to folkies, blues people, bluegrass fiddlers, lonesome cowboys, and a stray rock person or two. **JOHN GORKA,** a young Pennsylvania folksinger whose songs include the winsome "B.B. King Was Wrong" ("the thrill isn't gone"), will be here on Friday, Oct. 21, along with Shawn Colvin, whose musings tend to be set (as she puts it) on "the dark side of the romantic street." **JACK HARDY** sings on Saturday, Oct. 22. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled *boîte*, crowded with jazz fans from Japan, France, Germany, Denmark, Greenwich Village, and other countries. Pianist **KENNY BARRON** leads a quintet Tuesday through Sunday, Oct. 18-23; four musicians steeped in the mysteries of hard bop—pianist **CEDAR WALTON,** tenor saxophonist **HAROLD LAND,** bassist **RON CARTER,** and drummer **MICKEY ROKER**—commence a week-long visit on Tuesday, Oct. 25. The electrified big band that the late Gil Evans brought here on Mondays—it shimmered a little and rumbled a lot, while Evans, a hands-off conductor, let his soloists blow at length—is now under the direction of his son, trumpeter Miles Evans, and is again in action on Mondays. First set at ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the downstairs room, which is as big and plain as a mess hall, Mondays are set aside for salsa bands. Two eminent Latinists—the Cuban trumpeter and arranger **MARIO BAUZA** and the Puerto Rican percussionist and arranger **TITO PUENTE**—will be here on Oct. 24 with their orchestras. Activity after nine. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, **BOB DOROUGH,** a twangy-voiced singer and bop-rooted pianist, can be heard (when the bar birds and merrymakers lay out) Tuesday through Sunday, Oct. 18-23. Guitarist **JOE BECK** and bassist **JAY LEONHART** go to work on Tuesday, Oct. 25. On Tuesdays, the visiting duo trades sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Music from ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment has been described by Max Gordon, the wise, elfin, cigar-smoking proprietor, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Drummer **TONY WILLIAMS,** a teen-age phenom when he first played here, in the early sixties, with a Miles Davis quintet, leads a youthful neo-hard-boppish quintet Tuesday through Sunday, Oct. 18-23; guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** brings in a quartet on Tuesday, Oct. 25. Mondays are reserved for the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

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West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A Columbia University watering hole, with a room set aside for jazz scholars. In the seventies, it served as a home for famous, elderly Swing men; nowadays, most of the musicians are tenured professors of modernism. **GAIL WYNTERS,** a jazz and pop singer who was raised in the un-modern hills of northern Kentucky and has a resounding, gospel belter's voice, performs Wednesday through Sunday, Oct. 19-23. Music from about nine. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright, spacious, lightly forested bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** trade ideas through Saturday, Oct. 22; guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **DAVID FINCK** collaborate on Sunday, Oct. 23. Music from eight weeknights and from seven on Sundays.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Bob Dylan—With Toni Childs. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 17-19, at 8.)

Elton John—With Wet Wet Wet. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 17-18, and Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 20-22, at 8.)

John Kelly—La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Thursdays through Sundays at 8. Through Nov. 6.

American Jazz Orchestra—Gerald Wilson conducting. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 353-4195.)

Siouxsie and the Banshees—Radio City Music Hall. Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8.

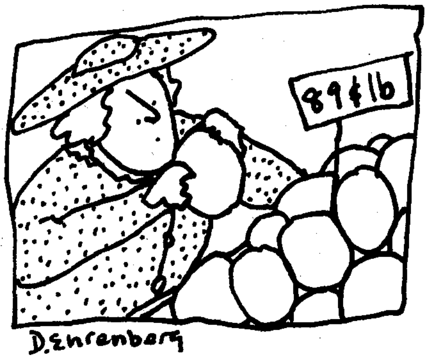
"Highlights in Jazz"—The Dorothy Donegan Trio and Judy Carmichael and her combo. (Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Sweet Honey in the Rock—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8.

The Temptations and the O'Jays—Radio City Music Hall. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8.

Modern Jazz Quartet—92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8.

Tom Rush—With Dave Massengill, Christine Lavin, and others. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8.)



Los Pleneros de la 21—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday, Oct. 24, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Hannelore Baron (1926-87)—Collages and boxes with bird imagery. Through Oct. 29. (Schlesinger, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Robert Birmelin—Large-scale paintings and drawings steadfastly confronting urban anomie. Through Nov. 10. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

Carmen Cicero—Two shows. Oil paintings at Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.; and watercolors at Kelly, 591 Broadway. (Both through Oct. 29.)

James Daugherty (1887-1974)—Figurative paintings and works on paper from the teens, twenties, and thirties by an artist whose work has been compared to Thomas Hart Benton's. Through Oct. 29. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Stephen De Staebler—New bronzes by an artist whose figurative sculptures have the fragmentary look of fossils. Through Nov. 12. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

Tom Doyle—Recent large-scale sculptures done in cherry wood. Through Oct. 29. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Edgar Franceschi—New works in a variety of mediums. Through Dec. 4. (Museo del Barrio, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Howard Hodgkin—New abstract paintings, several of which continue onto the frame. Through Nov. 3. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Edward Hopper (1882-1967)—At the heart of this show is a group of drawings of Gloucester and Cape Cod, many of them, such as "Cape Cod Morning," studies for major paintings. The gallery owns the drawings; related paintings have been borrowed from public and private collections. Through Nov. 12. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Kazuko Inoue—Recent abstract paintings. Through Oct. 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Donald Judd—Wall-mounted boxes made with metal and Plexiglas; they date from 1969 to 1986. Through Nov. 12. (Horan, 35 E. 67th St. Open Mondays. The Whitney will open a Judd retrospective on Thursday, Oct. 20.)

Moses Soyer (1899-1974) **and Raphael Soyer** (1899-1987)—Seventy-five paintings, including scenes of Paris in 1926 by Moses and early landscapes by Raphael. Through Friday, Oct. 21. (Radann, 16 E. 79th St. Opens at noon.)

Joseph Stella (1877-1946)—Tropical paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 29. (York, 21 E. 65th St.)

Gary Stephan—New abstract paintings. Through Oct. 29. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Open Mondays.)

Michael Tetherow—Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 29. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Group Show—Chiaroscuro woodcuts from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries, including works by Ugo da Carpi and Antonio da Trento. Through Nov. 5. (Colnaghi, at a new address, at 21 E. 67th St. Open Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Avigdor Arikha—Paintings and drawings of still-lifes, portraits, nudes, and interiors. Through Oct. 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Will Barnet / John Marin (1870-1953)—A dozen abstract paintings spanning the years 1940 to 1960. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. / Autumn landscapes, some reduced to abstraction. Through Oct. 29. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Troy Brauntuch—Drawings and paintings based

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ART—Cont'd

on photographs the artist culled from magazines and newspapers. Through Nov. 5. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

John Buck—Headless bare-wood figures balancing icons on their shoulders: a globe, an obelisk, a blossoming tree. Many of the works are accompanied by paintings with related imagery. Through Nov. 5. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

Chuck Close—Three exhibits. New portrait paintings (of Cindy Sherman, Francesco Clemente, and others) at Pace, 32 E. 57th St., second floor; recent prints and monumental-scale Polaroids, including flower subjects, on the third floor. . . . ¶ Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St., has photographs from the past twenty years. All through Saturday, Oct. 22.

Alan Cote—Intensely colored paintings with shapes abstracted from waves, leaves, and tree branches. Through Oct. 29. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

Bruce Dorfman—Color-field paintings. Through Nov. 5. (Arras, 24 W. 57th St.)

William L. Haney / Stephen Tanis—Paintings and works on paper chronicling the history of a couple who meet on Wall Street, get married, party it up in night clubs with Mick and Tina, and then have a daughter who does the same. / Fantasy landscapes and still-lifes. Through Oct. 29. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Tsugio Hattori—Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 29. (Reece, 24 W. 57th St.)

Robert Jessup—New paintings and drawings of, respectively, musicians and puppeteers. Through Nov. 2. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Michael Kessler—Paint has been poured, scraped, rubbed, scratched, and sanded to give the globular shapes on these panels rich surface textures. Through Oct. 29. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Milan Kunc / Bruce Weber—Stylized paintings, including the portraits "Student of Marxism" and "Young Urban Professional." / New photographs of figures. Through Oct. 29. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

G. Daniel Massad—Allegorical still-lifes in pastels. For instance, "Quince and Canteen" is intended to evoke the pathos of war. Through Oct. 29. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ann McCoy—Recent drawings and sculptures paying tribute to Roman, Greek, and Egyptian goddesses. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (ACA, 41 E. 57th St.)

Nabil Nahas—Large-scale abstract paintings. Through Nov. 5. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Georges Noël—Abstract canvases whose surfaces are pocked and scratched. Through Oct. 29. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Katherine Porter—Expressionist paintings. Through Oct. 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Harvey Quaytman—Eleven new paintings with cruciform motifs. Through Wednesday, Oct. 26. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Susan Shatter—Panoramic landscapes. Through Nov. 2. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Richard Tuttle / Michael Young—Constructions made with painted wood and dyed cloth. / Paintings of crosses and polka dots hung on a similarly designed wall. Through Oct. 29. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—Nudes (one titled "Bedroom Blonde with Necklace") and still-lifes done in bright-painted cutout metal. Through Nov. 19. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Kim Whanki (1913-74)—Oil-on-cotton paintings. Through Nov. 5. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—Nudes drawn, painted, printed, and sculpted by Milton Avery, Isabel Bishop, Isamu Noguchi, and many others. Through Oct. 29. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Peter Agostini—Bronze and ceramic sculptures by an artist who depicts Venus and Apollo as they might look after sixty hard years. Through Nov. 2. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Arakawa—Paintings you "walk into"—there are panels on the floor and ceiling as well as the walls. The works are primarily abstract, but some panels have Photo-Realist patches. Through Nov. 12. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Bill Barrell—Expressionist paintings, deliberately childlike in execution. Through Nov. 5. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Joseph Beuys (1921-86)—Sculptures, drawings, and prints. Through Oct. 29. (Nolan, 560 Broadway.)

Howard Buchwald—New abstract paintings. Through Nov. 9. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Deborah Butterfield—Six large-scale horses welded from found painted metal. Through Oct. 29. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Loren D. Calaway—A survey of objects that seem to be functional but aren't. Through Oct. 29. (Viafora, 568 Broadway.)

Paul Caranicas—Shaped canvases that contrast the sky with architectural ruins and are accompanied by pieces of actual rubble. Through Nov. 5. (Schreiber-Cutler, 171 Spring St.)

Chema Cobo—Landscapes organized around a curtain of fish eyes, and other works by a Spanish painter. Through Oct. 29. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Hank De Ricco—New sculptures and drawings. Through Nov. 5. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Joseph DiGiorgio—In early October of 1976, the artist crossed the Wabash River on a night when the moon was full. A view of what he saw, the river through the trees and the moon high in the sky, is painted on both sides of a six-panel folding screen. Also, landscape paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 29. (Walls, 137 Greene St.)

Constance Dodge—Figurative paintings juxtaposed with tape recordings of Mark Nepo's poetry. Through Thursday, Oct. 20. (Eno, 164 Mercer St.)

Elizabeth Dworkin—Abstract paintings. Through Nov. 5. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

Karen Erla—Large sheets of Japanese paper painted in high-key colors. Through Oct. 29. (Stark, 568 Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Nobu Fukui—Collage paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (112 Greene Street Gallery.)

Marco Gastini / Sol LeWitt—Constructions by an Arte Povera sculptor whose materials are wood crates and shards of glass. / Photographs of a cube lit five hundred and eleven different ways, done in collaboration with Carol Huebner. Through Oct. 29. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Stephen Greene—Recent abstract paintings. Through Nov. 10. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

Robert Grosvenor—Two new sculptures. Through Oct. 29. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Eve Ingalls—Abstractions. Through Oct. 29. (Allen, 560 Broadway.)

Kristin Jones and Andrew Ginzel—A new installation. Through Oct. 29. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Steven Katz / Michael Harnett—Realist paintings and drawings of New York. / Still-lifes on narrow vertical canvases. Through Nov. 3. (Perlow, 560 Broadway.)

Barry Le Va—Three maze sculptures (each climbing from the floor to the wall) using stone, metal, and wood, and three large ink-on-paper works called "Sculptured Activities." Through Oct. 29. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Robert Longo—Large-scale wall sculptures, including twenty spinning gold-leafed oil drums. Through Nov. 5. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Michael Mazur—Paintings and other works with motifs taken from the Chinese garden. Through Nov. 19. (Fawbush, 568 Broadway.)

Keith Milow—Massive wall sculptures that are constructed in wood and then covered with lead. Through Oct. 29. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

George Negroponte—New abstract paintings. Through Nov. 12. (Good, 532 Broadway.)

Tony Oursler / Rachel Bas-Cohain (1937-83)—Videos, some incorporated into sculptural works. "Constellation Intermission," for instance, represents Gemini as two enormous wood figures and a series of video monitors. / Sculptures that frost and defrost, freeze and drip. Through Oct. 29. (Brown, 560 Broadway.)

Mel Pekarsky—Desert and mountain paintings. Through Nov. 26. (Einstein, 591 Broadway.)

Pino Pascali (1935-68)—In the Ala gallery's first room, you'll find what looks like the beginnings of a giant, precarious house of cards. In the second, you'll see a thematically related vista: canvas-on-wood sculptures representing "decapitated" giraffes and rhinoceroses. If you're wondering what decapitated them, a good guess would be the missile launchers and cannons assembled at the other end of the room. The artillery is made from scrap metal and wood. Through Nov. 5. (Ala, 560 Broadway.)

Garnett Puett—New works by an artist who builds sculptures out of steel, wood, and glass, then invites bees to add the finishing touch: honeycombs. During the show, SoHo bees will take part in a work in progress. Through Oct. 29. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Judy Rifka—"History of Sculpture," a new series of grisaille paintings comprising syncopated repetitions of classical heads, profiles of winged Nike, and Parthenon columns. Through Nov. 5. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Edwin Ruda / Mark Williams—Works on paper. / Painted wood constructions. Through Nov. 5. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Kenny Scharf—New paintings with titles such as "Obglob" and "Ing," many of which seem to pulsate with amoebas or arteries. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Ken Sofer—Recent works by an artist who paints on plywood boxes and then joins them with girders and bolts. Through Nov. 12. (M-13, at 72 Greene St.)

Andrew Spence—New abstract canvases—vividly painted circles, rectangles, and squares. Through Oct. 29. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Mike and Doug Starn—The Starn twins showing new photographic collages. Through Oct. 29. (Stux, 155 Spring St.)

Rosemarie Trockel—Sculptures and knit paintings (machine-woven wool is the medium) by a German artist having her first solo gallery show here. Through Nov. 12. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Anton van Dalen—A retrospective of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and objects such as wooden toys and dioramas. Through Oct. 29. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway.)

Peter Voulkos—Abstract Expressionist paintings from the fifties and sixties and works on paper from throughout his career. Through Nov. 16. (Twining, 568 Broadway.)

H. C. Westermann (1922-81)—Sculptures and drawings. Through Nov. 19. (Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)

Stephen Westfall—New nonobjective paintings. Through Nov. 12. (Newburg, 580 Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **castelli,** 142 Greene St.: Works by Ellsworth Kelly, Roy Lichtenstein, Richard Serra, and Frank Stella in the last show at this location. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. . . . **the drawing center,** 35 Wooster St.: Drawings by artists whose work, as the Center puts it, "derives from primitive, folk, and naïve sources." Alison Saar, Tom Duncan, and Denis Gaston are among those represented. Through Nov. 26. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Francesco Clemente / Robert Ryman—"Funerary Paintings," all about six feet tall and sixteen feet long. / Primarily white paintings exhibited in rooms the artist designed for the show. Through June 18. (Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Carol Kreeger Davidson—Recent abstract sculptures. Through Nov. 13. (Humphrey, at both 242 E. 5th St. and 37 E. 7th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Matt Mullican—Sculptural works in various mediums. Through Nov. 12. (Klein, 611 Broadway.)

Michelangelo Pistoletto—Mirror-based works predominate in a show covering three decades of this Arte Povera artist's output. Through Nov. 27. (P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Ramm-Ell-Zee—Ephemera such as computer

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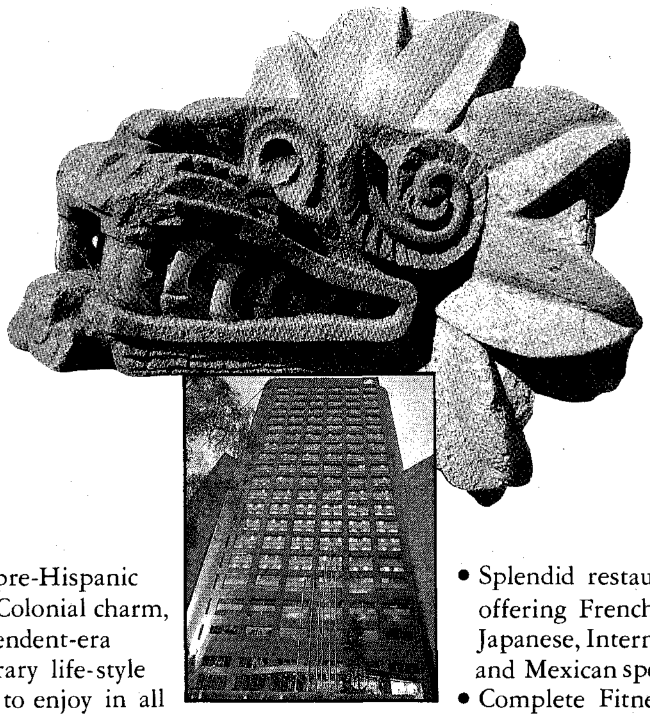

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ART—Cont'd

printouts and pages from telephone books are frozen in a resin gel along with objects like billiard balls and a tiny violin. The whole assemblage is painted in Day-Glo colors. Through Oct. 29. (Braathen, 33 Bleecker St., at Lafayette St.)

Artists' Illustrated Letters—A hundred letters written by Alberti, Gauguin, Sargent, Picasso, di Suvero, Bearden, and other artists more accustomed to making points with pictures. Through Nov. 5. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Lois Conner—Platinum prints of panoramic landscapes in China, Hawaii, Louisiana, and New York. Through Nov. 17. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Robert Mapplethorpe—The Whitney Museum has mounted a show of his photographs. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Nicholas Nixon—Portraits of people with AIDS. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays. A complementary show is at the Museum of Modern Art.)

Richard Ross—Diptychs and triptychs that contain photographs of sections of Old Master paintings. Through Nov. 3. (Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

George Tice—Photographs of the home towns of Mark Twain, James Dean, and Ronald Reagan. Through Nov. 26. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

National Geographic Society Photographs—In celebration of its centennial, the Society has mined its archives for these two hundred and sixty-five photographs. Through Oct. 30. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The exhaustive Degas exhibit has been mounted in spacious new galleries, *comme il faut.* Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by Umberto Boccioni, an Italian Futurist painter and the only sculptor in that movement. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ A selection of watercolors and drawings by Paul Cézanne from the last thirty years of his life. Through Nov. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of works by the German painter Anselm Kiefer. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ A comprehensive show of the drawings of Philip Guston. Through Nov. 1. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** About a hundred prints by Nicholas Nixon. Through Nov. 13. The artist also has an exhibit (ending Saturday) at the Zabriskie Gallery, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Silk screens and drawings from Andy Warhol's Mercedes-Benz series, a project he was working on at the time of his death. . . . ¶ A show of works from the fifties and sixties by Americans and Europeans—Beuys, Cornell, Hesse, Oldenburg, Nevelson, and others—who went against the tide of Abstract Expressionism by using images from pop culture and unconventional materials. Both shows through Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A twenty-five-year retrospective of Donald Judd's œuvre: paintings, sculptures, and furniture. Starts Thursday, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Fifteen years' worth of Robert Mapplethorpe's prints are assembled in a show of nudes, portraits, and still-lifes. Through Sunday, Oct. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

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23	24	25	26			

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Cleopatra and other rulers of ancient Egypt's Ptolemaic dynasty (305-30 B.C.) are seen in a show of stone statuary and portrait heads. The period is also represented by reliefs, gold jewelry, silver vessels, and other objects. Through Jan. 2. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition re-creating the events of a four-year (1838-42) American naval expedition to the South Seas and Antarctica and displaying a wealth of materials brought back from that voyage, including charts and maps and flora and fauna. Through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ An exhibition of fish illustrations (1838-1980) made with the aid of scientists' field sketches and photographs. Through Dec. 11. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—In the seventeenth century, the cupboards and drawers of Burghley House, in Devonshire, were filled with Renaissance jewelry, pitchers with diamonds and rubies embedded in them, and gold and silver tableware. Sixty of these objets de vertu, preserved as heirlooms, have been brought here for display. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Several hundred drawings by the German architect Erich Mendelsohn, a contemporary of Mies and Gropius. Through Jan. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibit of nineteenth- and twentieth-century Japanese textiles which is all about ordinary things (firemen's coats, banners, bedcovers) and the extraordinary pains their creators took to insure their distinction. Starts Thursday, Oct. 20. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Jewish journalism in the United States is the topic of an exhibition of newspapers, comic strips and other drawings, and photographs from the past hundred and fifty years. The newspapers are in English, German, Ladino, Hebrew, and Yiddish. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of roughly a hundred music scores by, among others, Bach, Mahler, Arthur Sullivan, and Mozart (several by the last; the work on view that he composed at age five is in his father's hand). Through Nov. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ROSELAND
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Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Manuscripts of plays written by Eugene O'Neill, along with other artifacts, have been put on display in recognition of the author's centenary. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Geoffrey Beene, in the business now for twenty-five years, is being treated to a retrospective that includes not only clothes with his label but accessories, videos of fashion shows, and photographs by Horst, Richard Avedon, and others. Through Oct. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Malcolm McLaren, the subject of what the museum describes as "an unconventional art exhibition," has been called many things—most generously, rock producer, fashion designer, and cultural theorist. This collection of clothes, posters, album covers, cassettes, and videotapes follows McLaren's career as it bounced from the Sex Pistols to Adam and the Ants to a British fashion/bondage shop called Let It Rock. Through Nov. 20. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A historical survey of Hebrew books and manuscripts: Bibles, a seventeenth-century parchment scroll of the Book of Esther, the *Tripartite Mahzor,* and volumes on science, law, and literature. Through Jan. 14. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—A fortieth-anniversary salute to the New York City Ballet in which the works of set and costume designers get all the applause. On exhibit, for instance, are sets and costumes by Isamu Noguchi for Balanchine's "Orpheus" (1947) and, from the 1964 "Nutcracker," a model by Rouben Ter-Arutunian and a drawing by Karinska incorporating swatches of fabric. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 7; Wednesdays and Fridays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

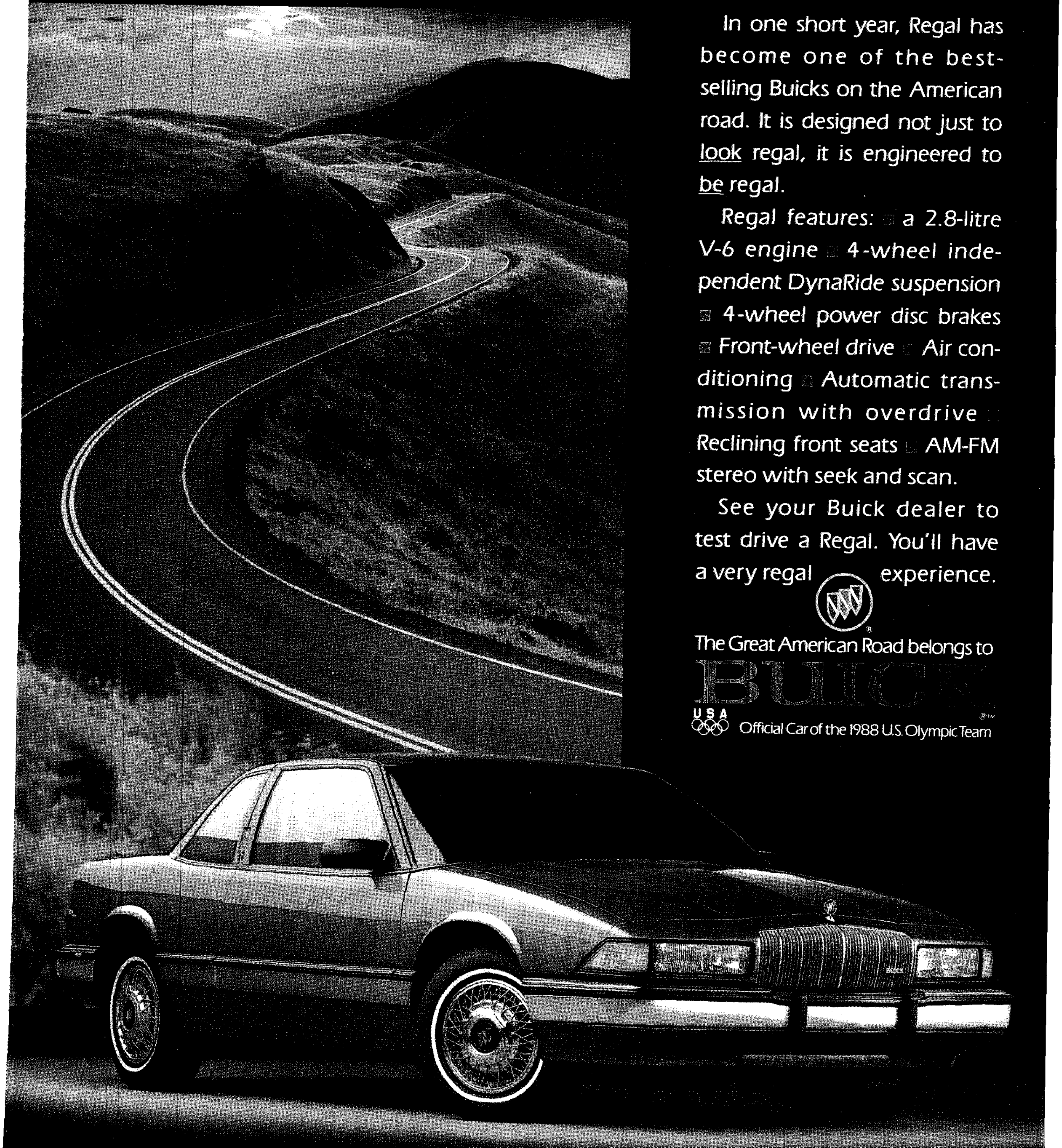
Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Collage paintings by Benny Andrews dating from the fifties through the seventies. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Monday, Oct. 17, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Edita Gruberova, Francisco Araiza, and Brian Schexnayder; conducted by Edoardo Müller. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Eva Marton, Fiorenza Cossotto, Giorgio Lamberti, and Juan Pons; Arthur Fagen. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 7:30: "Giulio Cesare," with Barbara Kilduff, Tatiana Troyanos, Martine Dupuy, Sarah Walker, and Jeffrey Gall; Trevor Pinnock. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Lucia Aliberti, Alfredo Kraus, and Brian Schexnayder; Edoardo Müller . . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 21, at 6: A nonsubscription performance of a new production of "Götterdämmerung," with Hildegard Behrens, Kathryn Harries, Christa Ludwig, Toni



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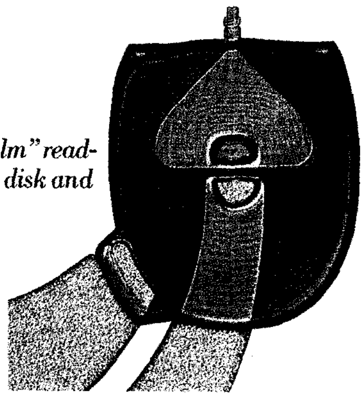
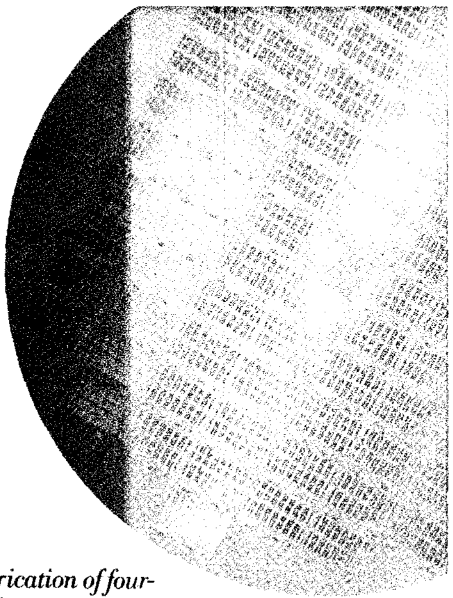


Invention of "thin-film" read-write technology for disk and tape storage.



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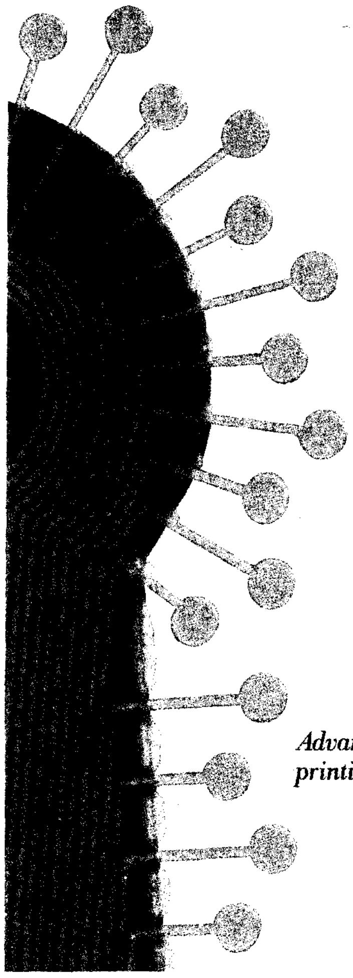

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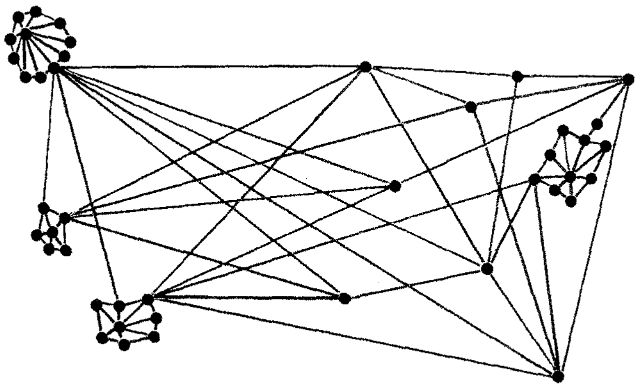

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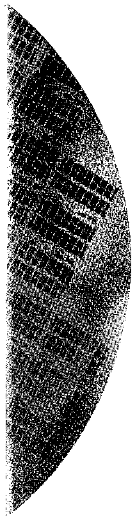

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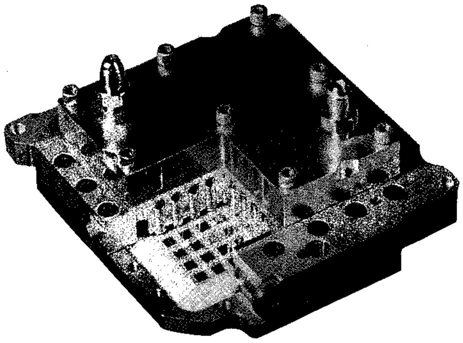

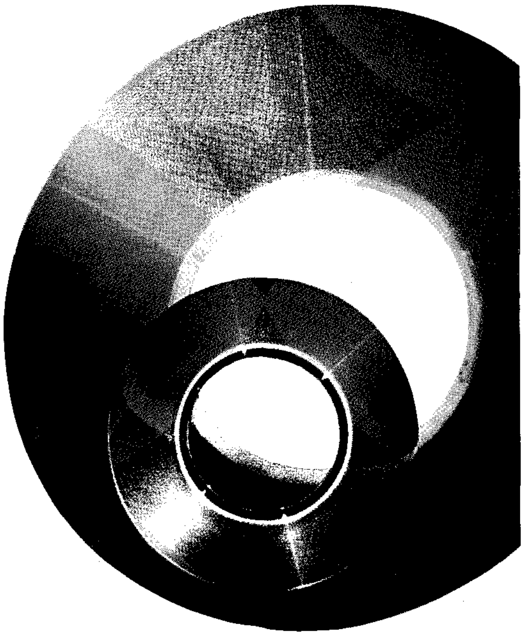

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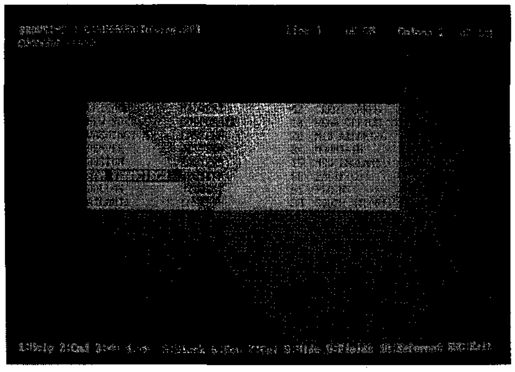

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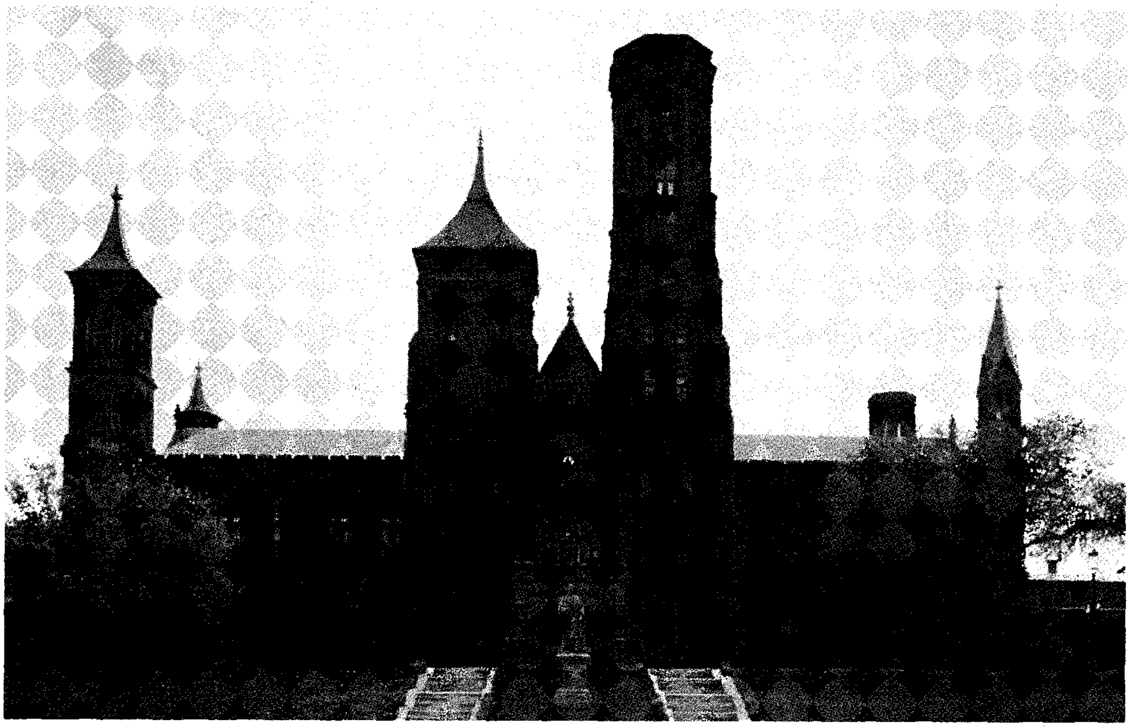

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Southwestern Bell Corporation

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MUSIC—Cont'd

Krämer, and Anthony Raffell; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 22, at 1:30: "Giulio Cesare," with Kathleen Battle, Martine Dupuy, Hilda Harris, Sarah Walker, and Jeffrey Gall; Trevor Pinnock. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Eva Marton, Fiorenza Cossotto, Giorgio Lamberti, and Juan Pons; Arthur Fagen. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 24, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Lucia Aliberti, Alfredo Kraus, and Brian Schexnayder; Edoardo Müller. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 6: "Götterdämmerung," with Hildegard Behrens, Kathryn Harries, Christa Ludwig, Toni Krämer, and Anthony Raffell; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, Leo Nucci, Rockwell Blake, and Enzo Dara; Ralf Weikert.

New York City Opera—Tuesday evening, Oct. 18: "The Ballad of Baby Doe," with Faith Esham, Joyce Castle, and Brian Steele; conducted by Hal France. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 19: "Mefistofele," with Marianna Christos, Margaret Cusack, Harry Dworchak, and Michael Sylvester; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 20: "Carmen," with Susanne Marsee, Maureen O'Flynn, John Absalom, and Kenneth Shaw; Michael Morgan. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 21: "Attila," with Linda Roark-Strummer, John Cheek, and Otoniel Gonzaga; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 22: "La Bohème," with Ruth Golden, Michele McBride, Jon Garrison, and Scott Reeve; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 22: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Leigh Munro, Robert Orth, Michael Cousins, and Joseph McKee; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 23: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Sheryl Woods, Elizabeth Hynes, Cynthia Rose, Dean Peterson, and William Parcher; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 23: "Tosca," with Elizabeth Holleque, Michael Sylvester, and Roger Roloff; Elio Boncompagni. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 25: "Mefistofele," with Marianna Christos, Margaret Cusack, Harry Dworchak, and Frederic Kalt; Sergiu Comissiona. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 20.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Andrew Davis conducting. Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 7:30: A Shostakovich-Bernstein program, with Dmitry Sitkovetsky, violin, and Stanley Drucker, clarinet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8; Friday, Oct. 21, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8; and Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 7:30: A Beethoven-Strauss program, with Mitsuko Uchida, piano.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Yuri Temirkanov conducting, with Gidon Kremer, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Prague Symphony—Jiri Belohlavek conducting an all-Czech program, with Steven Mayer, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Stuttgart Radio Symphony—Neville Marriner conducting. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8: A program of music by Haydn, Beethoven, and Elgar. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8: Music by Wagner, Glazunov, and Tchaikovsky, with Frank Peter Zimmermann, violin. (Carnegie Hall.)

Berlin Symphony—Claus Peter Flor conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Nigel Kennedy, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 3.)

Concordia: A Chamber Symphony—Marin Alsop conducting a program of classical music and jazz. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

Brandenburg Ensemble—Alexander Schneider conducting and playing the violin. With Richard Stoltzman, clarinet; Todd Phillips and Lucy Stoltzman, violin; and Steven Tenenbom, viola. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

Grande Bande—Frederick Renz conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

St. Thomas Choir—Singing several works by Ned Rorem. With Mr. Rorem at the piano. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 7:30. Admission by contribution.)

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RECITALS

Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting three premières. With Daniel Fradkin, viola, and Alan Feinberg, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—The season opener features Ned Rorem's "Santa Fe Songs," with Ben Holt, baritone, and Mr. Rorem, piano. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 18-19, at 8.)

Barbara Nissman—Piano, in the first of her three-concert series of the Prokofiev piano sonatas. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Walter Hilse—Organ. With assisting artists. (Park Avenue Christian Church, Park Ave. at 85th St. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

American String Quartet—In an all-Beethoven program. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

Artis Quartet—This group from Vienna, in its début here, will play quartets by Mozart and Berg and a Schumann quintet, with John Browning, piano. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

Mescal Wilson—Piano. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Playing Beethoven. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 21-22, at 8.)

Music Before 1800—Presenting the Hilliard Ensemble of London, comprising a countertenor, two tenors, and a baritone. They will be singing music of the Renaissance and the Middle Ages. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 4. For information about tickets, call 666-0675.)

Michel Dalberto—Piano. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 5. For information about tickets, call 288-0700.)

James Galway—Flute, with Phillip Moll, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 7:30.)

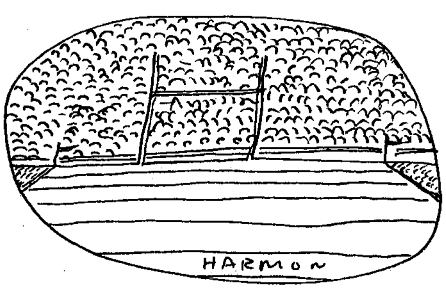
New York Festival of Song—William Sharp, baritone, and Karen Holvik, soprano, will sing songs by Ives, Bernstein, Bolcom, and other Americans. With Steven Blier, piano. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 5. For information about tickets, call 242-4770.)

Zenon Fishbein—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—Playing pieces composed for or by Joan Tower, the pianist who founded this group in 1969. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

Pinchas Zukerman and Marc Neikrug—Violin/viola and piano, playing sonatas by Brahms. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Jeffrey Siegel—Playing and talking about five Chopin polonaises. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 8.)



ET ALIA

Poetry, Prose, and Drama Readings—"Remembering Howard Moss," an evening in which the poet's work will be read by Vickie Karp, Alastair Reid, Richard Wilbur, and many others. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8. No tickets necessary, but seating is limited.) . . . ¶ Lindsley Cameron and Ethan Mordden reading from their own fiction. (A Different Light Bookstore, 548 Hudson St., at Perry St. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8. No tickets necessary, but seating is limited.) . . . ¶ Donald Barthelme, Anthony Hecht, Susan Sontag, and others reading from the poetry of T. S. Eliot. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8.) . . . ¶ Vickie Karp's play about Marianne Moore and Elizabeth Bishop, "Driving to the Interior," will be given a staged reading by Fionnula Flanagan and Maria Tucci. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 6.) . . . ¶ Robert Stone and Ariel Dorfman reading from their own prose. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Oct. 24, at 8.) . . . ¶ J. D. McClatchy reading from his own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

National Postage Stamp Show—The fortieth annual display of philatelic delicacies. First-day issues from the Marshall Islands will go on sale Thursday, Oct. 20. (Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda. Thursday, Oct. 20, from noon to 7; Friday, Oct. 21, from 10 to 7; Saturday, Oct. 22, from 10 to 6; and Sunday, Oct. 23, from 11 to 5.)

Fall Antiques Show—The tenth annual show of Americana. (Passenger Ship Terminal, Pier 92, Twelfth Ave. at 52nd St. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 20-22, from 11 to 9:30, and Sunday, Oct. 23, from 11 to 6. Free shuttle buses will run from 62 W. 50th St. to the show and back.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Baseball—The World Series—Los Angeles Dodgers vs. Oakland A's. The third, fourth, and, if necessary, fifth games will be in Oakland Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 18-20; the sixth and seventh games, if necessary, will be played in Los Angeles Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 22-23.

Basketball—Exhibition game—Knicks vs. Los Angeles Lakers. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 7:30.)

Football—Jets vs. Buffalo Bills. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Monday, Oct. 17, at 9.)

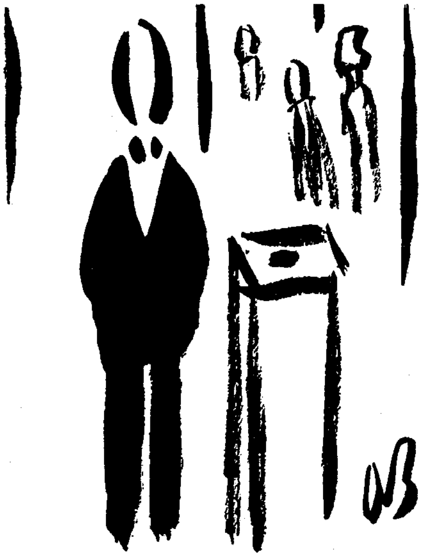
Hockey—At **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Quebec Nordiques, Saturday, Oct. 22, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 8:05. . . . **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Quebec Nordiques, Sunday, Oct. 23, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 7:30. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils vs. Vancouver Canucks, Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Friday, Oct. 21, at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Buffalo Sabres, Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 7:45.

Racing—At **belmont:** Monday, Oct. 17, at 12:30. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30. . . . **aqueduct:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30; starting Wednesday, Oct. 19.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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23	24	25	26			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 27.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Oct. 20: (Separate admissions) "The Last Emperor" (1985; directed by Li Han Hsiang; in Mandarin, with Chinese and English subtitles); and "A Promise" (1987; Yoshishige Yoshida; in Japanese).
From Oct. 21: (Separate admissions) "The Last Emperor;" and "Homecoming" (1985; Yim Ho; in Mandarin, with Chinese and English subtitles).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 20: "Sweet Hearts Dance" (Robert Greenwald), with Don Johnson, Susan Sarandon, Jeff Daniels, and Elizabeth Perkins. From Oct. 21: "Bat 21" (Peter Markle), with Gene Hackman and Danny Glover.
Theatre 2: "Imagine: John Lennon" (Andrew Solt), a documentary.
Theatre 3: "Alien Nation" (Graham Baker), with James Caan and Mandy Patinkin.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Oct. 20: "Dead Ringers" (†).
From Oct. 21: "Mystic Pizza" (Donald Petrie).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Gorillas in the Mist" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.
Theatre 2: "A Fish Called Wanda" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 20: "Memories of Me" (Henry Winkler), with Billy Crystal, Alan King, and JoBeth Williams. From Oct. 21 (tentative): "Without a Clue" (Thom Eberhardt), with Michael Caine and Ben Kingsley.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Punchline" (David Seltzer), with Sally Field and Tom Hanks.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Kiss" (Pen Densham), with Joanna Pacula.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Oct. 20: "Bull Durham" (†).
From Oct. 21: "Things Change" (David Mamet), with Don Ameche and Joe Mantegna.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Oct. 20: "Dead Ringers" (†).
From Oct. 21: "Mystic Pizza" (Donald Petrie).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Bird" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Alien Nation" (Graham Baker), with James Caan and Mandy Patinkin.
Theatre 2: "Clara's Heart" (Robert Mulligan), with Whoopi Goldberg.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Oct. 20: "Big" (†).
From Oct. 21: "The Lair of the White Worm" (Ken Russell).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Madame Sousatzka" (John Schlesinger), with Shirley MacLaine.
Theatre 2: "Punchline" (David Seltzer), with Sally Field and Tom Hanks.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Imagine: John Lennon" (Andrew Solt), a documentary.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 20: "Married to the Mob" (†). From Oct. 21: "Bat 21" (Peter Markle), with Gene Hackman and Danny Glover.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Gorillas in the Mist" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 20: "Memories of Me" (Henry Winkler), with Billy Crystal, Alan King, and JoBeth Williams. From Oct. 21 (tentative): "Without a Clue" (Thom Eberhardt), with Michael Caine and Ben Kingsley.
Theatre 2: "A Fish Called Wanda" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Crossing Delancey" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Punchline" (David Seltzer), with Sally Field and Tom Hanks.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 20: "The Kiss" (Pen Densham), with Joanna Pacula. From Oct. 21 (tentative): "Bat 21" (Peter Markle), with Gene Hackman and Danny Glover.
Theatre 2: "Die Hard" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 20: "Married to the Mob" (†). From Oct. 21: "Mystic Pizza" (Donald Petrie).
Theatre 2: "Alien Nation" (Graham Baker), with James Caan and Mandy Patinkin.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 25: "The Boxer and Death" (1962; directed by Peter Solan; in German and Czech). From Oct. 26: "Streams of Consciousness: New American Animation," a program of thirteen short films.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Wings of Desire" ("Der Himmel über Berlin") (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 20: "Big Time" (Chris Blum), with Tom Waits. From Oct. 21 (tentative): "Boyfriends and Girlfriends" ("L'Ami de Mon Amie") (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Crossing Delancey" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert.
Theatre 2: "Bird" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 20: "Running on Empty" (†).
From Oct. 21: "The Lair of the White Worm" (Ken Russell).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Punchline" (David Seltzer), with Sally Field and Tom Hanks.
Theatre 2: "Gorillas in the Mist" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 20: "Babette's Feast" (†). From Oct. 21 (tentative): "Bagdad Café" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 20: "Track 29" (Nicolas Roeg), with Theresa Russell and Gary Oldman. From Oct. 21 (tentative): "A Fish Called Wanda" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Winter Tan" (Jackie Burroughs, Louise Clark, John Frizzell, John Walker, and Aerlyn Weissman).
Theatre 4: "Matador" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Crossing Delancey" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert.
Theatre 2: "Clara's Heart" (Robert Mulligan), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 20: "Married to the Mob" (†). From Oct. 21: "Halloween 4" (Dwight H. Little).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Oct. 19: "Debajo del Mundo" ("Under the World;" Beda Docampo Feijoo and Juan Bautista Stagnora; an Argentine film, in Spanish).
Oct. 20: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 21: "Without a Clue" (Thom Eberhardt), with Michael Caine and Ben Kingsley.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Last Temptation of Christ" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
The 21st International Tournee of Animation.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Oct. 20: "Married to the Mob" (†).
From Oct. 21: "Little Dorrit" (Christine Edzard), with Derek Jacobi and Alec Guinness. A six-hour-long film, shown in two parts.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Imagine: John Lennon" (Andrew Solt), a documentary.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Boyfriends and Girlfriends" ("L'Ami de Mon Amie") (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Another Woman" (Woody Allen).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Crossing Delancey" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert.

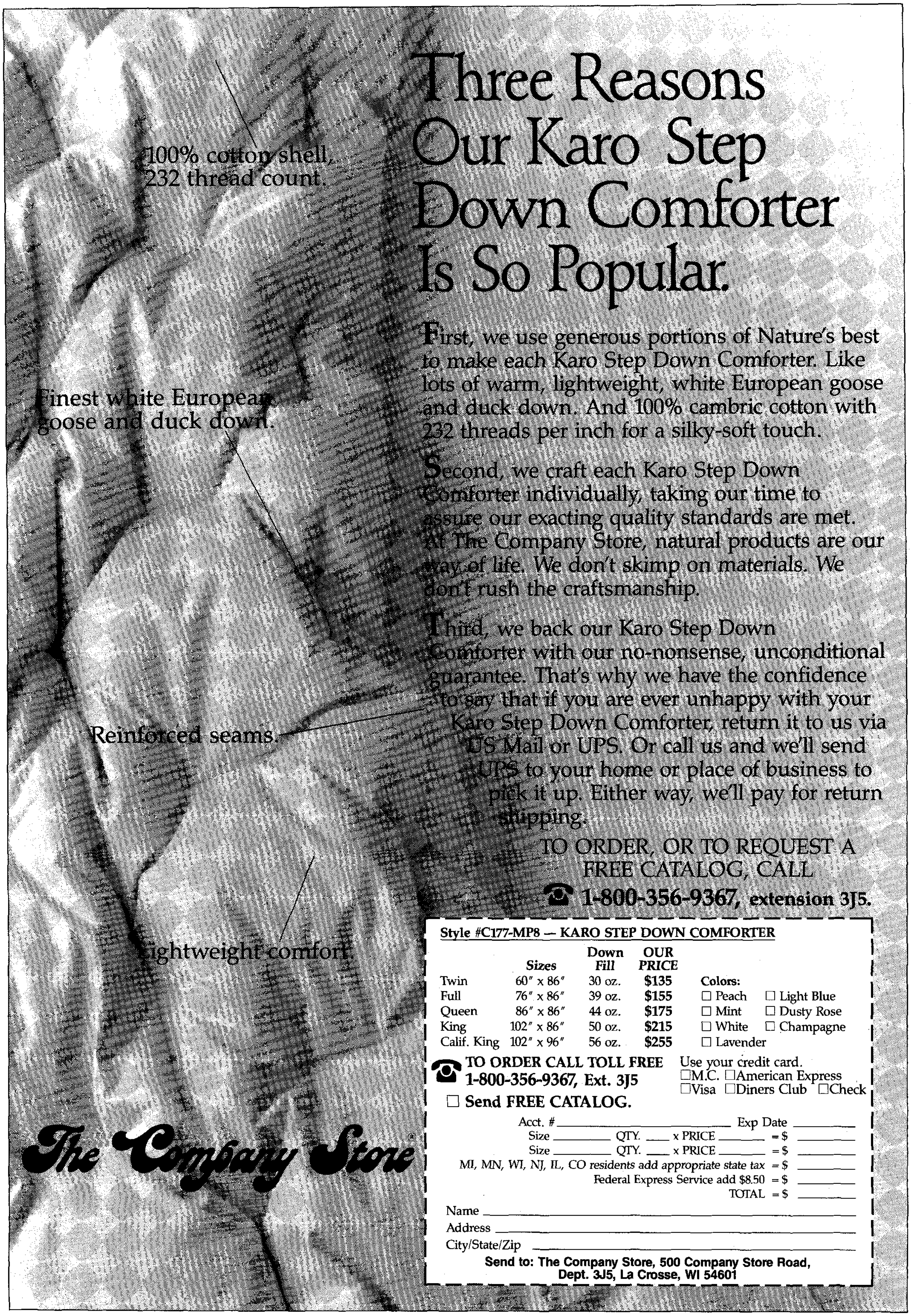
Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Thin Blue Line" (†).
Theatre 2: "Salaam Bombay!" (Mira Nair; in Hindi).
Theatre 3: "Red Sorghum" (Zhang Yimou; in Mandarin).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie" (Marcel Ophuls; in English, French, German, and Spanish), a four-hour-and-twenty-seven-minute documentary.
Theatre 2: "Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Gorillas in the Mist" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 20: "Memories of Me" (Henry Winkler), with Billy Crystal, Alan King, and JoBeth Williams. From Oct. 21 (tentative): "Without a Clue"



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

(Thom Eberhardt), with Michael Caine and Ben Kingsley.
Theatre 2: "A Fish Called Wanda" (†).
Theatre 3: "Crossing Delancey" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert.
Theatre 4: "Imagine: John Lennon" (Andrew Solt), a documentary.
Theatre 5: Through Oct. 20: "The Kiss" (Pen Densham), with Joanna Pacula. From Oct. 21 (tentative): "Bat 21" (Peter Markle), with Gene Hackman and Danny Glover.
Theatre 6: "Bird" (†).

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 20: "Dead Ringers" (†). From Oct. 21: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Punchline" (David Seltzer), with Sally Field and Tom Hanks.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Alien Nation" (Graham Baker), with James Caan and Mandy Patinkin.
Theatre 2: "Clara's Heart" (Robert Mulligan), with Whoopi Goldberg.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 20: "Coming to America" (directed by John Landis), with Eddie Murphy. From Oct. 21: "Halloween 4" (Dwight H. Little).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 20: "Messenger of Death" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson. From Oct. 21: "Bat 21" (Peter Markle), with Gene Hackman and Danny Glover.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 20: "A Nightmare on Elm Street 4: The Dream Master" (Renny Harlin), with Robert Englund. From Oct. 21: To be announced.
Theatre 4: "Alien Nation" (Graham Baker), with James Caan and Mandy Patinkin.
Theatre 5: "Die Hard" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Kiss" (Pen Densham), with Joanna Pacula.

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Bull Durham" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Betrayed" (Costa-Gavras), with Debra Winger and Tom Berenger.
Theatre 3: "Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (†).
Theatre 4: "Married to the Mob" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Elvira: Mistress of the Dark" (James Signorelli), with Elvira.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Gorillas in the Mist" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Clara's Heart" (Robert Mulligan), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 20: "Dead Ringers" (†). From Oct. 21: To be announced.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Punchline" (David Seltzer), with Sally Field and Tom Hanks.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Oct. 17: "Indiscreet" (1958; directed by Stanley Donen), with Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman; and "My Favorite Wife" (1940; Garson Kanin), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Gail Patrick, and Randolph Scott.
Oct. 18-19: "Tovarich" (1937; Anatole Litvak), with Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer; and "A Royal Scandal" (1945; Otto Preminger), with Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, and William Eythe.
Oct. 20-22: "The Awful Truth" (1937; Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "It's a Wonderful World" (1939; W. S. Van Dyke), with Claudette Colbert and James Stewart.
Oct. 23-24: "You Can't Take It with You" (1938; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold; and "I Love You Again" (1940; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell.
Oct. 25-26: "The Voice of the Turtle" (1947; Irving Rapper), with Eleanor Parker, Ronald Reagan, and Eve Arden; and "The More the Merrier" (†).

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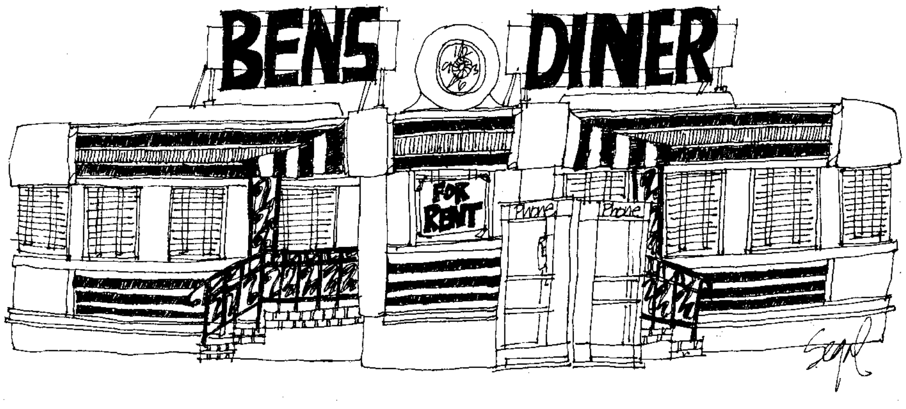
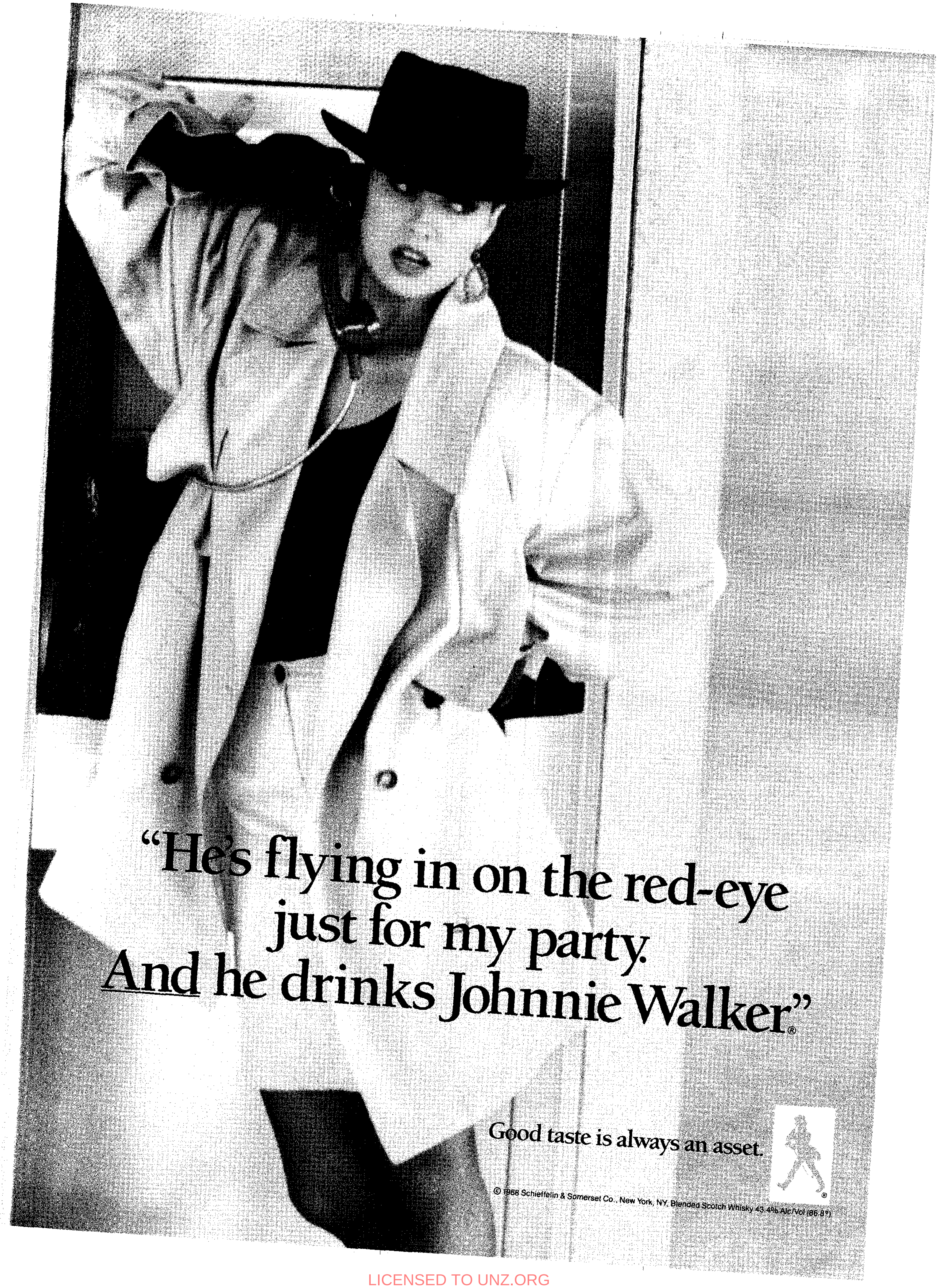
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 18: "The Naked Kiss" (1965; Samuel Fuller), with Constance Towers; and "Shock Corridor" (1963; Samuel Fuller), with Constance Towers, Peter Breck, and James Best.
Oct. 19-20: "The Apartment" (1960; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, and Fred MacMurray; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.
Oct. 21-22: "Stormy Monday" (1988; Mike Figgis), with Melanie Griffith, Tommy Lee Jones, Sting, and Sean Bean; and "Something Wild" (1986; Jonathan Demme), with Jeff Daniels, Melanie Griffith, and Ray Liotta.
Oct. 23: "Dark Eyes" (1987; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Marthe Keller, Elena Sofonova, and Silvana Mangano; and "The 10th Victim" (1965; Elio Petri; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress.
Oct. 24-25: "Koyaanisqatsi" (1983; Godfrey Reggio); and "Powaqqatsi" (1988; Godfrey Reggio).
From Oct. 26: "Meduses" (1987; Christopher Frank); and "Happily Ever After" (1986; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Regine Duarte and Paulo Castelli.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Oct. 17: "Sunrise" (1927; F. W. Murnau; a silent film), with Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien; and "City Girl" (1929; F. W. Murnau), with Charles Farrell and Mary Brian.
Oct. 18: "Girls About Town" (1931; George Cukor), with Kay Francis, Joel McCrea, and Lilyan Tashman; and "Dangerous Curves" (1929; Lothar Mendes), with Clara Bow, Richard Arlen, and Kay Francis.
Oct. 19: "Broadway Melody" (1929; Harry Beaumont), with Anita Page and Bessie Love; and "Show Girl in Hollywood" (1930; Mervyn LeRoy).
Oct. 20: "Hoopla" (1933; Frank Lloyd), "Hula" (1927; Victor Fleming; a silent film), and "My Lady of Whims" (1925; Dallas Fitzgerald; a silent film), all with Clara Bow.
Oct. 21-23: "Jazz on a Summer's Day" (†); and "Elevator to the Gallows" ("Frantic;" 1957; Louis Malle; in French), with Jeanne Moreau.
Oct. 24: "Blues in the Night" (1941; Anatole Litvak), with Priscilla Lane, Richard Whorf, and Betty Field; and "Orchestra Wives" (†).
Oct. 25: "Absolute Beginners" (1986; Julien Temple), with Eddie O'Connell and Patsy Kensit; and "Steve Lacy: Lift the Bandstand" (1985; Peter Bull).
Oct. 26: "Memories of Duke" (1980; Gary Keys), a concert film of Duke Ellington and his band touring Mexico in 1968; and "A Brother with Perfect Timing" (1987; Chris Austin).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Oct. 17: "New York, New York" (1977; Martin Scorsese), with Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro; and "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster.
Oct. 18: "Gilda" (1946; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth and Glenn Ford; and "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles.
Oct. 19: "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" (1932; Mervyn LeRoy), with Paul Muni, Glenda Farrell, Edward Ellis, and Helen Vinson; and "Scarlet Street" (1946; Fritz Lang), with Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, and Dan Duryea.
Oct. 20: "Blackboard Jungle" (†); and "Never on Sunday" (1960; Jules Dassin; in English and Greek), with Melina Mercouri and Dassin.
Oct. 21-22: "Frantic" (1988; Roman Polanski), with Harrison Ford; and "The Tenant" (1976), directed by, and with, Roman Polanski.
Oct. 23: "Accattone!" (†); and "Death of a Friend" (1960; Franco Rossi; in Italian).
Oct. 24: "The Last Waltz" (1978; Martin Scorsese), with The Band; and "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci.
Oct. 25: "Murder" (1930; Alfred Hitchcock), with Herbert Marshall and Norah Baring; and "Number Seventeen" (1932; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leon M. Lion and Anne Grey.
From Oct. 26: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Oct. 17: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior;" 1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai; and "Yojimbo" (1961; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
Oct. 18: "Scarface" (1932; Howard Hawks), with Paul Muni and George Raft; and "Hell's Angels" (1930; Howard Hughes and James Whale), with Jean Harlow and Ben Lyon.
Oct. 19: "Forsaking All Others" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), with Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell, and Billie Burke; and "Mannequin" (1938; Frank Borzage), with Joan Crawford, Spencer Tracy, and Alan Curtis.
Oct. 23: "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser; and "Obsession" (†).
Oct. 21-22: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor,

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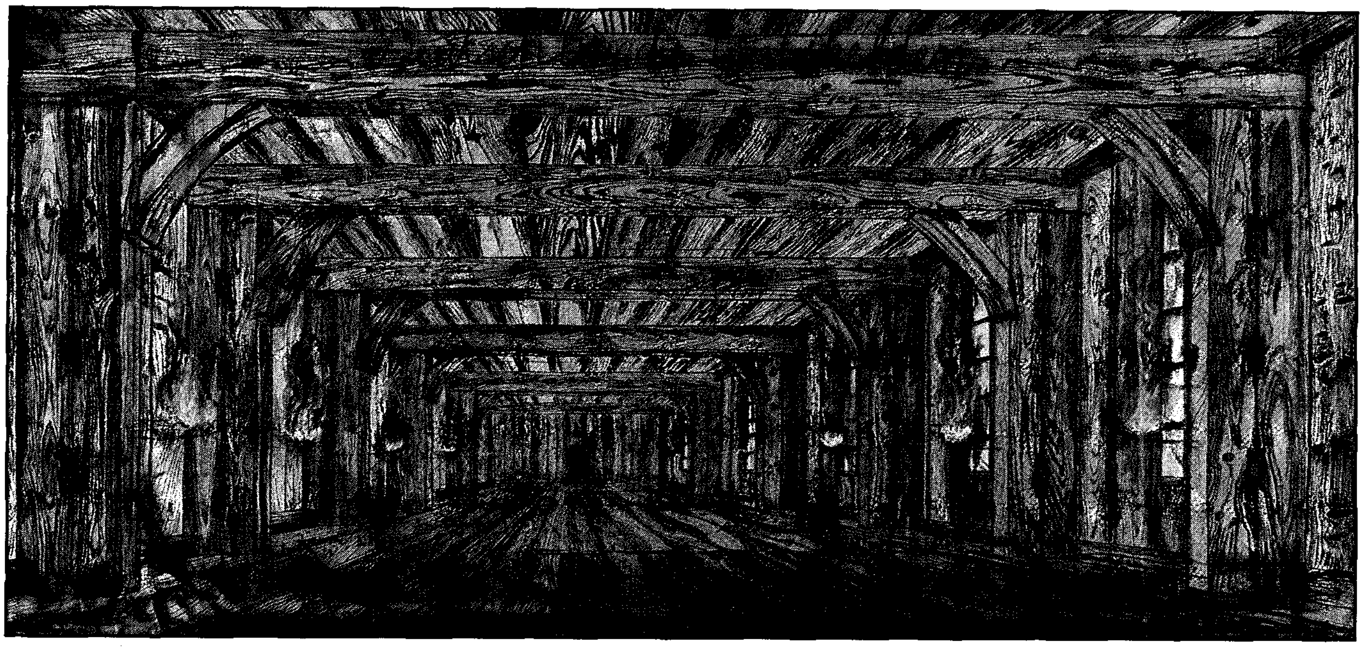

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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Paul Newman, and Burl Ives; and "The Night of the Iguana" (1964; John Huston), with Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, and Sue Lyon.

Oct. 23: "Rain" (1932; Lewis Milestone), with Joan Crawford, Walter Huston, William Gargan, and Beulah Bondi; and "Of Human Bondage" (1934; John Cromwell), with Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Frances Dee, and Kay Johnson.

Oct. 24: "A Man and a Woman" (1966; Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "Live for Life" (†).

Oct. 25: "Holiday" (1930; Edward H. Griffith), with Ann Harding, Mary Astor, Robert Ames, and Edward Everett Horton; and "No More Orchids" (1932; Walter Lang), with Carole Lombard and Walter Connolly.

Oct. 26: "Made for Each Other" (1939; John Cromwell), with Carole Lombard, James Stewart, and Charles Coburn; and "Swing High, Swing Low" (1937; Mitchell Leisen), with Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Jean Dixon, and Charles Butterworth.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

theatre 1: Oct. 17 at 2:30: "The Angry Silence" (1960; directed by Guy Green), with Richard Attenborough, Pier Angeli, and Michael Craig. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 6: "A Kind of Loving" (1962; John Schlesinger), with Alan Bates, June Ritchie, and Thora Hird. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 2:30: "Nighthawks" (1978; Ron Peck), with Ken Robertson, Tony Westrope, and Rachel Nicholas James. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 6: "The Leather Boys" (1963; Sidney J. Furie), with Rita Tushingham and Colin Campbell. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 2:30: "Children" (1976), "Madonna and Child" (1980), and "Death and Transfiguration" (1983), all directed by Terence Davies, with Wilfred Brambell and Terry O'Sullivan. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 6 and Oct. 21 at 2:30: "My Childhood" (1972), "My Ain Folk" (1973), and "My Way Home" (1977), all directed by Bill Douglas, with Stephen Archibald. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 6 and Oct. 22 at 1: "That'll Be the Day" (1974; Claude Whatham), with David Eddex, Ringo Starr, and Rosemary Leach. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 3: "It Happened Here" (1966; Kevin Brownlow and Andrew Mollo), with Pauline Murray, Sebastian Shaw, and Fiona Leland. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 5: "Winstanley" (1975; Kevin Brownlow and Andrew Mollo), with Miles Halliwell, Jerome Willis, and Terry Higgins. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 2: "The Reckoning" (1969; Jack Gold), with Nicol Williamson and Rachel Roberts. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 5: "Rita, Sue and Bob Too" (1986; Alan Clarke), with Siobhan Finneran, Michelle Holmes, and George Costigan. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 2:30: "The Reckoning." . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 6: "A Private Enterprise" (1975; Peter K. Smith), with Salmaan Peer, Marc Zuber, and Ramon Sinha. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 2: "It Happened Here" and "Winstanley." . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 6: "Four in the Morning" (1965; Anthony Simmons), with Judi Dench, Brian Phelan, and Ann Lynn.

theatre 2: Oct. 17 at 6:30: A program of films by Sharon Couzin, who will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 3 and 6: Two different programs of Bulgarian animated films. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 3 and 6: "How to Prevent Nuclear War" (1987; Liane Brandon) and "Family Gathering" (1988; Lise Yasui), both documentaries. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 2:30 and 5:30: "Weekend" (1967; Jean-Luc Godard; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 6:30: A program of films by Vincent Grenier, who will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 3 and 6: "All My Life" (1966; Bruce Baillie), "Castro Street" (1966; Bruce Baillie), "Pluto" (1967; James Herbert), and "Wavelength" (1967; Michael Snow).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)

riklis theatre: Oct. 19 at 3: "Ornette: Made in America" (1985; Shirley Clarke). . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 3: "Chan Is Missing" (1982; Wayne Wang). . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 8: A program of films by George Kuchar, who will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 2: A program of films by Warren Sonbert, Charles Wright, Gary Adkins, and Ken Ross. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 4:30: "Nightmare Angel" (1986; Zoe Beloff and Susan Emerling) and "Born in Flames" (1983; Lizzie Borden). Miss Beloff will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 8: "Money" (1984; Henry Hills), "New York Portrait, Chapter One" (1979; Peter Hutton), and "Stranger than Paradise" (1984; Jim Jarmusch). . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 12:30: "Light Years" (1987) and "Red Shift" (1983), both directed by Gunvor Nelson. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 2:30: A program of films by Ernie Gehr, who will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 2:30: "The Man Who Envied Women" (1985; Yvonne Rainer).

warner communications screening room: Oct. 19-20 at 1:30: "Displaced Person" (1981; Dan Eisenberg) and "Cooperation of Parts" (1987; Dan Eisenberg). . . . ¶ Oct. 21 from 2 to 7:45, Oct. 22 from 10:15 to 7:45, Oct. 23 from 10:15 to 4:45, and Oct. 26 from 1:15 to 4:45: "Five Year Diary," a forty-hour film, accompanied by live narration and readings by Anne Robertson.

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the **jonas mekas theatre** or the **maya deren theatre:** Oct. 17 at 6: "Castro Street" (1966), "All My Life" (1966), "Valentin de las Sierras" (1968), and "Quick Billy" (1971), all directed by Bruce Baillie. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 8 and 10:15: "Seven Women—Seven Sins" (1986), seven stories directed by seven directors. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 6:30: "Yesterday Girl" (1966; Alexander Kluge; in German, with English subtitles). Limited seating available. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 6:30: A program of seven short films by Alexander Kluge, all in German, with English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 8: "Seven Women—Seven Sins." . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 8:30: "Yesterday Girl." . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 6:30: "Artists Under the Big Top: Perplexed" (1967; Alexander Kluge; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 8: "Seven Women—Seven Sins." . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 8:30: A program of seven short films by Alexander Kluge. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 6:30: "Part-Time Work of a Domestic Slave" (1973; Alexander Kluge; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 8: "Seven Women—Seven Sins." . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 8:30: "In Danger and Dire Distress, the Middle of the Road Leads to Death" (1974; Alexander Kluge; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 3: "Artists Under the Big Top: Perplexed." . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 6: "In Danger and Dire Distress, the Middle of the Road Leads to Death." . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 8: "Seven Women—Seven Sins." . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 9: "Part-Time Work of a Domestic Slave." . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 10:15: A program of films by Hollis Frampton. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 3: "Part-Time Work of a Domestic Slave." . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 5:30: Another program of films by Hollis Frampton. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 6: "Strong Man Ferdinand" (1975-76; Alexander Kluge; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 8: "Seven Women—Seven Sins." . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 9: "Germany in Autumn" (1978; Alexander Kluge; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 6:30: "The Female Patriot" (1979; Alexander Kluge; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 8: A program of films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 8:30: "Strong Man Ferdinand." . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 6:30: "The Candidate" (1979-80; Alexander Kluge; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 7: Another program of films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 9: A program of short films by Alexander Kluge. . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 6:30: "War and Peace" (1982-83; Alexander Kluge; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 8: "Zorns Lemma" (1970; Hollis Frampton). . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 9: "Germany in Autumn."

Collective for Living Cinema, 41 White St. (925-2111)—Oct. 17 at 7: "Skyscraper" (1959; Shirley Clarke) and "Force of Evil" (1948; Abraham Polonsky), with John Garfield. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 7: "In the Year of 13 Moons" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 7: "Flowers of Reverie" (1985; Laszlo Lugossy; in Hungarian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 7: "Four Flies on Gray Velvet" (1972; Dario Argento). . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 8: A program of films by Peter Herwitz, who will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 8: "Desert Fury" (1947; Lewis Allen), with Lizabeth Scott and Burt Lancaster. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 8: A program of animated films. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 7: "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 7: Program to be announced. . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 7: "Hungarian Rhapsody" (1983; Miklós Jancsó; in Hungarian, with English subtitles).

French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—Oct. 19 at 2, 6, and 8:45: "Bad Blood" (1986; Léos Carax; in French, with English subtitles), with Denis Lavant, Juliette Binoche, and Michel Piccoli. . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 2, 6, and 9: "The Nun" (1965; Jacques Rivette; in French, with English subtitles), with Anna Karina.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th. (752-3015)—Oct. 21 at 6:30 and 8:30: "Twilight of the Cockroaches" (1987; Hiroaki Yoshida; in Japanese, with English subtitles).

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-2742)—A program of new Chinese films, in Mandarin, with Chinese and English subtitles. Oct. 24 at 6:30: "King of the Children" (1987; Chen Kaige). . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 6:30: "Hibiscus Town" (1986; Xie Jin). . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 6:30: "The One and the Eight" (1984; Zhang Junzhao).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Penelope Gilliatt and Terrence Rafferty.)

Accattone! (1961)—Pier Paolo Pasolini's film about a Catholic boy at the bottom of the heap. The characters and the story are simple and anti-bourgeois by nature; Pasolini's coldly humorless theories and haut bourgeois intellect sabotage practically everything that he hopes to do emotionally in the picture. In Italian.—P.G. (Thalia SoHo; Oct. 23.)

Babette's Feast—In a village on Denmark's gray, blustery Jutland peninsula, sometime in the eighteen-eighties, Babette (Stéphane Audran), the French servant of a pair of elderly unmarried sisters (Birgitte Federspiel and Bodil Kjer), prepares a special dinner for her employers and their guests—a lavish, one-time-only orgy of haute cuisine served to a group of devout Lutherans who are used to receiving the Lord's bounty in the form of grim little slabs of boiled fish. Adapting one of Isak Dinesen's "Anecdotes of Destiny," Gabriel Axel, the writer-director, tells this simple tale simply. He establishes a lulling, bedtime-story tone right from the start, perhaps too successfully: our eyelids begin to seem very heavy after twenty minutes or so. The whole thing turns out to be about the consolations of art, and the union of "righteousness and bliss." The film is more righteous than blissful: a more austere celebration of the pleasures of the senses would be difficult to imagine. In Danish and French.—T.R. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 20.)

Bagdad Café—After an argument with her husband on a godforsaken stretch of highway at the edge of the Mojave Desert, a fat German tourist named Jasmin (Marianne Sägebrecht) checks into a crummy motel attached to the equally crummy Bagdad Café. This movie, the first in English by the German director Percy Adlon (whose 1985 "Sugarbaby" was also a vehicle for Sägebrecht), is filled with eccentrics who are apparently meant to be lovable. The rather precious conceit of the film is that Jasmin somehow brings the outcast characters together in a kind of extended family; by the end, the Bagdad Café has been transformed into a popular roadside cabaret, with

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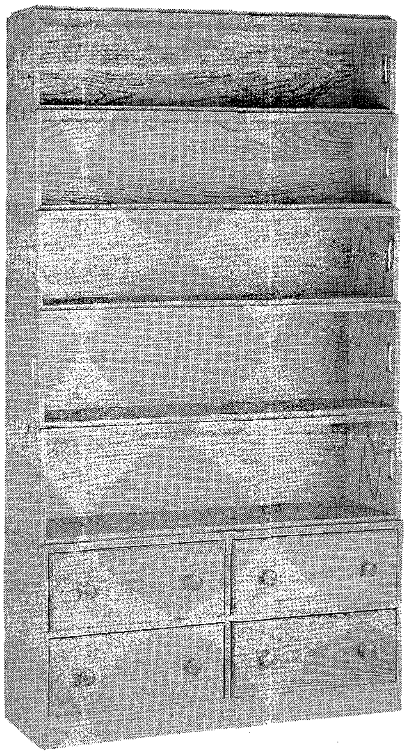

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everyone contributing a specialty (Jasmin does magic tricks). The American performers are trapped in a movie that treats them as merely exotic—waxwork grotesques waiting to be animated by a mysterious German touch. Eleonore Adlon and Christopher Doherty collaborated with the director on the screenplay. With CCH Pounder, Jack Palance, and Christine Kaufmann.—T.R. (Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 21, tentative.)

Big—With Tom Hanks, Elizabeth Perkins, Robert Loggia, and Jared Rushton; directed by Penny Marshall. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/27/88.) (D. W. Griffith; through Oct. 20.)

Bird—Clint Eastwood, who directed, gives the life of the master of jazz improvisation—the bebop alto saxophonist Charlie Parker—the art-film treatment: flashbacks, rain, darkness, and a running time of two hours and forty-one minutes. With the film flashing back and forth, you can't get the hang of Parker's life story, and you don't come out with much understanding of his achievement or what made him a legend—the potent archetype of the self-destructive jazz artist. As Parker, Forest Whitaker trudges off to his gigs like a jazz version of Willy Loman; he's always fouling up—boozing and doping and smashing things. Whitaker gives a richly felt performance, yet he comes across as just a genial big blob of a fellow who can't get his life together. Some of his scenes with Diane Venora (as Chan Parker) have tension and a pricklish originality, and a few of his scenes with Michael Zelniker (as Red Rodney) have something comic and unresolved in them—Parker shows a streak of "just kidding" sadism. But mostly it's an earnest, lifeless movie. Joel Oliansky wrote the script; the cast includes Samuel E. Wright as Dizzy Gillespie. (10/17/88) (Plaza, Waverly, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Blackboard Jungle (1955)—It was a shocking movie at the time and was said to provoke violence. The subject—contempt for authority (in a metropolitan trade school)—is treated as a problem with a definite solution. Surrounded by hostile and delinquent boys, the hero, an idealistic teacher, played by Glenn Ford, tries to reach the salvageable one among them—Sidney Poitier, who gives an angry, exciting performance. (He makes you feel his tensions and heat.) The director, Richard Brooks, wrote the script, adapted from Evan Hunter's novel, and it's sane and well worked out, though it's hard for audiences to believe in the hero's courage, and not hard at all for them to believe in the apathetic cowardice of the other teachers. Along the melodramatic way, there are some startling episodes (and one first-rate bit of racial interchange), and recordings by Bix Beiderbecke, Stan Kenton, Bill Holman, and others set quite a pace. (The music behind the opening titles—Bill Haley and the Comets on "Rock Around the Clock"—really made people sit up.) Glenn Ford seethes all the time, but he's fairly competent. With Louis Calhern, Margaret Hayes, Anne Francis, and Richard Kiley. (Thalia SoHo; Oct. 20.)

Boyfriends and Girlfriends ("L'Ami de Mon Amie")—With Emmanuelle Chaulet, Sophie Renoir, François-Eric Gendron, and Eric Viellard; directed by Eric Rohmer. In French.—T.R. (7/25/88) (Carnegie Screening Room. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; starting Oct. 21, tentative.)

Bull Durham—With Kevin Costner, Susan Sarandon, and Tim Robbins; directed by Ron Shelton. (6/27/88) (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Sutton; through Oct. 20.)

Dead Ringers—David Cronenberg's psychological thriller tells a lurid story with chilling, clinical austerity. It's about identical twins, Beverly and Elliot Mantle (both played by Jeremy Irons), who have shared everything about their lives since childhood: they live together, practice gynecology together, and sleep with the same women. They look at the world and see only each other; they're dying of self-reflection. When the more sensitive of the twins, Bev, tries to break the pattern, to establish some real emotional link to the world outside, the attempt is doomed. He falls in love with an actress named Claire Niveau (Geneviève Bujold), but he can't handle the pressures and uncertainties of an adult relationship. He retreats into drug addiction and madness, and carries his brother with him. Irons' performance is daring: he turns himself into a nightmarish cartoon of decadence. As usual, Cronenberg's work gleams with intelligence, and goes as far as it can go. But this movie about narcissism keeps turning further and further inward, and it makes us do the same. It affects us like a particularly upsetting visit to the doctor. The script, by the director and Norman Snider, is loosely based on the novel "Twins," by Bari Wood and Jack Geasland. Cinematography by Peter Suschitzky; the excellent score is by Howard Shore.—T.R. (10/3/88) (Gramercy, Gotham Cinema, Metro Cinema, and National Twin; through Oct. 20.)

Die Hard—A formula action picture, but with the extra-potency formula. It has the sweatiest hero, the most sinister bad guys (with the thickest foreign accents), the silliest plot twists, the loudest explosions, the most gratuitous bursts of machine-gun fire. Bruce Willis plays John McClane, a New York cop battling a group of European terrorists who are holding his wife (Bonnie Bedelia) and her co-workers hostage on the thirtieth floor of a gleaming L.A. skyscraper (actually the Fox Plaza in Century City). The action is so grandiose and relentless that it's funny. The director, John McTiernan, has the right style for this sort of cheerfully stupid, super-kinetic comic-book violence. The problem with "Die Hard" isn't so much the physical overkill of the production as the emotional overkill of the script (by Jeb Stuart and Steven E. de Souza, from a novel by Roderick Thorp). By the end, there has been so much onscreen applause for McClane that the picture's "humanity" seems fake, like Oscar-night sentimentality. Also with Alan Rickman, who gives the character of the terrorists' leader a wonderful slimy elegance.—T.R. (8/8/88) (Loews Orpheum, and Criterion Center.)

A Fish Called Wanda—This caper comedy promises to embody the best of two different styles of British humor: its director, the seventy-seven-year-old Charles Crichton, made "The Lavender Hill Mob," one of the greatest of the Ealing comedies, and its writer, executive producer, and star, the towering John Cleese, was a member of the Monty Python group and the creator of the hilarious television series "Fawlty Towers." Its main characters are a very proper London barrister (Cleese) and three jewel thieves: a crafty, sexy American woman named Wanda (Jamie Lee Curtis); another American, Otto (Kevin Kline), who's violently Anglophobic and dumb as dirt; and Ken (the ex-Pythonite Michael Palin), a deranged stutterer who's perfectly happy to bump off old ladies but becomes inconsolable at the death of a small dog or a tropical fish. The movie has a fair number of laughs, but Crichton's direction is too drab and poky for the material. Every time "Wanda" threatens to take off into the realm of insane, head-splitting farce, as "Fawlty Towers" so often did, something seems to drag it down—some impulse toward stability and restraint, at odds with the script's spirit of manic invention.—T.R. (7/25/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 21, tentative.)

Gorillas in the Mist—Sigourney Weaver as the anthropologist Dian Fossey, in what seems meant to be a triumphant epic about an activist heroine who made a difference. (A title at the close tells us that Fossey saved the mountain gorillas from extinction). Weaver's physical strength alone is inspiring here, and there's a new freedom in her acting. She's so vivid that you immediately feel Fossey's will and drive. But Michael Apted, who directed, has an indeterminate approach to some of the key incidents; he doesn't locate a dramatic core in Anna Hamilton Phelan's script. The movie is reasonably faithful to Fossey's ruthless, half-crazed side and it's quite watchable, but it's disappointing. It belongs to the past of movies rather than to the modern era. The Maurice Jarre music is a definite negative factor; another is the use of the head tracker as the symbolic dignity and conscience of Africa. Despite the subject, the movie can't be taken seriously. It's a feminist version of "King Kong"—now it's the gorillas who do the screaming. With Bryan Brown, Julie Harris, John Omirah Miluwi as the tracker, and Iain Cuthbertson, who's casual and rather humorous as Dr. Louis Leakey. (10/17/88) (Bay Cinema, Beekman, Art Greenwich Twin, Regency, and Movieland.)

Jazz on a Summer's Day (1960)—The 1958 Newport Jazz Festival, with Anita O'Day, Big Maybelle, Dinah Washington, Gerry Mulligan, Thelonious Monk, Chico Hamilton, Louis Armstrong and Jack Teagarden, and other joys. Bert Stern's camera style infectiously conveys the festival's happy, lazy-day atmosphere. In the evening, when Mahalia Jackson, with her majestic chest tones, sings the word "soul," she defines it for all time. This is one of the most pleasurable of all concert films. Aram Avakian edited. (Film Forum 2; Oct. 21-23.)

The Last Temptation of Christ—Martin Scorsese's film is based on an intense, rather ponderous novel by Nikos Kazantzakis that portrays Christ as a tormented prophet who has to choose between his human nature and his divine nature—who in order to fulfill his role as redeemer must reject the overpowering temptation to be merely a man. If we respond to anything in this movie it's to the idea of Scorsese wrestling with Kazantzakis's conception, thrashing manfully among the tangles of the novel's dense prose, trying to isolate some clear, intelligible meaning from this religious fever-dream. Scorsese hasn't managed to come up with a consistent visual style for the story, and the movie's intensity, over a span of two hours and forty minutes, is sputtering, fitful. The scenes meant to evoke the natural—the human—side of the story don't have much charge, and most of the actors look uncomfortable. (The drab modern idiom of Paul Schrader's dialogue is at least part of the problem.) This movie isn't a sacrilege; it's just an honorable mistake. With Willem Dafoe as Jesus, Harvey Keitel as Judas, Barbara Hershey as Mary Magdalene, and David Bowie as Pontius Pilate. Peter Gabriel composed the music.—T.R. (9/5/88) (Ziegfeld.)

Live for Life (1967)—Directed by Claude Lelouch, with Yves Montand as a television reporter who is about to ruin his marriage by having an affair with Candice Bergen but finally goes back to Annie Girardot. Quite good pulp. In French.—P.G. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 24.)

Married to the Mob—Angela (Michelle Pfeiffer), the heroine of Jonathan Demme's crazy comedy, is married to an up-and-coming suburban gangster known as Frank the Cucumber (Alec Baldwin), and she doesn't feel good about her life; she's avid for ordinariness. When Frank is murdered by his boss, Tony the Tiger (Dean Stockwell), Angela gives away virtually the entire contents of her Long Island house and moves herself and her reluctant son into a cramped Lower East Side apartment, hoping that the mob will forget about her. Unfortunately, Tony the Tiger has the hots for her, the F.B.I. is tailing her, and Tony's insanely jealous wife, Connie (Mercedes Ruehl), is on the warpath. Pfeiffer's extraordinary performance is the movie's major pleasure; she makes both Angela's toughness and her goodness believable, funny, and touching. As usual, Demme is great at providing incidental pleasures, including a terrific score (with original music by David Byrne) and a superbly eccentric cast that also features Matthew Modine, Trey Wilson, Joan Cusack, Tracey Walter, and David Johansen (as a priest). The vibrant cinematography is by Tak Fujimoto.—T.R. (8/22/88) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Gemini, 86th Street East Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, and 57th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 20.)

Matador—Hugely entertaining. Everything is eroticized in this lush, clownish comedy by Pedro Almodóvar. The characters act out their wildest fantasies—or, like the handsome, wealthy young virgin Ángel (Antonio Banderas), try to act them out—and embarrass themselves. Ángel is training to be a bullfighter, but he faints at the sight of blood. He's such a supreme fantasist that he hallucinates and sees what happened in a recent series of murders—unluckily, he's fantasist enough to think that he committed them. It's all sumptuously sick and funny. Assumpta Serna plays a culmination of the scarlet-woman tradition of Joan Crawford, Rita Hayworth, Ava Gardner, and Anouk Aimée—all those flaming man-killers with their too vibrant smiles. And Almodóvar himself appears as a mad-genius couturier who messes up his curly hair before he appears in public. Also with Nacho Martínez, Eusebio Poncela, Carmen Maura, Eva Cobo, Julieta Serrano, and Chus Lampreave. Written by the director and Jesús Ferrero; cinematography by Ángel Luis Fernández. In Spanish. (5/16/88) (Quad Cinema.)

The More the Merrier (1943)—The film is set in Washington, D.C., during the Second World War; the housing shortage results in the government-worker heroine (Jean Arthur) and the inventor-hero (Joel McCrea) becoming part of an innocent ménage à trois with Charles Coburn, an elderly businessman who enjoys playing Cupid. Directed by George Stevens, this hit comedy is lively and well paced, but the fun is too often forced, and Jean Arthur overdoes her adorably prim act. McCrea, though, is easy and casually sophisticated, and, as usual, serves his co-stars, gets his laughs, and never hogs attention. With Bruce Bennett and Richard Gaines. (Biograph Cinema; Oct. 25-26.)

Obsession (1976)—An *hommage* to Hitchcock, made by Brian De Palma. "Obsession," which believes in mystery rather than in Hitchcock's surprises, is about a rich New Orleans businessman (Cliff Robertson) who suffers the kidnapping of his wife (Geneviève Bujold) and his nine-year-old daughter (Wanda Blackman). Years later, gray-haired, he falls in love, in Italy, with a girl restoring a painting in the church where he first fell in love with his wife. The girl is played, of course, by Geneviève Bujold. Who is she? A hallucination? The question leaves us cold, because it lacks Hitchcock's scrupulous matter-of-factness.—P.G. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 20.)

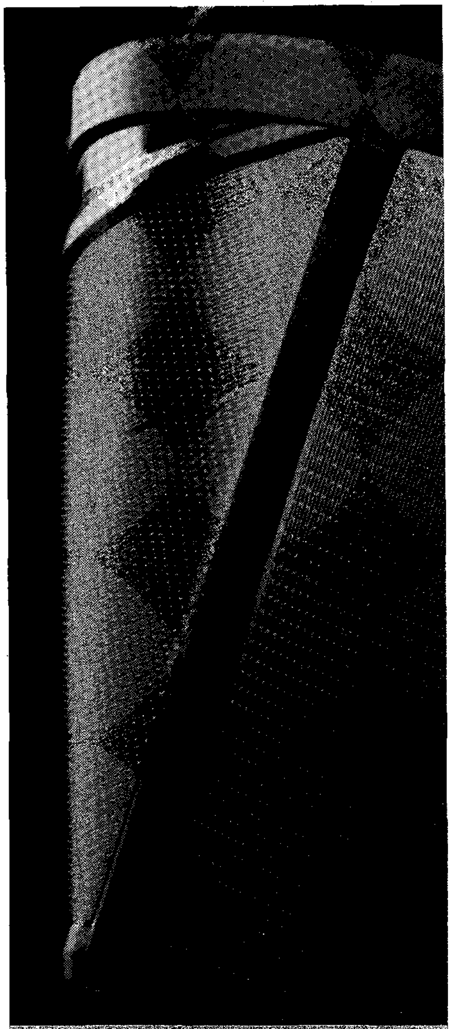
Orchestra Wives (1942)—Livelier than the title (which sounds like a statistical classification) suggests. It's the swing era, the band is Glenn Miller's (with Tex Beneke and the Modernaires), and the screenwriters, Karl Tunberg and Darrell Ware, use the shopworn love triangle of an innocent small-town girl (Ann Rutherford) who marries a musician (George Montgomery) and then comes up against his old flame, the band's vocalist (Lynn Bari), as a framework for all the snappy repartee they can pile on. Archie Mayo directed, and the picture has a seedy, unassuming pungency. Best of all, the moviemakers were prepared to jettison the story line for the sake of entertainment: suddenly, at the end of the picture, the Nicholas Brothers, that great team of dancers, come out of nowhere and do one of their most dizzying acrobatic tap routines, to "I've Got a Gal in Kalamazoo." The number is such a feat of sustained high flying that you hold your breath in tense admiration. The cast includes Glenn Miller, Jackie Gleason, Carole Landis, Cesar Romero, and Virginia Gilmore; the tunes include "Serenade in Blue," "Chattanooga Choo Choo," and "Bugle Call Rag." (Film Forum 2; Oct. 24.)

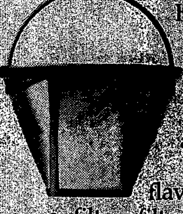
Running on Empty—With Christine Lahti, River Phoenix, Judd Hirsch, and Martha Plimpton; directed by Sidney Lumet.—T.R. (9/19/88) (8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 20.)

The Thin Blue Line—Errol Morris's trancelike, almost lyrical documentary tells the story of a 1976 cop-killing in Dallas and examines the process by which a man who is almost certainly innocent was convicted and sentenced to death for the crime. The movie's form is circular, spiralling, its obsessive, repetitive visual motifs echoed in Philip Glass's hauntingly monotonous score. In showing us the lies, the fears, the social pressures, the ulterior motives, the stubbornness, and the plain confusion that combined to produce the case against the unfortunate Randall Adams—whose fate is worthy of a Borges hero—Morris seems to be investigating not just this squalid murder but the very nature of untruth. His style is occasionally too fancy and elliptical for absolute clarity, but this is a powerful and thrillingly strange movie. Morris—who actually uncovered new evidence in the course of making the film—has turned Randall Adams' case into a kind of tabloid poetry, a meditation on uncertainty and the fascination of violence.—T.R. (9/5/88) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Who Framed Roger Rabbit—With Bob Hoskins and Christopher Lloyd, directed by Robert Zemeckis.—T.R. (7/11/88) (Embassy.)

Wings of Desire ("Der Himmel über Berlin")—With Bruno Ganz, Otto Sander, and Solveig Dommartin; directed by Wim Wenders. In English, French, and German. (5/30/88) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)





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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

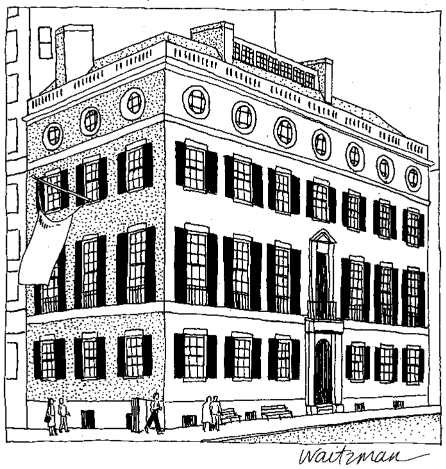
Notes and Comment

THE two women passed the test with a perfect score. They hugged each other. They hugged their instructor. They paid no attention at all to the documentary filmmaker Frederick Wiseman, who was using his just-pretend-I'm-not-here technique to record their impromptu celebration for his film "Missile," which was recently shown on PBS. The women were elated United States Air Force junior officers who had just been certified for duty as missile-launch-control officers—a job in which, their superiors told them, "you have at your fingertips the power to launch the world into nuclear darkness." The missileers had gone through a fourteen-week training program, with Wiseman's camera rolling, at Vandenberg Air Force Base, in California. On the last day of the course, the instructor congratulated the women and said, "Good luck. You drive careful, too."

Not all the women's fellow-students got perfect scores in missile-launch procedures, but Wiseman does not dwell on individual shortcomings. There are no hard-hitting interviews in the film, no set-piece confrontations between representatives of opposing schools on nuclear policy, no editorial voice-over. "The true film lies halfway between the screen and the mind of the viewer," Wiseman told us when we talked with him after a screening of "Missile."

What sticks in our mind from watching the film is several details that jar with the officially encouraged and popularly accepted image of America's nuclear-weapons systems. Unlike the flashy command post we remember from the movie "WarGames," the actual launch-control equipment seems decidedly low-tech. In the center of the missile-launch console, for example, there is a dial for selecting War Plan A or War Plan B, but, as an Air Force instructor explains to the trainees, it should be ignored, because it isn't connected to anything. There are no digital displays, or even push-button phones, in the command post, and maintenance crews complain that the launch facilities are not always properly cared for, citing the presence of spilled coffee, smoldering cigarettes, and "a half-eaten Twinkie left between the racks."

Early in the film, Colonel Jim Ryan, the commander of the 4,315th Combat Crew Training Squadron, speaks to the prospective missile launchers: "The American people, they really trust us. They trust us to protect them. They trust us to make good judgments. They trust us, you know, not to do something that would ever make them ashamed of us." The trainees were earnest and conscientious, but seemed to be in over their heads. None of them seemed to have itchy trigger fingers, and that is reassuring, but neither did any of them seem to be the specialists one might expect to be at the controls of nuclear weapons. One trainee, who had been an Air Force contracting officer, said she wanted some operational experience before she got too old; several others had transferred from the pilot program because they got too airsick to fly. In idealized versions of the modern military in movies such as "Top Gun" we see the best of the best behind every gun sight; in "Missile" we watch our future launch-control officers preparing for an upcoming quiz and becoming confused about where a critical control unit is.



The Air Force seems surprisingly hesitant about weeding out the slow learners. Instead, to help a struggling student get through a multiple-choice exam an instructor offers lessons in "testmanship." He explains, "These are tips that'll help you just improve your odds at guessing." What ultimately matters to the Air Force, we gather from "Missile," is not a launch officer's ability but his or her willingness to carry out orders. On the first day of the course, the trainees are asked to sign a form stating that they have "thought of all the moral implications" and have "no reservations that if the President of the United States deems that our way of life is threatened" they will turn the keys to fire the Air Force's Minuteman missiles. One of the instructors tells them, "The thing you want to do is get your key turn in when you are supposed to, and to do that it needs to be very rudimentized, very structured. You don't want to let anything bother you—just get the task done and leave it at that. Get a successful launch and take care of any other problems that happen afterward."

In a practice session we see one trainee flubbing a simple countdown, and a staff member complains about a former student who during an exercise launched a missile when he was not authorized to. "We are talkin' big error there, right? . . . A three-bagger, a critical error," he says to the class. No graduation, no hugs for that student, we thought. But then a trainee asks "Did he make it through the program?" and the instructor replies "Barely."

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Moving Images

ONE of the things we like best is to sneak away from the office and go to the movies in the middle of the afternoon, so when we read in the *Times* the other day that the American Museum of the Moving Image, in Queens, was now open to the public we got on the E train and headed right over.

The American Museum of the Moving Image, as we learned after nosing our way along a couple of streets and finally coming upon a big blank building with a long line of truants like us waiting outside, isn't a movie museum in the way the Cinémathèque Française is a movie museum or the way the film department of MOMA is a movie museum. It isn't an archive or a library—though it does have a couple of nice theatres on the first floor, including one that can show old nitrate prints. The American Museum of the Moving Image leaves it to those others to resurrect the prints of "The Immigrant," complete with Magyar titles, miraculously discovered in Budapest vaults. AMMI's job is to assemble not movies but the stuff of movies—the machines and ephemera of moving images, like Edison's kinetoscope and Clara Bow's hair ribbon and a Hopalong Cassidy lunchbox. During our visit, we explored a hall devoted to the evolution of the machines that make movies and display them. Stephen Jay Gould would enjoy this exhibit: it confirms his point that when things evolve you start off with variety and end up with monotony. We saw a collection of early movie devices as varied and peculiar as dinosaurs, and just as wonderfully named. There was an Edison kinetograph (the first motion-picture camera for celluloid-strip film), a mutoscope (mechanized flip book), a thaumatrope (images on twirling disks), a phenakistiscope (images on spinning disks), a zoetrope (images painted inside a revolving drum, with slits for viewing), a praxinoscope (images painted inside a revolving drum and reflected in central mirrors, with slits for viewing), and—our favorite—Beale's choreutoscope (which just works by magic).

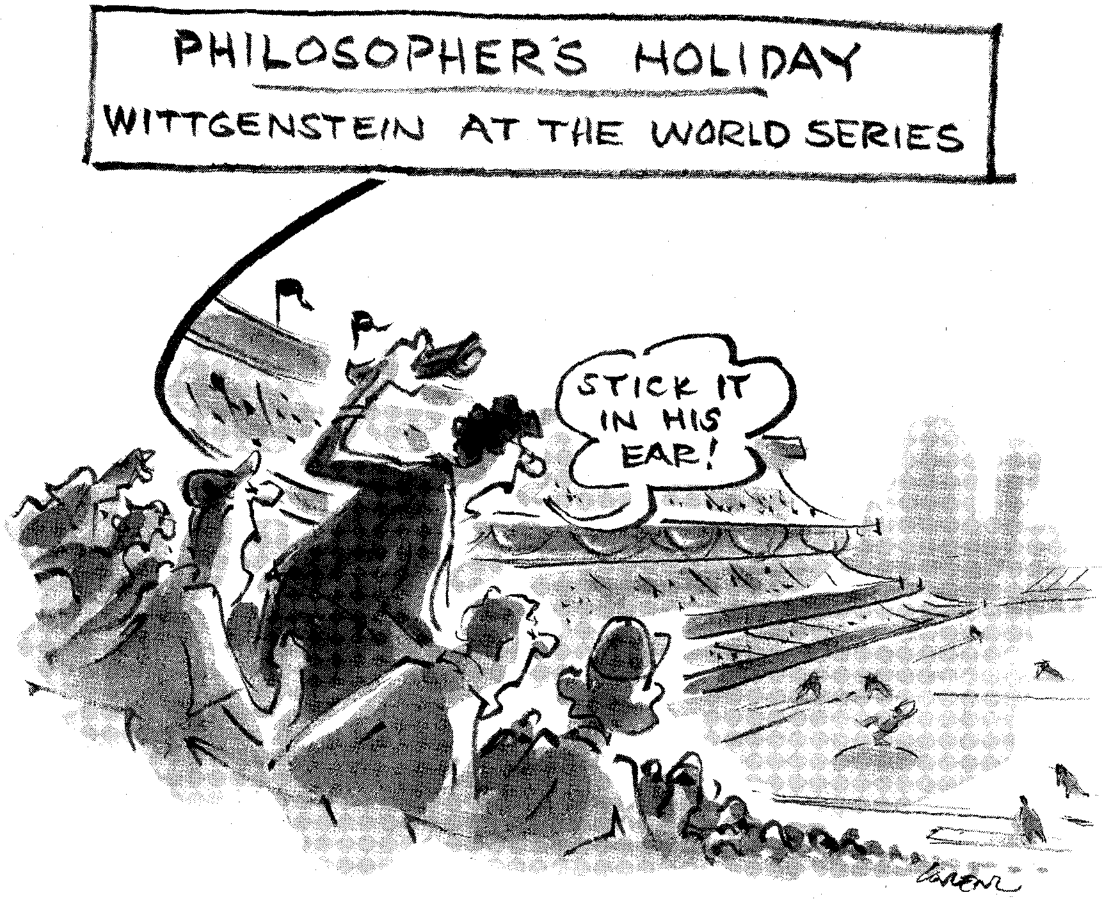
Upstairs, we saw monitors playing famous scenes from movies and television shows. You could pick up a telephone in front of a monitor and hear the recorded voice of the director explaining just what he was trying to put across in the famous scene you happened to be watching. We saw a scene from "All About Eve," for instance, in which Bette Davis nervously reaches out for candy from a dish while she is having an argument with the man she loves, and we heard Joseph L. Mankiewicz explain that when Bette Davis reaches out for candy she is really saying, "To hell with sex!" Clearly, old movies are full of such subtle and alarming moments, and we intend to pay more attention to them from now on.

We stood for a while in front of the Magic Mirror. The Magic Mirror is a projection device in which, after an attendant has adjusted it for your height, you can see what you would look like if you happened to be dressed in certain famous costumes from the movies or TV. We looked good as a crew member of the Starship Enterprise, pretty bad as Indiana Jones, and terrific as Mork from Ork.

We saw display case after display case of movie and TV souvenirs (with tiny, school-marmish wall labels explaining that this was not trivia but social history). There were some things that we would like to own, such as a "McHale's Navy" board game; some things that made us sad, such as memorabilia devoted to stars we had never heard of, like Rupert Julian and Yale Boss; and one thing—a Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis Dixie ice-cream-container lid—that we need never see again.

Then we saw people waiting in line to go into a little movie theatre. The theatre had a wildly painted exterior—cartoon figures and Egyptian-revival decorative detail. Its marquee read "Tut's Fever." Going closer, we recognized in this phantasmagoria the unmistakable hand of the American Pop artist Red Grooms, and then we recognized Red Grooms himself among the people waiting outside the little theatre. We asked him to explain to us just what he was up to in all this art work. ("Interpreting the iconography," the scholars call this.)

"You see, when Lysiane and I began the project we had just come back from a trip to Egypt and I was stunned by the tomb paintings there—by how brightly colored they were, and so full of storytelling, so much like comic books," he said. (Lysiane is the French artist Lysiane Luong, his collaborator.) "And then there was this connection I made between Egypt and the movies, which was that when I was a boy growing up in Nashville I just lived for those Cecil B. De Mille Biblical epics. I kind of thought they were real, you know? So the whole idea of Egyptian revival seemed right for this. We got to reading all these books about early Hollywood, and we had this idea of combining the history of Hollywood with the history of the Egyptian afterlife—which is sort of crazy, but anyway that's the idea. Sort of a mixup of American mythology and Egyptian mythology and my own mythology." He led us into the lobby. "See, you start over there, by the popcorn counter, with the Exodus from Egypt—all the Jewish moguls fleeing from the East, from the Edison-patent guys and all that. That's sort of the first act, with Yul Brynner as Pharaoh, of course, to keep the Biblical-epic part going, and all those studio heads as the Israelites. Now, here, once they're in Hollywood, we've got the Boat of the Dead. That's an Egyptian tomb-painting motif, but here it symbolizes the coming of sound and the big scandals at the end of the silent era, so that the boat is filled with all the Hollywood people who got left behind. Thomas Ince and Fatty Arbuckle and John Gilbert—those guys. Then you've got Louis B. Mayer as the Sphinx, of course, and the Marx Brothers sort of as Howard Carter and all those guys who discovered Tut's tomb. Now come on down here into the tomb." He led us into the theatre and around a corner to a narrow painted passageway. "See, the whole thing depended on our getting just the right guy in our mythology to equal Tut in their mythology—you know, becoming really famous after death, and being young when he died, and all. And I think we finally got it right. We chose—Well, go ahead and find out." He nodded toward a papier-mâché sarcophagus behind a Plexiglas window. There was a pull chain hanging near it, and we gave the chain a tug. The sarcophagus sprang open, like a jack-in-the-box, and there, rising from the dead, was an effigy of James Dean.


PHILOSOPHER'S HOLIDAY
WITTGENSTEIN AT THE WORLD SERIES
STICK IT IN HIS EAR!
Lorenz

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Tumalo

A YOUNG Brooklynite we know writes:

Driving north last month from California to where my parents live, in Oregon, I knew that if I kept going straight up I-5, which cuts the West Coast like a knife, I would probably make it home before I had listened to both sides of my "Road Mix '88" tape, which features selections by, among others, Patsy Cline, Prince, and Mozart. Then I took a look at a map, and figured that without going very much out of my way I could visit the town of Tumalo, in central Oregon, where two friends and I worked as ranch hands the summer after we graduated from high school. We drank beer that summer, read deep books like "The Stranger," thought hard about certain "Star Trek" episodes, and imagined the lineup of performers (including significant dead ones) for a huge Woodstock-like concert we thought it would be a smart idea to stage on Mr. Chet Harmon's ranch. Chet was one of the ranchers we worked for. Mornings, we were up at five changing irrigation pipes; evenings, we changed them again. During the day, when we weren't bucking bales or trying to fix a fence we were at the Mobil station playing video games or we were driving our cars or sleeping.

Tumalo is a town of little consequence. Actually, Tumalo isn't even an incorporated town, and there is no post office. There's the gas station, along with a mini-market; the Tumalo Irrigation District Office; a Presbyterian church; an animal hospital; the Tumalo Trading Post, where a variety of hubcaps are for sale; and the Dames and Dudes Hair Design Studio. Behind the gas station is a mobile-home lot where maybe five families live. If you were driving from one of the big cities in the Willamette Valley—say, from Eugene—to go skiing at Mt. Bachelor or fly-fishing in the Deschutes River, you would pass Tumalo's gas station, off Highway 20, and, down the road, you would pass the Tumalo Emporium, a restaurant with Old West décor, but unless you were hungry or needed gas the chances are you would pass through Tumalo without really noticing it.

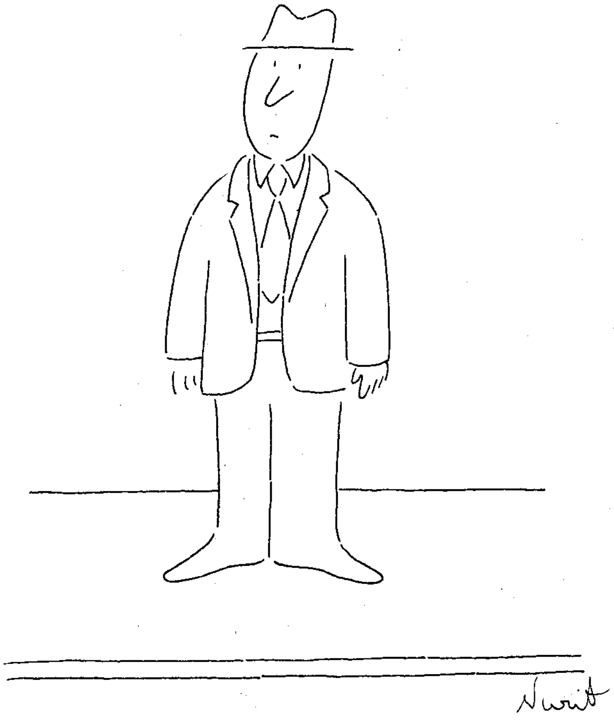
If you stopped by Tumalo Irrigation, a one-room office, and talked to Sue Coudare or Ralph McNulty, you would learn that homesteaders in the early nineteen-hundreds were enticed to the semi-arid Tumalo area by ad campaigns hailing the virtues of irrigation ("Causes the desert to blossom," "Has become popular because of profitable returns"), and that though the land was dirt cheap the homesteaders had to make substantial investments in the construction of the irrigation system, an enterprise managed by W. A. Laidlaw, after whom the town was then named. When I looked in the office once, Sue Coudare pointed over her shoulder to an old black walk-in vault exactly like the kind in Westerns and said, "See, it says 'Laidlaw Banking & Trust Co.' That was Mr. W. A. Laidlaw's business. Well, the people trusted him, and they shouldn't have. He took in I don't know what it was—well over a million dollars, I've heard—and delivered practically no water. And so they just flat renamed the town Tumalo."

In my opinion, Tumalo isn't such a bad place to live even if you've been taken for all you're worth. It sits in the Deschutes Basin, in the shadow of the Three Sisters—three broad-hipped, snow-patched mountains, all of which rise more than ten thousand feet. A rancher like Chet Harmon is apt to turn toward the Sisters and say something like "Well, God damn if they aren't the prettiest things." On hazy late-summer afternoons like the one when I was there last month, the Sisters could be paper cutouts pasted against the sky. In the mornings, when the Sisters catch the still, murky-pink light of sunrise, they seem to blush. A few straight and narrow roads slice up the fields of alfalfa and timothy and the pastures that have been grazed by cattle and sheep. And where there is a pond or a creek there's probably a stand of aspen or cottonwoods. Thunderstorms swell up quickly here, and quickly pass. A ranch hand changing pipes on a hot, soporific day has to be on the lookout, because a storm crouching on the other side of the Cascades can come tumbling over the Sisters in a matter of minutes and he may find himself standing there, the tallest thing on a giant field, and holding a forty-foot-long metal pipe when lightning begins to flash.

Most of the people living around Tumalo are ranchers, many of whom are retired from other careers, and some of whom do other jobs on the side. That summer after high school, my friends and I worked for a retired airline pilot and a retired geologist as well as for Chet, who had been in the business of shoeing horses for twenty-one years before he and his wife took on a hundred-and-twenty-acre spread as a way of easing into retirement. Early last month, I'd heard that Chet had just sold his ranch, and I wanted to drop by and say hi.

Chet was in his hay barn and seemed to be taking stock of some bales that had just been stacked. He is a tall, slow-talking cowboy who swears better than anybody I know. I used to entertain myself while I was alone in Chet's fields, changing pipes, by trying to imitate the way he talked. (He comes down hard on every word, sort of like Paul Harvey.) Now I had to tell him my name and how long ago it was that I'd worked for him and the color of the truck I'd driven. Then he remembered me. "I'll be damned," he said a couple of times. And right away he told me about selling his ranch. "When this old boy came along and offered me a decent price, I said, 'You got yourself a deal,'" he said. "You're out there raking and everything, and you just get so God-damned tired of having to fight all the time. One morning, I came out to feed the horses and I see the wind has ripped this here barn all to hell. It was the God-damnedest mess you ever saw, and I was one sorry son of a bitch. Hell, it's been good, but me and my wife, we're going to get ourselves five or six acres—enough room to, you know, cuss a cat—and if I feel like changing pipes I will, and if I don't, by God, I won't."

Chet and I talked some more. I told him what it was like to live in New York. We watched a baling tractor chug along a far field. Chet smoked a cigarette. After a while, we ran out of things to say, but I didn't leave right away. That's the way it goes in Tumalo. Things hardly ever change; nothing is ever very strange. I asked Chet if he was sure he wouldn't miss any of this—cutting the hay, letting it dry for a couple of days and hoping it wouldn't rain, seeing it baled and bucked up onto his flatbed trucks and stacked to the rafters of his barn. He chewed on that a minute, and then slowly said no, he didn't have one regret—only he used a different expression.



THE MAN IN THE STREET
(SUBJECT TO A SAMPLING ERROR OF PLUS OR MINUS THREE PERCENTAGE POINTS)

Extra Virgin

It was a day for olive oil. At approximately two-fifteen on a recent Thursday, we saw Lee Iacocca, the chairman of the Chrysler Corporation, stride into the Marketplace in Macy's Cellar with his daughter Kathryn; his son-in-law, Ned Hentz; his infant granddaughter, Mary-Caitlin; his sister, Delma Kelechava; and his mother, Antonietta. He had come to talk about Villa Nicola, his new line of Italian gourmet foods, and, in particular, about his extra-virgin olive oil. A crowd of shoppers was roped off from the kind of buffet table you'd find on a cruise ship. On it were two trash-can-size baskets holding swords of French and Italian bread; several platters of hors d'oeuvres made with Villa Nicola oil; bottles and bottles of the product itself; two pyramids of Mr. Iacocca's books "Talking Straight" and "Iacocca: An Autobiography;" and a sign that said, "We started bringing extra-virgin olive oil back from Italy for our friends. Then we got too many friends. Lee Iacocca." A woman who stood as close to the table as she could get told us that she'd just got off the plane from Jacksonville. "Olive oil?" she said. "Mr. Iacocca must sit up at night thinking about how he'll make another buck. But I'm just tickled to be here. We have olive oil down in Florida, you know. What do you think—we make everything out of orange juice?"

After answering a few questions for the press and posing for the photographers, Mr.

Iacocca went over to a podium with an attached microphone. "Thank you all for coming," he said. "I'll be damned if you can get this many people out when you show a car." He went on to explain that the olive-oil business wasn't really a business but a hobby; that he owned a villa in Tuscany with acres and acres of olive trees, and hadn't known what to do with them until he came up with the idea of making extra-virgin olive oil; that some of the profits will go to charity; and that his daughter Lia Nagy and his son-in-law, Ned (Kathryn's husband), will be running the operation, because, he said, "my hands are full with the cars." He then urged the crowd to stick around, and turned the microphone over to Monika Bella-Bragg, Macy's director of special events. As she spoke about Villa Nicola's extremely low cholesterol level, waiters wearing dress shirts, black bow ties, and a lot of styling mousse started to work the crowd with hors d'oeuvres. They served Grammy's Sticky Chicken, Lee's Cheese Steaks, and pieces of bread dipped in Antonietta's Marinara Sauce.

A line formed to the left of the table for people who couldn't get at the waiters. There was some pushing and shoving. A tall, thin man wearing a fedora said, "Forget it. If he's not giving away free Chryslers, I don't want anything," and made a break for the escalator leading up to Fragrances. Apparently oblivious of the jostling crowd and the photographers edging closer and closer, the Iacocca family, now sitting behind the table, enjoyed a nice lunch at their own pace. Mr. Iacocca and Mr. Hentz drank beer from pilsner glasses. Kathryn bounced Mary-Caitlin playfully in her arms. Antonietta sat in the middle, sampling some of her own creations and slowly sipping Perrier. After a while, Mr. Iacocca said he was sorry but he and his family had to be going. When the cheese steaks ran out, most of the crowd left, too.

A few hours later, we attended a Tuscan dinner at the James Beard House honoring Carapelli, which, according to the invitation we'd got, is "Olive Oil of the Year." Dr. Francesco Carapelli, the president of the extra-virgin-oil company that bears his name, was there, talking about his favorite subject. Dr. Carapelli isn't a doctor the way a surgeon or a Ph.D. is a doctor; according to Anna Teresa Callen, the program director for Italian affairs at the James Beard Foundation, "in Italy it's O.K. to call yourself a doctor provided you finish college first." Dr. Carapelli is a handsome, high-cheekboned, broad-nosed man and knows what to wear to a dinner thrown in his olive oil's honor: gray double-breasted pin-striped suit, green-and-purple striped tie, white English-collar shirt, brown Guccis, and good-smelling cologne. After we dug into our Ribollita ("a Tuscan minestrone," the menu said), and before we got to the Sformato di Spinaci con Finanziera (spinach made more appetizing than usual), Dr. Carapelli stood up. "Thank you very much to be here, and please excuse the English," he said. "I represent the third generation of a family to make olive oil. My father was producing extra-virgin olive oil in the last century. We consider ourselves as the very best. Absolutely. Thank you all very much to come."

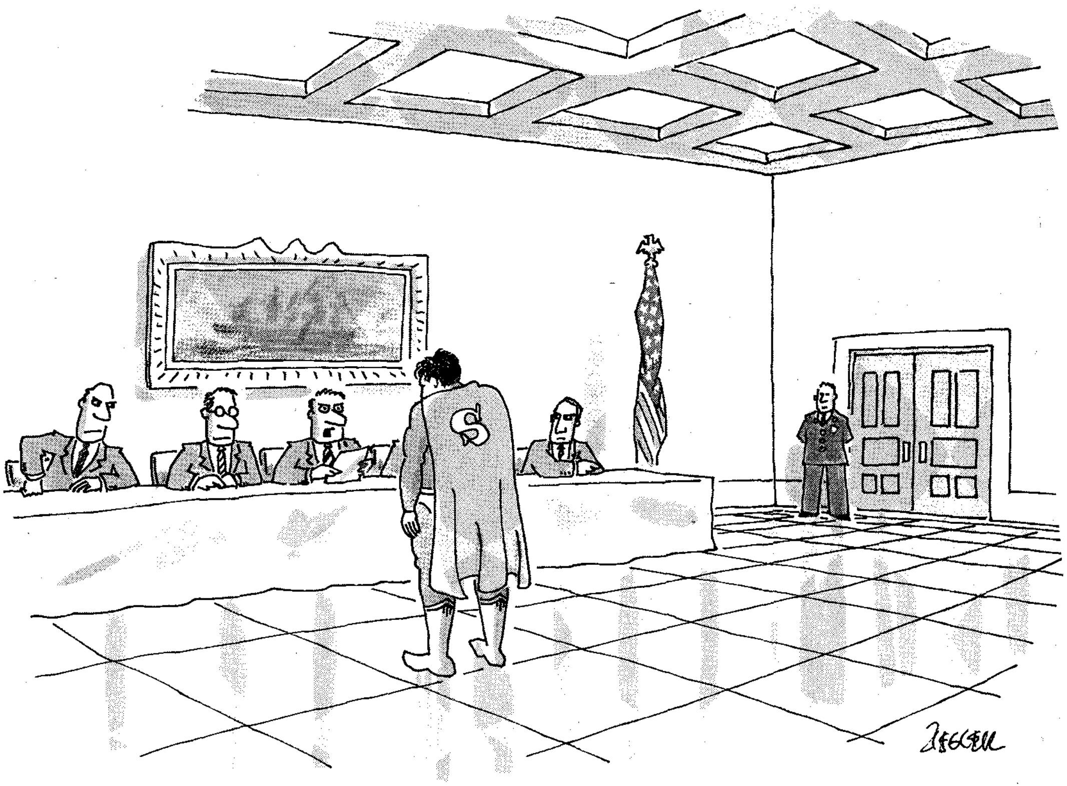
Over our Zuppa alla Fiorentina con Salsa di Lamponi (dessert), we listened to Dr. Carapelli—we were lucky enough to be sitting at his table—talk about the history of olive oil. "Many, many years ago, the Greeks used the olive oil for the body, not for the dinner table," he told us. "They put it on the face to make smoother, clearer skin. When they planned to drink a great deal of alcohol, they took a tablespoon to prevent them from getting sick in the night. Today, progress has taken over. Now we know when to put it in our sauces, on our vegetables."

After dessert wine was served, Filippo LoMonaco, chef of the Sabatini restaurant in Florence, Italy, came out of the kitchen and took a bow. We asked Dr. Carapelli whether he knew that Lee Iacocca had just come out with his own line of extra-virgin olive oil.

"Iacocca?" said Dr. Carapelli. "Who is this?"

We told him, and explained what Mr. Iacocca was up to.

"Oh," Dr. Carapelli said. "This is not the big deal. Everyone in Tuscany has olive trees."



"I'm sorry, but you're going to have to hand over that cape. Your test came back positive for anabolic steroids."

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ORANGES AND APPLES

"I HIRED a looker from out Shawtown," Murray's father said. "She's a Delaney, but so far she doesn't seem to have any bad habits. I put her in Men's Wear."

This was in the spring of 1955. Murray was just out of college. He'd come home and seen at once what fate was waiting for him. Anybody could see it, written on his father's darkened, scooped-out face, rising almost daily in his father's stomach—the hard loaf that would kill before winter. In six months Murray would be in charge, sitting in the little lookout office that hung like a cage at the back of the store, over Linoleum.

Zeigler's then was still called Zeigler's Department Store. It was about the same age as the town itself. The present building—three stories high, red brick, the name in angled gray brick letters that had always looked, to Murray, puzzlingly jaunty and Oriental—had gone up in 1880, replacing an earlier building of wood. The store did not deal in groceries or hardware anymore, but they still had Men's, Ladies', and Children's Wear, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Draperies, Housewares, Furniture.

Murray strolled by to have a look at the looker. He found her penned behind rows of cellophaned shirts. Barbara. She was tall and well developed, as his father in a lowered and regretful voice had said. Her thick black hair did not curl or lie flat—it sprang up like a crest from her wide white forehead. Her eyebrows were thick and black as well, and glossy. Murray found out later that she put Vaseline on them, and plucked out the hairs that would have met above her nose.

Barbara's mother had been the mainstay of a marginal farm. When she died, the family migrated to Shawtown, which was a rackety half-rural settlement on the edge of Walley. Barbara's father did odd jobs, and her two brothers had got into trouble with cars and breaking and entering. One later disappeared. The other married a managing sort of girl and settled down. It was that one who was coming into the store at this time and hanging around, on the pretext of visiting Barbara.

"Watch out for him," Barbara told the other clerks. "He's a jerk, but he knows how to stick things to his fingers."

Hearing about this, Murray was impressed by her lack of family feeling. He was an only child, not spoiled but favored, and he felt himself bound by many ties of obligation, decency, and love. As soon as he got home from college, he had to go around greeting all the people who worked in the store, most of whom he'd known since childhood. He had to chat and smile on the streets of Walley, affable as a crown prince.

Barbara's brother was caught with a pair of socks in one pocket and a package of curtain hooks in the other.

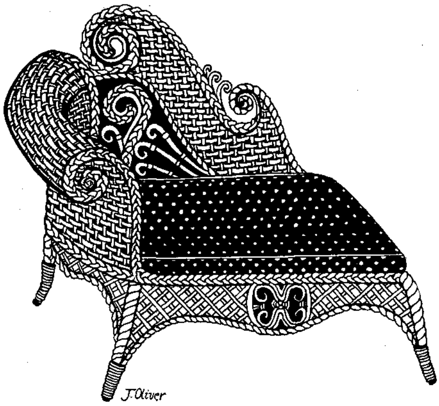
"What do you think he wanted the curtain hooks for?" Murray asked Barbara. He was anxious to make a joke of this, showing her how nothing was held against her on her brother's account.

"How should I know?" said Barbara.

"Maybe he needs counselling," said Murray. He had taken some sociology courses, because he had hoped at one time to become a United Church minister.

Barbara said indifferently, "Maybe he needs to be hanged."

Murray fell in love with her then, if he was not in love already. Here is a noble girl, he thought. A bold black-and-white lily out of the Swamp Irish—Lorna Doone with a rougher tongue and a stronger spine. Mother won't like her, he thought. (About that he was entirely right.) He was happier than he'd been at any time since he lost his faith. (That was an unsatisfactory way of putting it. It was more as if he'd come into a closed-off room or opened a drawer and found that his faith had dried up, turned to a mound of dust in the corner.)



He always said that he made up his mind at once to get Barbara, but he used no tactics beyond an open display of worship. A capacity for worship had been noticeable in him all through his school days, along with his good nature and a tendency to befriend underdogs. But he was sturdy enough—he had enough advantages of his own—that it hadn't got him any serious squelching. Minor squelches he was able to absorb.

Barbara refused to ride on a float as the Downtown Merchants' contestant for the Queen of the Dominion Day Parade.

"I absolutely agree with you," said Murray sympathetically. "Beauty contests are degrading."

"It's the paper flowers," said Barbara. "They make me sneeze."

MURRAY and Barbara live now at Zeigler's Resort, twenty-five miles or so northeast of Walley. The land here is rough and hilly. The farmers abandoned it around the turn of the century and let it go back to bush. Murray's father bought two hundred acres of it and built a primitive cabin and called the place his hunting camp. When Murray lost the store in Walley, and the big house and the little house on the lot behind the store, he came up here, with Barbara and their two small children. He drove a school bus to get some cash income, and worked all the rest of the time building eight new cabins and renovating the one that was there, to serve as the lodge and as living quarters for his family. He learned carpentry, masonry, wiring, plumbing. He cut down trees and dammed the creek and cleaned the creek bed and trucked in sand, to make a swimming pond and a beach. For obvious reasons (as he says), Barbara handled the finances.

Murray says that his is a common story. Does it deserve to be called a classic? "My great-grandfather got the business going. My grandfather established it in all its glory. My father preserved it. And I lost it."

He doesn't mind telling people. Not that he waylays them and unburdens himself immediately. Guests are used to seeing him always at work. Repairing the dock, painting the rowboat, hauling in groceries, digging up drains, he looks so competent and unfrazzled, so cheerfully committed to whatever job he's doing, that they take him for a farmer turned to resort-keeping. He has the kind of patience and uninquisitive friendliness, the unathletic but toughened and serviceable body, the sunburned face, the graying boyishness that they might expect of a country man. But the same guests come back year after year, and sometimes they become friends who are invited on their last night to eat dinner at the family table. (It is considered an achievement, among the regulars, to become friends with stately Barbara. Some never manage it.) Then they may get to hear Murray's story.

"My grandfather used to go up on the roof of our building in Walley," Murray says. "He went up on the roof and he threw down money. Every Saturday afternoon. Quarters, dimes, nickels—five-cent pieces, I guess you called them then. It drew the crowds. The men who started Walley were flashy fellows. They weren't well educated. They weren't genteel. They thought they were building Chicago."

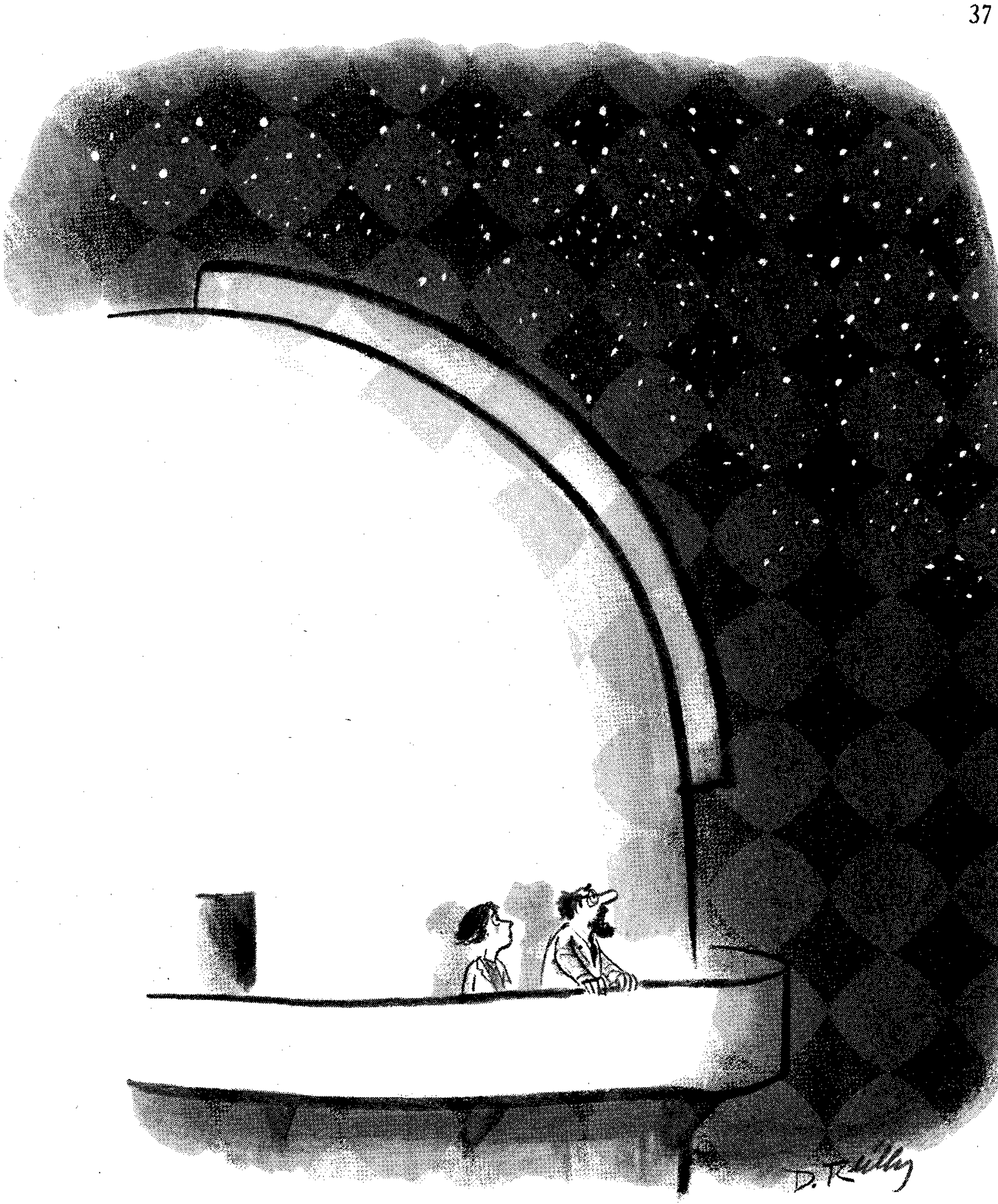
Then something different happened, he says. In came the ladies and the rectors and the grammar school. Out with the saloons and in with the garden parties. Murray's father was an elder of St. Andrew's; he stood for the Conservative Party.

"Funny—we used to say 'stood for' instead of 'ran for.' The store was an institution by that time. Nothing changed for decades. The old display cases with curved glass tops, and the change zinging overhead in those metal cylinders. The whole town was like that, into the fifties. The elm trees weren't dead yet. They'd started. In the summer there were the old cloth awnings all around the square."

When Murray decided to modernize he went all out. It was 1965. He had the whole building covered in white stucco, the windows blocked in. Just little, classy, eye-level windows left along the street, as if intended to display the Crown jewels. The name "Zeigler's"—just that—written across the stucco in flowing script, pink neon. He chucked the waist-high counters and carpeted the varnished floors and put in indirect lighting and lots of mirrors. A great skylight over the staircase. (It leaked, had to be repaired, was taken out before the second winter.) Indoor trees and bits of pools and a kind of fountain in the ladies' room.

Insanity.

Meanwhile the mall had opened south of town. Should Murray have gone out there? He was too mired in debt to move. Also, he had become a downtown promoter. He had not only changed the image of Zeigler's, he had changed himself, becoming a busy loudmouth on the municipal scene. He served on committees. He was on the



"Yes, a hole in space three hundred million light-years across does make me pause and feel tiny and insignificant, but a glance around at my peers usually restores my equanimity."

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building committee. That was how he discovered that a man from Logan, a dealer and developer, was getting government money for restoring old buildings when the fact of the matter was that he was tearing the old buildings down and preserving only a remnant of the foundation to incorporate into his new, ugly, badly built, profitable apartment blocks.

"Aha—corruption," says Murray when he recalls this. "Let the people know! I ranted to the newspaper. I practically ranted on the street corners. What did I think? Did I think the people *didn't* know? It must have been a death wish. It was a death wish. I got to be such a ranter and public entertainment that I was turfed off the committee. I'd lost credibility. They said so. I'd also lost the store. I'd lost it to the bank. Plus the big house my grandfather built and the little house on the same lot, where Barbara and I and the kids were living. The bank couldn't get at them, but I sold them off, to get square—that was the way I wanted to do it. Lucky thing my mother died before the crash came."

Sometimes Barbara excuses herself while Murray is talking. She could be going to get more coffee, she might come back in a moment. Or she might take the dog, Sadie, and go for a walk down to the pond, in among the pale trunks of the birch and poplar trees and under the droopy hemlocks. Murray doesn't bother explaining, though he listens, without appearing to do so, to hear her come back. Anybody who becomes their friend has to understand how Barbara balances contact with absences, just as they have to understand that Barbara doesn't want to *do* anything. She does plenty, of course. She does the cooking, she manages the resort. But when people find out how much she has read, and that she's never been to college, they sometimes suggest that she should go, she should get a degree.

"What for?" says Barbara.

And it turns out that she doesn't want to be a teacher, or a scholar, or a librarian, or an editor, or to make television documentaries, or review books, or write articles. The list of things that Barbara doesn't want to do is as long as your arm. Apparently she wants to do what she does—read, and go for walks, eat and drink with pleasure, tolerate some company. And unless people can value this about her—her withdrawals, her severe indolence (she has an air of indolence even when she's cooking an excellent dinner for thirty people)—they don't remain among the company she tolerates.

When Murray was busy renovating and borrowing money and involving himself in municipal life, Barbara was reading. She had always read, but now she let it take up more and more of her time. The children had started to school. Some days Barbara never left the house. There was always a coffee cup by her chair, and a pile of fat dusty books from the library. "Remembrance of Things Past," "Joseph and His Brothers," books by lesser Russians whom Murray had never heard of.

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UPHILL HOME

Two old men under the blazing
branches of late October go
slowly uphill home ahead of me.

I see, though they are dying, things
beginning to glow from inside out, the woods
a flagrant rose window of western light

over the two old men who lean into one another
with secrets, who shuffle and sway a little, as
if our solid ground grew spongy under them.

Buoyant but slow, their four hands flutter
like late butterflies, one of them lighting
from time to time on an elbow, a shoulder, and

staying there the way big butterflies stop
in the sun and stand, stunned, in a pure silence—
waiting for something, tuned to hear it

whatever it is, something secret and still
as a basin of clams making no waves—making
light of themselves and the state they are in.

I go home behind two old men, in the wake
of their voices, while a squirrel crosses
the road before us, a fledge of dead leaves

bristling out of his mouth: nest-builder,
his nerves must all be twigging the next bleak season
at the fretted edges of this mellow, mulched,

and aromatic air. In the leafless persimmon tree
the little incandescent flesh bulbs are lit,
and the air when I take it to my mouth

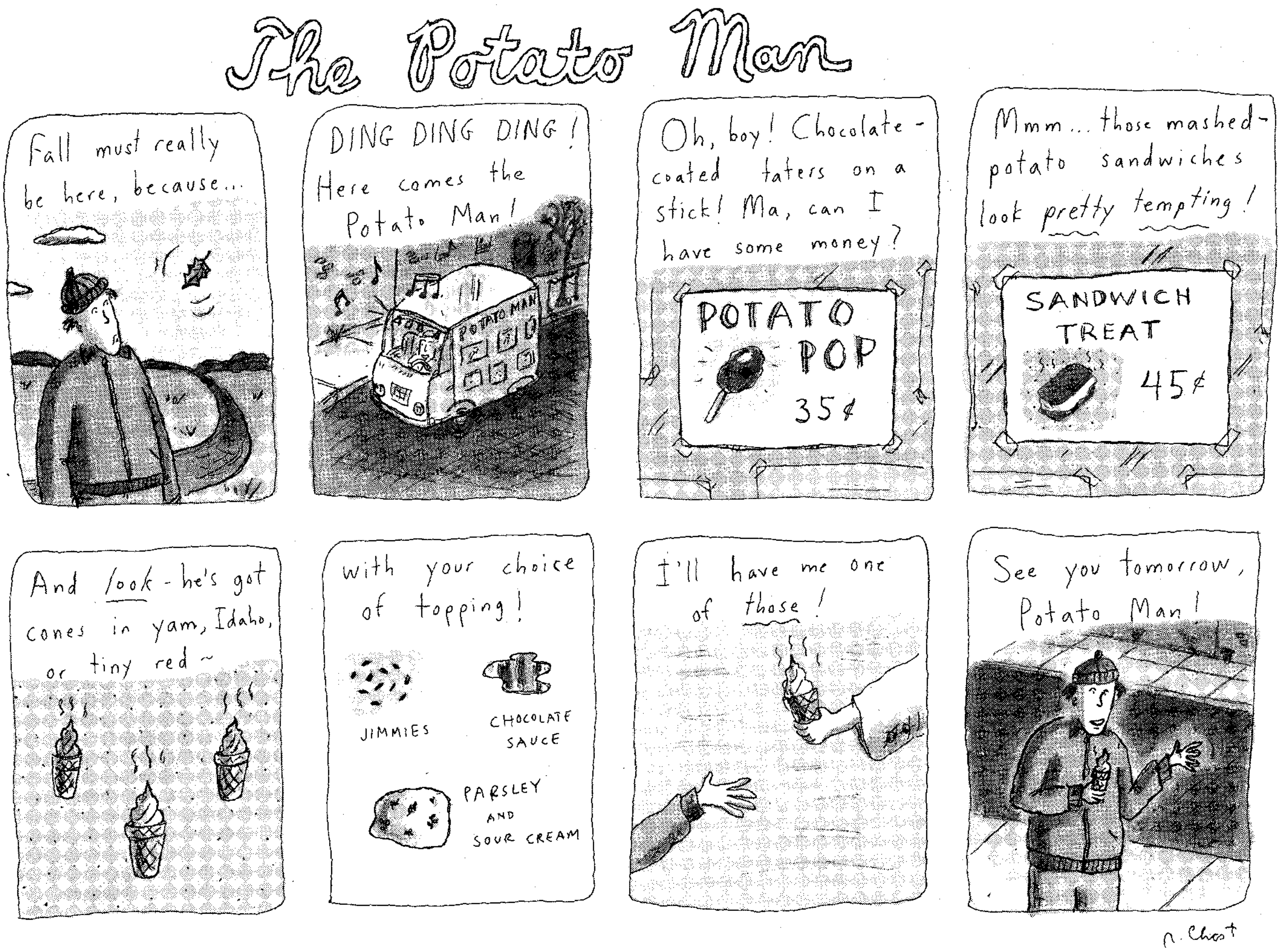
is ripe fruit near rotting. This morning
I saw the first grizzled scurf of frost
on the heaped, quilted leaves of sugar maple—

short-lived and livid—and now I'm wading through
all that fallen light on its way to dust, behind
two old men whose voices do not carry

this far. I see the way things work: it is
the silence of lichen edging out the steady
life of the tree, that secret service

bringing the bones to light in the end. The
talking hands of the two old men
homing ahead of me—they touch and flutter, touch again.

—Eamon Grennan


The Potato Man
Fall must really be here, because...
DING DING DING! Here comes the Potato Man!
POTATO MAN
Oh, boy! Chocolate-coated taters on a stick! Ma, can I have some money?
POTATO POP 35¢
Mmm... those mashed-potato sandwiches look pretty tempting!
SANDWICH TREAT 45¢
And look - he's got cones in yam, Idaho, or tiny red ~
with your choice of topping!
JIMMIES
CHOCOLATE SAUCE
PARSLEY AND SOUR CREAM
I'll have me one of those!
See you tomorrow, Potato Man!
R. Chast

• •

Barbara has a real mania for reading, his mother said—isn't she worried about bringing all those books from the library into the house? You never know who has been handling them.

Reading such heavy books, Barbara grew heavier herself. She did not get really fat, but she put on twenty or twenty-five pounds, well distributed over her tall, never delicate frame. Her face changed, too—flesh blurred its firm lines, making her look softer and in a way younger. Her cheeks puffed out and her mouth looked more secretive. Sometimes she had—she still has—the expression of a self-absorbed and rather willful little girl. Nowadays she reads skimpy-looking books by Czechs or Japanese or Rumanians, but she is still heavy. Her hair is still long, too, and black, except around the face, where it has gone white, as if a piece of veiling had been thrown over it.

MURRAY and Barbara are driving down out of the hills, from twisting, hilly roads to the flat, straight grid of the farmland. They are driving to Walley, for a special reason. Two weeks ago Barbara discovered a lump in the flesh of one of her buttocks. She was drying herself after coming out of the pond—it was the last swim, the last spurt of warm weather of the year. The lump was about the size of a marble. "If I wasn't so fat I'd probably have found it sooner," she said, without particular regret or alarm. She and Murray spoke of the lump as they would of a bad tooth—a nuisance that had to be dealt with. She had it removed in the hospital in Walley. Then there had to be a biopsy.

"Is it possible to have cancer of the buttock?" she asked the doctor. "What an undignified thing!"

The doctor said that the lump could be a floater—malignant cells that had their origin somewhere else in the body. A sealed message. And they could remain a mystery—bad cells whose home base could never be found. If indeed they proved to be bad cells at all. "The future is unclear till we know," said the doctor.

Yesterday the doctor's receptionist phoned and said that the results were in. She made an appointment for Barbara to see the doctor in his office in Walley that afternoon.

"Is that all?" Murray said.

"All what?"

"Is that all she said?"

"She's just the receptionist. That's all she's supposed to say."

They are driving between walls of corn. The stalks are eight or nine feet high. Any day now the farmers will start to cut them. The sun is low enough even by midafternoon to shine through the cornstalks and turn them to coppery gold. They drive through an orderly radiance, mile after mile.

Last night they stayed up late; they watched an old, old movie, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Murray had seen it when he was a child, in the Roxy Theatre, in Walley. All he had remembered was the part about Buddy getting killed and Henry Fonda chipping out the pine-tree coffin.

Thinking about that, he starts to sing. " 'Oh, they cut down the old pine tree, and they hauled it away to the mill.' I always thought," he says, interrupting himself, "that that song came from that movie."

Barbara continues singing. " 'To make a coffin of pine, for that sweetheart of mine.' " Then she says, "Don't be squeamish."

"I wasn't," says Murray. "I forgot what came next."

"Don't come and sit in the waiting room. It's awful. Go down to the beach and wait for me. I'll come down the Sunset Steps."

They have to drive past the farm where Beatrice Sawicky used to keep horses. At one time she had a riding school. That didn't last very long. She boarded horses then, and she must have made a living out of that, because she kept at it, she stayed there, until four or five years ago, when she sold out and, presumably, moved away. They didn't know where she would go; they had seen her a few times in town but never talked to her. When they used to drive past, and saw the horses in the fields, one or the other of them would say, "I wonder what happened to Victor." Not every time they passed, but about once a year, one of them would say that, and the other would answer, "God knows," or something of the sort. But they haven't bothered saying it since Beatrice and the horses left.

THE first time that Victor Sawicky came into the store, he scattered the clerks—so Murray said to Barbara—like a cat among the pigeons. And, in fact, many of the clerks whom Murray had inherited with the store did look like pigeons—they were gray-haired maiden ladies whom maidenhood had not kept from growing stout and bosomy. It was easy to imagine a clammy dew of alarm between those bosoms at the sight of Victor. One of the women came pattering up the ramp to Murray's little office to tell him that there was a foreigner and that none of them could make out what it was he wanted.

He wanted work clothes. It wasn't so difficult to tell what he was saying. (After all, he had lived for several years in England.) It was not the Polish accent that dismayed the clerks in Zeigler's store, it was Victor's looks. Murray put Victor immediately into the same class of human beings as Barbara, but of the two he found Victor far the more splendid and disturbing. He had been able to look at Barbara and think, "That is a rare girl," but she was still a girl, and he wanted to sleep with her. (He had been married to her now for seven years.) Victor drew his attention as a sleek and princely animal might—say, a golden palomino, bold but high-strung, shy about the stir he created. You'd try to say something soothing but deferential and stroke his shining neck, if he'd let you.

Murray said, "Work clothes."

Victor was tall and light-boned and looked polished. In the coffee shop of the British Exchange Hotel, where he and Murray got in the habit of going, a waitress said to him one day, "You mind telling me? Because we kind of have a bet going on? How tall are you?"

"I am six feet and five inches," said Victor.

"Is that all? We had you going up as high as seven feet."

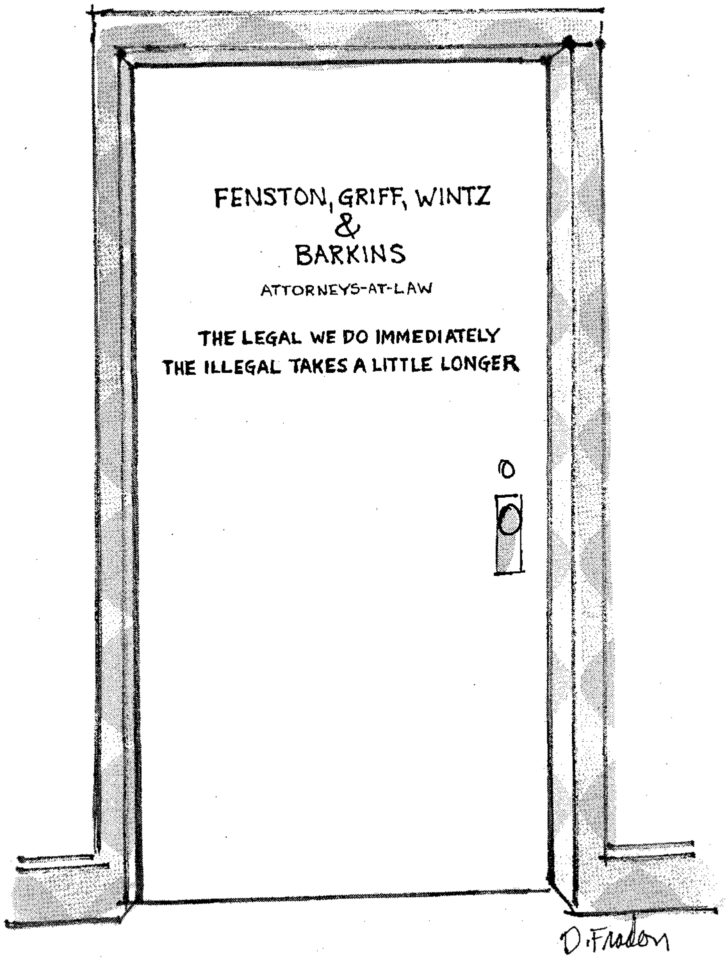
His skin was a pale-olive color, his hair a dark blond, his eyes a light, bright blue. The eyes protruded a little, and the eyelids never lifted quite all the way. His teeth were large and stained, like his fingers, from nicotine. He smoked all the time. He was smoking while he gave his puzzled consideration to the overalls in Zeigler's store. They were all too short in the legs.

He said that he and his wife, who was English, had bought a farm just on the edge of town. Murray wanted to talk to him without the clerks hanging around in amazement, so he took him along the street, for the first time, to the British Exchange. He knew the farm Victor was talking about, and he didn't think much of it. But Victor said that they were not intending to farm it. They were going to keep horses and run a riding school. Victor asked Murray's opinion about whether or not this would be a success. Were there enough little rich girls around? "I think if you have a riding school you must have the little rich girls. They are the ones for the horse riding."

"You could advertise in the city papers, and they could come in the summers," Murray said.

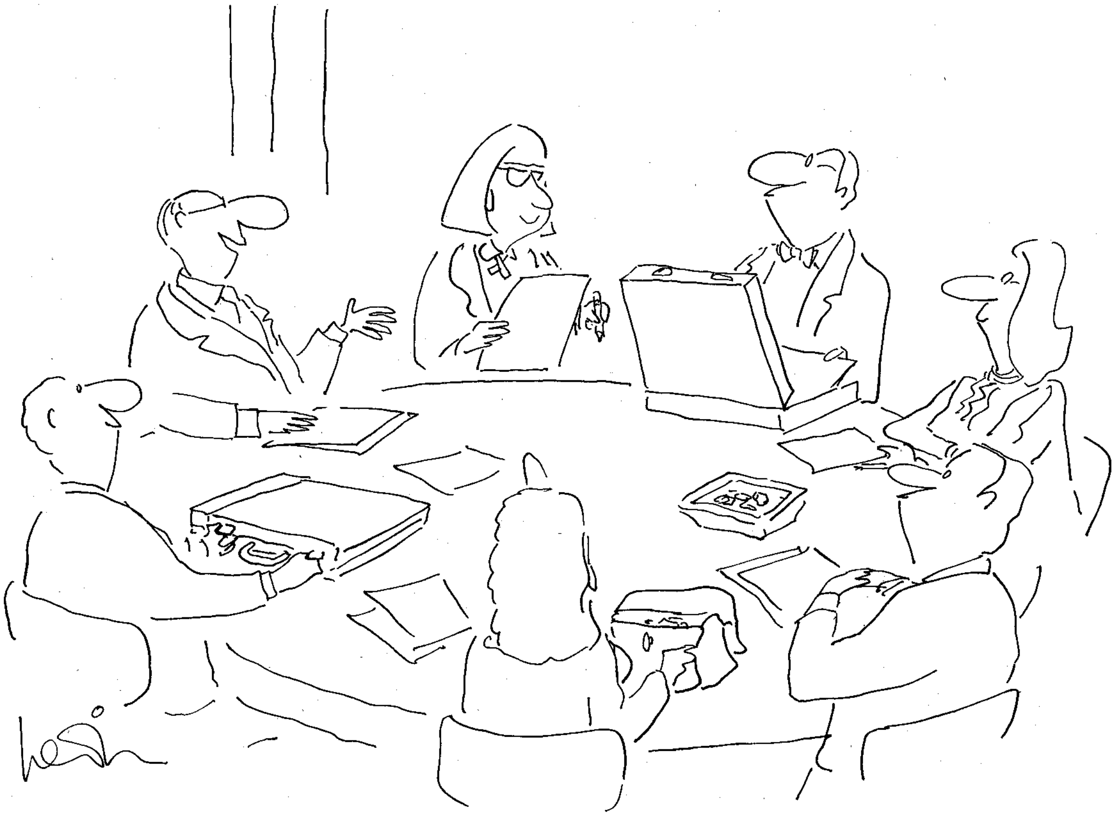
"Of course. To the camp. To the horse camp. Here and in the United States they always go in summer to the camp, isn't that so?"

Victor seemed delighted with this idea. Everything was absurd to him, everything acceptable. The winters—is it true that there is frost from October to May? Does the snow actually reach to the windowsills? Can one drink the well water


FENSTON, GRIFF, WINTZ
&
BARKINS
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
THE LEGAL WE DO IMMEDIATELY
THE ILLEGAL TAKES A LITTLE LONGER
D. Fradon

without boiling, or is there a danger of catching typhoid fever? What kind of trees, cut down, will provide the best heat in the stove?

Murray could not remember afterward which questions came the first day, or if there was ever a boundary between the practical questions and the more general or personal. He didn't think there was—they came all mixed up together. When Victor wondered about anything, he asked. When were those buildings put up? What is the people's main religion and are they very serious about it? Who is that important-looking man, that sad-looking woman? What do the people work at? Are there agitators, freethinkers, very rich people, Communists? What sort of crimes are committed, when was the last time there was a murder, is there a certain amount of adultery? Did Murray play golf, did he own a pleasure boat, did his employees call him sir? (Not much, and no, and no.) Victor's blue eyes continued to shine with pleasure, whatever the question, whatever the answer. He stretched his long legs out of the coffee-shop booth and clasped his hands behind his head. He luxuriated, taking everything in. Soon Murray was telling him about how his grandfather threw coins down into the street, and about his father's dark suits and silk-backed vests, and his own notions of becoming a minister.



"And now, before we adjourn, Ms. Hunnicutt will announce the meeting's M.V.P."

• •

"But you did not?"

"I lost my faith." Murray always felt he had to grin when he said this. "That is—"

"I know what it is."

When he came to find Murray at the store, Victor would not ask any of the clerks if he could see him but would go straight up to the office, up the ramp to the little cage. It had wrought-iron walls around it, about as high as Murray was—about five-nine. Victor would try to come up stealthily, but of course his presence would have already disturbed the store, stirring up ripples of attention, misgiving, excitement. Murray usually knew when he was coming but pretended not to. Then Victor, for a surprise, would rest his gleaming head on the top of the wall, his neck held between two of the pointed, decorative spikes. He grinned at the idiotic effect.

Murray found this inexpressibly flattering.

Victor had a history of his own, of course. He was ten years older than Murray; he had been nineteen when the war broke out. He was a student then, in Warsaw. He had been taking flying lessons, but did not yet have his pilot's license. Nevertheless he went out to the airstrip where the planes of the Polish Air Force were sitting—he and some of his friends went out there almost as a prank, on the morning of the German invasion, and almost as a prank they took some of the planes into the air, and then they flew them to Sweden. After that, he got to England and joined the Polish Air Force, which was attached to the Royal Air Force. He flew on many raids, and was shot down over France. He bailed out; he hid in the woods, he ate raw potatoes from the fields, he was helped by the French Underground and made his way to the Spanish border. He got back to England. And he found to his great disappointment that he was not to be allowed to fly again. He knew too much. If he should be shot down again and captured and interrogated, he knew too much. He was so disappointed, so restless, he made such a nuisance of himself, that he was given another job—he was sent to Turkey, on a more or less secret mission, to be part of a network that helped Poles, and others, who were escaping through the Balkans.

That was what he had been doing while Murray and his friends had been building model airplanes and fixing up a kind of cockpit in the bicycle shed at school, so that they could pretend to be bombing Germany.

"But do you believe all that stuff really?" Barbara said.

"They did fly Polish planes to Sweden before the Germans could get them," Murray said stubbornly. "And people did get shot down over France and escape."

"Do you think anybody as conspicuous as Victor could escape? Do you think anybody that conspicuous would ever get sent on a secret mission? You have to look more like Alec Guinness to get sent on a secret mission."

"Maybe he's so conspicuous he looks innocent," Murray said. "Maybe he'd look like the last person on earth to be sent on a secret mission and that would be the very reason nobody would suspect."

Perhaps for the first time, he thought that Barbara's cynicism was automatic and irritating. It was like a quirk she had, a tic.

They had this conversation after Victor and Beatrice had come to dinner. Murray had been anxious for Victor and Barbara to meet. He wanted to present them to each other, almost to show them off to each other. But when the opportunity arrived they were not at their best. Each seemed standoffish, lukewarm, nervous, ironical.

"Bill, would you mind if I called you Waiter?"

The day of the dinner party, in late May, had been freakishly cold and rainy. The children—Felicity was five then, and Adam three—had been playing indoors all day, getting in Barbara's way, messing up the living room, which she had cleaned, and by bedtime they weren't tired enough to settle down. The long, light evening was no help. There were many calls for drinks of water, reports of a stomach ache, complaints about a dog that had almost bitten Felicity last week. Finally Adam raced into the living room wearing only his pajama top, shouting, "I want a bicky, I want a bicky." "Bicky" was a baby word for "biscuit" which he didn't normally use anymore. It seemed very likely that he had been inspired to this performance and probably rehearsed in it by Felicity. Murray scooped him up and carried him into the children's room and whacked his conveniently bare bottom. Then he whacked Felicity's once for good measure and returned to the dining room rubbing his hands together, playing a role he detested, that of the hearty disciplinarian. The bedroom door stayed shut after that, but it could not shut out a prolonged and vengeful howling.

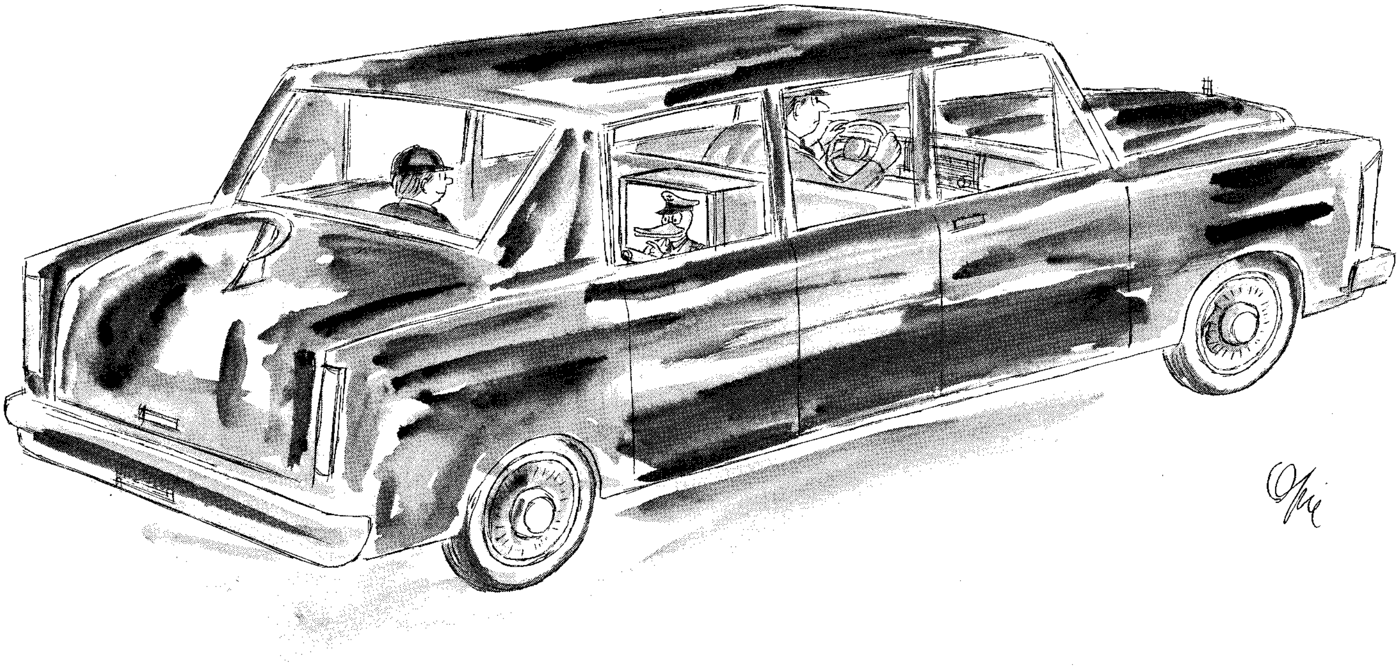
Everything had gone wrong from the start with this visit. Murray had opened the door and said expansively, " 'The chestnut casts his flambeaux, and the flowers stream from the hawthorn on the wind away!,' " referring to the weather, and thinking that Beatrice would appreciate an English poem. Victor, smiling distractedly, said, "What? What do you say?," and Beatrice said, "It's a poem," just as if somebody had asked, "What's that running across the road?" and she had replied, "It's a groundhog."

Victor's gaiety remained muted. His large, bright-eyed grin, his laughter seemed misplaced and forced, without energy. Even his skin looked dull and putty-colored. He was like the statue of a prince in a story Murray remembered, a children's story. The prince has his jewel eyes plucked out to be sold to help the poor, and finally gives all his gold-leaf skin to serve the same purpose. A little swallow helps him when he is blind, and remains his only friend.

The whole house smelled of the cooking. Barbara had done a pork roast. She had made the potatoes according to a new recipe, slicing them and cooking them in the oven in a buttered dish. They seemed greasy to Murray, and slightly on the raw side. The other vegetables were overcooked, because she had been so harassed in the kitchen, distracted by the children. The pecan pie was too rich a dessert for the meal, and the crust was too brown. Beatrice did not even try it. Beatrice did not finish the potatoes on her plate. She did not laugh when Adam made his disastrous sortie. She probably felt that children should be trained and kept in line as strictly as horses.

Murray reflected that he had never met a woman who was crazy about horses whom he had liked. They were narrow, righteous, humorless women, and usually not good-looking. Beatrice had a rosy, almost raw-looking complexion. Her hair was dull and graying and cut with no style. She wore no lipstick—an eccentricity that was a declaration of piety or contemptuous carelessness in a woman at that time. Her loosely belted mushroom-colored dress announced that she had no hopes of this dinner party and made no concessions to it.

Barbara, by way of contrast, was wearing a polished-cotton skirt of



yellow and orange and copper colors, a tight black belt, a low-necked black blouse, and large, cheap hoop earrings. One of the things about Barbara that Murray did not understand and was not proud of—as opposed to the things he did not understand but was proud of—would have to be this taste she had for cheaply provocative clothes. Low necklines, cinch belts, tight toreador pants. She would go out into the streets of Walley showing off her body, which was lavish, in the style of the time—or one of the styles of the time, the style not of Audrey Hepburn but of Tina Louise—and the embarrassment Murray felt about this was complex and unmentionable. He felt that she was doing something that didn't fit in with her seriousness and aloofness, her caustic tone. She was behaving in a way that his mother might have predicted. (“I'm sure she is really a nice girl, but I'm not sure she has been very well educated,” his mother had said, and even Murray understood that she was not referring to the books Barbara might have read or the marks she had got at school.) What was more troubling was that she was behaving in a way that didn't even tie in with her sexual nature, or what Murray knew of it—and he had to assume he knew everything. She was not really very passionate. Sometimes he thought that she pretended to be more passionate than she was. That was what these clothes reminded him of and why he couldn't mention them to her. There was something unsure, risky, excessive about them. He was willing to see all sorts of difficult things about Barbara—her uncharitableness, perhaps, or intransigence—but nothing that made her seem a little foolish, or sad.

There was a bouquet of lilacs in the center of the table. They got in the way of the serving dishes and dropped their messy flowers on the tablecloth. Murray became more and more irritated at the sight of them, and at last he said, “Barbara—do we really have to have those flowers on the table?” (The fed-up voice of a proper husband.) “We can't even see around them to talk.”

At the moment, nobody was talking.

Barbara bent forward, shamelessly showing cleavage. She lifted the bouquet without a word, creating a shower of lilac blossoms onto the cloth and the meat platter. One of her earrings fell off and landed in the applesauce.

They should have laughed then. But nobody was able to. Barbara gave Murray a look of doom. He thought that they might as well get up now, they might as well get up from the table and abandon the unwanted food and inert conversation. They might as well go their own ways.

Victor picked the earring out of the applesauce with a spoon. He wiped it on his napkin and, bowing slightly to Barbara, laid it beside her plate. He said, “I have been trying to think who it is that is the heroine of a book, that you remind me of.”

Barbara clipped the earring back onto her ear. Beatrice looked past or through her husband's head at the tasteful but inexpensive wallpaper—cream medallions on an ivory ground—that Murray's mother had chosen for the gardener's cottage.

“It is Katerina Ivanovna Verkhovtsev,” said Victor. “She is the fiancée—”

“I know who she is,” said Barbara. “I think she's a pain.”

Murray knew by the abrupt halt of her words that she had been about to say “pain in the arse.”

“IT'S Beatrice,” Murray said to Barbara as he helped her do the dishes. He had apologized about the lilacs. He said that it was Beatrice who had unnerved him, who had blighted the evening for them all. “He isn't himself with her,” he said. “He had his light hidden under a bushel.” He thought of Beatrice descending on Victor, to extinguish him. Her jabbing bones. Her damp skirts.

“I could do without either one,” said Barbara, and it was then that they had the exchange about conspicuous people and secret missions. But they ended up finishing the wine and laughing about the behavior of Adam and Felicity.

VICTOR began to come around in the evenings. Apparently the dinner party had not signalled for him any break or difficulty in the friendship. In fact, it seemed to have brought him a greater ease. He was able now to say something about his marriage—not a complaint or an explanation, just something like "Beatrice wants . . ." or "Beatrice believes . . ."—and be sure that a good deal would be understood.

And after a while he said more.

"Beatrice is impatient that I do not have the barn ready for the horses, but I have to first deal with the drainage problems and the tiles have not come. So it is not a very fine atmosphere on the farm. But a beautiful summer. I am happy here."

Finally he said, "Beatrice has the money. You know that? So she is obliged to call the piper. No—have I got that wrong?"

It was as Murray had suspected.

"He married her for her money and now he has to work for it," said Barbara. "But he gets time for visiting."

"He can't work till midnight," Murray said. "He doesn't come by for coffee in the daytime anymore."

This was the way they continued to talk about Victor—Barbara sniping, Murray defending. It had become a game. Murray was relieved to see that Barbara didn't make Victor feel unwelcome; she didn't seem displeased when he showed up in the evenings.

WEDDING

(From the Painting by Jan van Eyck)

Wait. The groom stops,
right hand in midair, mid-ceremony,
about to descend to the cupped right hand
of the bride. What is that noise?
At their feet, the ice-gray griffon terrier stops.
Two puff-shouldered witnesses just entering
the chamber, just entering the scene
through the iris of a convex mirror,
stop. And follow a curling sight path
from the elegant to the natural: from the dangling
aspergillum and single ceiling candle, down
past the groom's velvet great-hat, his bordeaux robe,
past the stiff-tailed lapdog, the empty
crow-toed wooden sandals, to
a trail of yellow apples—desk top to windowsill

and out. *There*. Below. It is
the rasp of water casks on the hunt mares, squeezed
stave pin to stave pin, as
they are shouldered across the canal bridge. And the mares—
how brilliant in the high sunlight:
one roan, one walnut, eight legs
and the rippling ankles rippling again
where the slow Zwijn passes under. In a moment

they will cross, step on with their small cargoes
past inns, the great cloth halls steaming with linen.
The mudflats have dried now, all their patterns
of fissures and burls like the rim
of a painter's palette. Once or twice
the cones of yellow flax straw will flicker,
the autumn birch leaves flicker,
the mares lurch left, then
right themselves—nothing to fear after all: not wind, motion,
not even a sleeve of sackcloth slipped over the hoof.
To quiet the hunt. To make from its little union
not a predator but a silence.
Just the half-light of forests, black leaves
on their withered stems,
then the graceful, intricate weave closing over
the mossy sole—as a hand might be closed
by a descending hand,
pale, almost weightless, and everywhere.

—Linda Bierds

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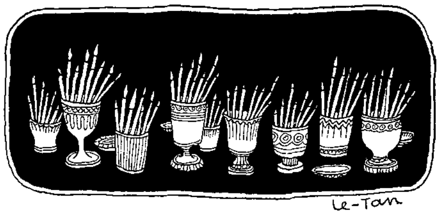
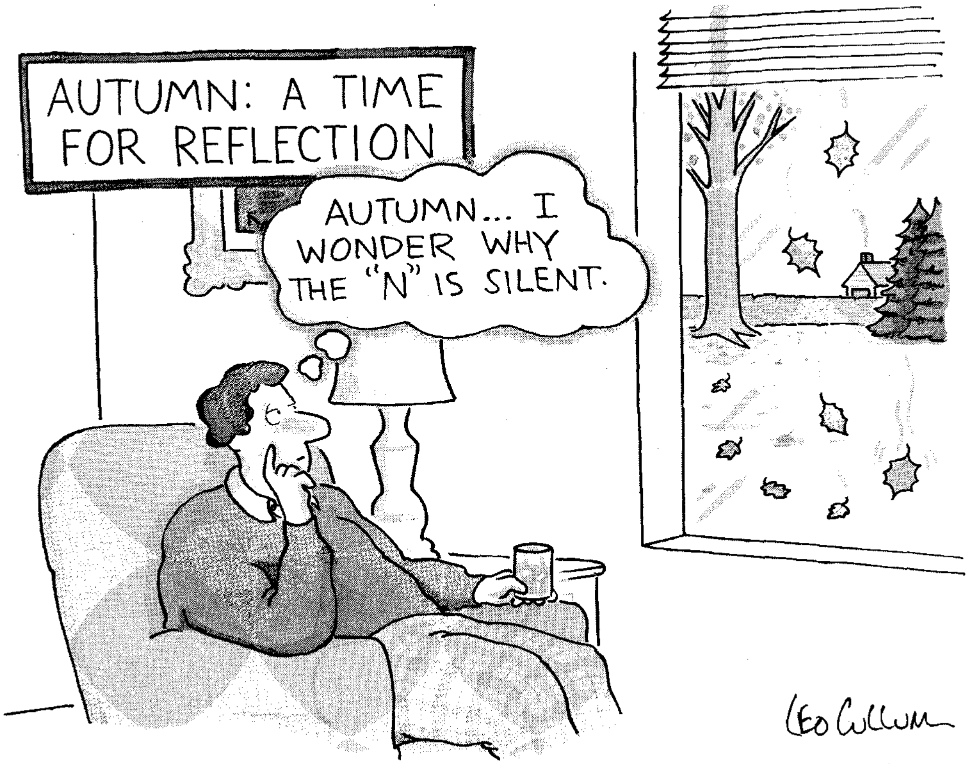
He usually arrived around the time that Murray was putting the lawnmower away or picking up some of the children's toys or draining the wading pool or moving the sprinkler on his mother's lawn. (His mother, as usual, was spending part of the summer far away, in the Okanagan Valley.) Victor would try to help, bending to these tasks like a bemused and gentle robot. Then they moved the two wooden lawn chairs to the middle of the yard and sat down. They could hear Barbara working in the kitchen, without turning the lights on, because, she said, they made her hot. When she had finished, she would take a shower and come out into the yard barefoot, barelegged, her long hair wet, smelling of lemon soap. Murray went into the house and made three drinks, with gin and tonic and ice and limes. Usually he forgot that Barbara didn't keep the limes in the refrigerator, and had to call out demanding to know where they were or if she had forgotten to buy any. Victor vacated his chair and stretched out on the grass, his cigarette glowing in the half-dark. They looked up and tried to see a satellite—still a rare and amazing thing to see. They could hear sprinklers, and sometimes distant shrieks, police sirens, laughter. That was the sound of television programs, coming through the open windows and screen doors along the street. Sometimes there was the slap of screen doors closing as people left those programs behind for a moment, and boisterous but uncertain voices calling into the back yards where people sat drinking, as they did, or watching the sky. There was a sense of people's lives audible but solitary, floating free of each other under the roof of beech and maple branches in front of the houses, and in the cleared spaces behind, just as people in the same room, talking, float




AUTUMN: A TIME FOR REFLECTION
AUTUMN... I WONDER WHY THE "N" IS SILENT.

free on the edge of sleep. The sound of ice cubes tinkling unseen was meditative, comforting.

Sometimes the three of them played a game that Barbara had invented or adapted from something else. It was called Oranges and Apples, and she used it to keep the children occupied on car trips. It was a game of choices, going from very easy to very hard. Peanut butter or oatmeal porridge was where you might start, going on to peanut butter or applesauce, which was harder. The really hard choices could be between two things you liked very much or two things you disliked very much or between things that were for some reason almost impossible to compare. There was no way to win. The pleasure was in thinking up tormenting choices or in being tormented by them, and the end came only when somebody cried, "I give up. I can't stand it. It's too stupid. I don't want to think about it anymore!"

Would you rather eat fresh corn on the cob or homemade strawberry ice cream?

Would you sooner dive into a cool lake on a blistering hot day or enter a warm kitchen where there is fresh bread baking after you've walked through a bog in a snowstorm?

Would you prefer to make love to Mrs. Khrushchev or Mrs. Eisenhower?

Would you rather eat a piece of cold pork fat or listen to a speech at the Kiwanis luncheon?

THINGS were going badly at the farm. The well water was not safe to drink. The tops of the potatoes wilted from a blight. Insects of many sorts invaded the house, and the drains were still not completed. But it seemed that this was nothing compared to the human malevolence. One evening before Barbara came out to join them, Victor said to Murray, "I cannot eat any longer at the farm. I must eat all my meals at the coffee shop."

"Is it as unpleasant as all that?" said Murray.

"No, no. It is always unpleasant, but what I have discovered now is worse than the unpleasantness by many degrees."

Poison. Victor said that he had found a bottle of prussic acid. He did not know how long Beatrice had had it but he did not think very long. There was no use for it on the farm. There was only the one use, that he could think of.

"Surely not," said Murray. "She wouldn't do that. She isn't crazy. She isn't a poisoning sort of person."

"But you have no idea. You have no idea what sort of person she is or what she might do. You think she would not poison, she is an English lady. But England is full of murders and often it is the ladies and gentlemen and the husbands and wives. I cannot eat in her house. I wonder if I am safe even to sleep there. Last night I lay awake beside her, and in her sleep she was as cold as a snake. I got up and lay on the floor in the other room."

Murray remembered then the caretaker's apartment, empty now for years. It was on the third floor of the store building, at the back.

"Well, if you really think so," he said. "If you really want to move out . . ." And after Victor had accepted, with surprise, relief, and gratitude, Murray said, "Barbara will get it cleaned up for you."

It did not occur to him at that time that he himself or Victor might be capable of sweeping out and scrubbing some dirty rooms. It did not occur to Barbara, either. She cleaned out the apartment the next day, and provided sheets and towels and a few pots and dishes, though of course she was skeptical about the danger of poisoning. "What good would he be to her dead?"

Victor got a job immediately. He became the night watchman at the surface installation of the salt mine. He liked working at night. He didn't have the use of a car anymore, so he walked to work at midnight and back to the apartment in the morning. If Murray was in the store before eight-thirty, he would hear Victor climbing the back stairs. How did he sleep, in the bright daylight in that little box of a room under the hot flat roof?

"I sleep beautifully," Victor said. "I cook, I eat, I sleep. I have relief. It is all of a sudden peace."

AND one day Murray came home unexpectedly, in the middle of the afternoon.

Those words took shape in his mind afterward. They were so trite and sombre. *One day I came home unexpectedly* . . . Is there ever a story of a man who comes home unexpectedly and finds a delightful surprise?

He came home unexpectedly, and he found—not Victor and Barbara in bed together. Victor was not in the house at all—nobody was in the house. Victor was not in the yard. Adam was in the yard, splashing in the plastic pool. Not far away from the pool Barbara was lying on the faded quilt, stained with suntan oil, that they used when they went to the beach. She was wearing her strapless black bathing suit, a garment that resembled a corset and would not be considered at all attractive in a few years' time. It cut straight across the thighs, and pushed them together; it tightly confined the waist and stomach and hips, and uplifted and thrust out the breasts so that they appeared to be made of something at least as firm as Styrofoam. Her arms, legs, chest, and shoulders looked white in the sun, though they would show a tan when she came indoors. She was not reading, though she had a book open beside her. She was lying on her back with her arms loose at her sides. Murray was just about to call to her through the screen door, but he didn't.

Why not? He saw her lift one arm, to shield her eyes. Then she lifted her hips, she changed her position slightly. The movement might have been seen as entirely natural, casual—one of those nearly involuntary adjustments that our bodies make. What told Murray that it wasn't? Some pause or deliberateness, a self-consciousness, about that slight swelling and settling of the flesh made it clear to him—a man who knew this woman's body—that the woman wasn't alone. In her thoughts, at least, she wasn't alone.

Murray moved to the window over the sink. The yard was hidden from the back alley and the delivery platform at the back of the store by a high cedar hedge. But it was possible to see the back yard—the part of the back yard where Barbara lay—from the apartment window of the third floor. Barbara had not put up any curtains in the apartment. And Murray saw Victor sitting there, in that window. Victor had brought a chair over so that he could sit and look out at his ease. There was something odd about his face, as if he had a gas mask on.

Murray went to the bedroom and got the binoculars that he had bought recently. (He had thought of going for country walks and teaching the children to know the birds.) He moved very quietly through the house. Adam was making quite a lot of distracting noise outside.

When he looked at Victor through the binoculars, he saw a face like his own—a face partly hidden by binoculars. Victor had them, too. Victor was looking through binoculars at Barbara.

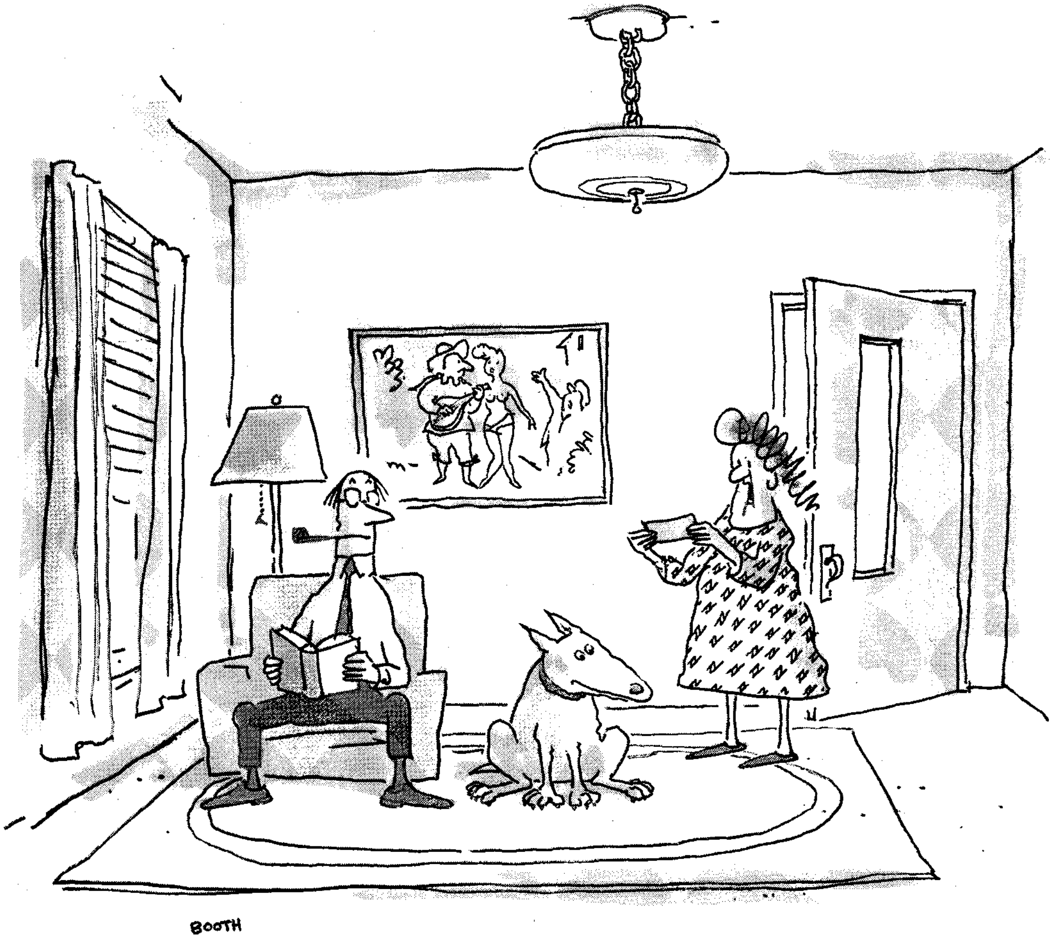
It appeared that he was naked—at least, what you could see of him was naked—sitting on a straight-backed chair at the window in his hot room. Murray could feel the heat of the room and the sweat-slicked hard seat of the chair and the man's powerful but controlled and concentrated excitement. And looking at Barbara he could feel the glow along the surface of her body, the energy all collected at the skin, as she gave herself up to this assault. She lay not quite still—there was a constant ripple passing over her, with little turns and twitches. Stirrings, shiftings. It was unbearable to watch. In the presence of her child in the middle of the day, in her own back yard, she lay on the grass inviting him. Promising—no, she was already providing—the most exquisite coöperation. It was obscene, enthralling, unbearable.

Murray could see himself—a man with binoculars watching a man with binoculars watching a woman. It was a scene from a movie. A comedy.

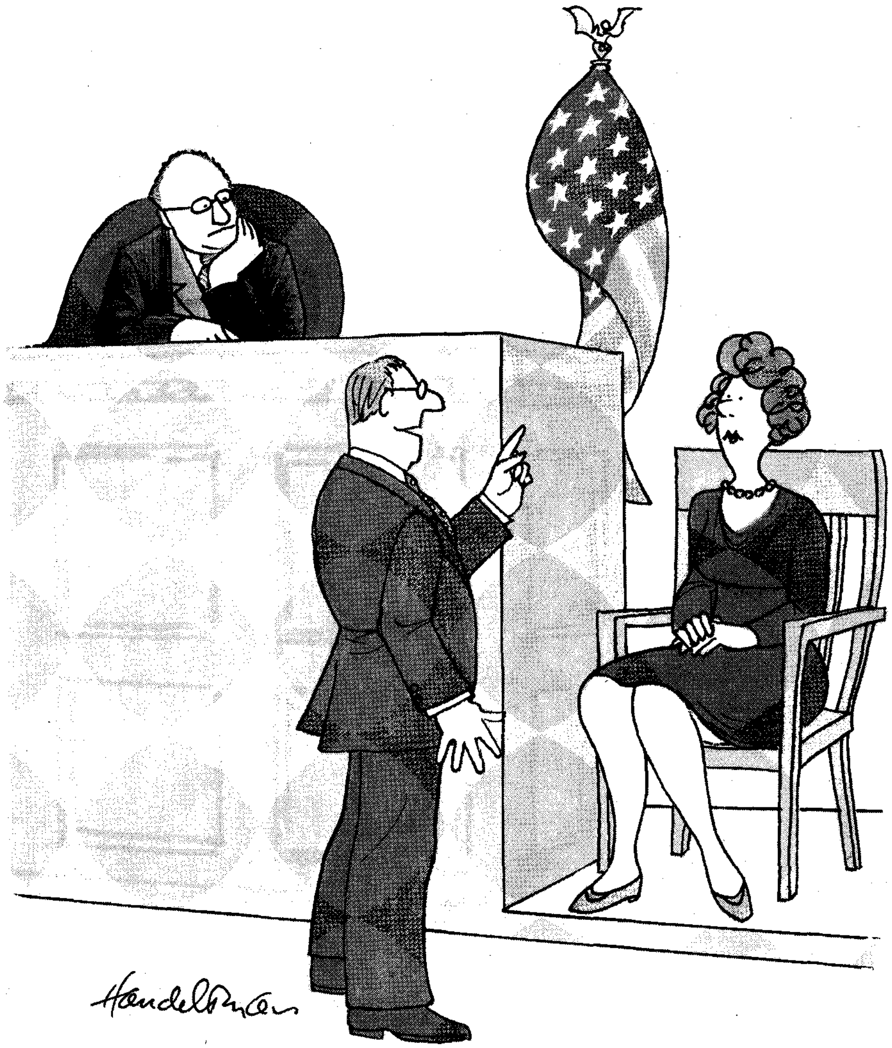
He did not know where to go. He could not go out into the yard and put a stop to this. He could not go back to the store and be aware of what was going on over his head. He left the house and got out the car, which he kept in his mother's garage, and went for a drive. Now he had another set of words to add to *One day I came home unexpectedly:*

I understood that my life had changed.

But he did not under-



"Sarah's grades are excellent. She got A+ in 'Yogi Berra: Philosopher or Fall Guy?,' A in 'Dollars and Scents: An Analysis of Post-Vietnam Perfume Advertising,' A– in 'The Final Four as Last Judgment: The N.C.A.A. Tournament from a Religious Perspective,' and A in 'The American Garage Sale: Its Origins, Cultural Implications, and Future.'"



"Thank you for the rewind, Miss Cooper. Now let us fast-forward to that fateful moment in February and hit the pause button."

stand it. He said, My life has changed, my life has been changed, but he did not understand it.

He drove around the back streets of Walley and over a railway crossing, out into the country. Everything looked as usual and yet like a spiteful imitation of itself. He drove with the windows down, trying to get a breeze, but he was going too slowly. He was driving at the town speed outside the town limits. A truck honked, to get by him. This was in front of the brickyard. The noise of the truck's horn and the sunlight glaring off the bricks hit him all at once, banged him on the head so that he whimpered, as if he had a hangover.

DAILY life continued, ringed by disaster as by a jubilant line of fire. He felt his house transparent, his life transparent—but still standing—himself a stranger, soft-footed and maliciously observant. What more would be revealed to him? At supper his daughter said, "Mommy, how come we never go to the beach this summer?," and it was hard to believe she didn't know everything.

"You do go," said Barbara. "You go with Heather's mother."

"But how come you and me and Adam don't go?"

"Adam and I like it here." Very smug and secure Barbara sounds—creamy. "I got tired of talking to the Other Mothers."

"Don't you like Heather's mother?"

"Sure."

"You don't."

"I do. I'm just lazy, Felicity. I'm unsociable."

"You don't," said Felicity with satisfaction. She left the table, and Barbara began to describe, as if for Murray's entertainment, the beach encampment set up by the Other Mothers. Their folding chairs and umbrellas, inflatable toys and mattresses, towels and changes of clothing, lotions, oils, antiseptic, Band-Aids, sun hats, lemonade, Kool-Aid, home-frozen popsicles, and healthful goodies. "Which are supposed to keep the little brutes from whining for French fries," said Barbara. "They never look at the lake unless one of their kids is in it. They talk about their kids' asthma or where they get the cheapest T-shirts."

Victor still came to visit in the evenings. They still sat in the back yard and drank gin. Now it seemed that in the games and the aimless conversations both Victor and Barbara deferred to Murray, laughed appreciatively, applauded any joke or his sighting of a falling star. He often left them alone together. He went into the kitchen to get more gin or ice, he went to check on the children, pretending that he had heard one of them cry out. He imagined then that Victor's long bare foot would slide out of its sandal and would graze, then knead, Barbara's offered calf, her outstretched thigh. Their hands would slide over whatever parts of each other they could reach. For a risky instant they might touch tongues. But when he came clattering out they were always prudently separated, talking some treacherous ordinary talk.

Victor had to leave earlier than he used to, to get to work at the salt mine. "Off to the salt mine," he would say—the same thing so many people said around here, the joke that was literally true.

Murray made love to Barbara then. He had never been so rough with her, or so free. He had a sense of despair and corruption. This is destruction, he thought. Another sentence in his head: *This is the destruction of love.* He fell asleep at once and woke up and had her again. She was full of a new compliance and passivity and she kissed him goodbye at breakfast with what seemed to him a strange, new, glistening sympathy. The sun shone every day, and in the mornings, particularly, it hurt his eyes. They were drinking more—three or four drinks now, instead of two—in the evenings, and he was putting more gin in them.

There came a time every afternoon when he couldn't stay in the store any longer, so he drove out into the coun-

LOUIE'S
LOBSTER
HOUSE
W. Miller

• •

try. He drove through the inland towns—Logan, Carstairs, Dalby Hill. Sometimes he drove as far as the hunting camp that had belonged to his father and now belonged to him. There he got out and walked, or sat on the steps of the neglected, boarded-up cabin. Sometimes he felt in all his trouble a terrible elation. He was being robbed. He was being freed of his life.

THAT summer, as in other summers, there came a Sunday when they spent the day picking blackberries along the country roads. Murray and Barbara and Adam and Felicity picked blackberries, and on the way home they bought sweet corn at a farmer's stand. Barbara made the annual supper of the first corn on the cob with the first fresh-blackberry pie. The weather had changed even as they were picking the berries, and when they bought the corn the farmer's wife was putting up the shutters on her stand and had loaded what she hadn't sold into the back of a truck. They were her last customers. The clouds were dark, and the kind of wind they hadn't felt for months was lifting the boughs of the trees and tearing off the dry leaves. A few drops of rain slapped the windshield, and by the time they reached Walley they were driving through a full-blown rainstorm. The house was so chilly that Murray turned on the furnace, and with the first wave of heat a cellar smell was driven through the house—that forgotten cave smell of roots, earth, damp concrete.

Murray went out in the rain and picked up the sprinkler, the plastic pool. He shoved the lawn chairs under the eaves.

"Is our summer over?" he said to Barbara, shaking the rain off his head.

The children watched "Walt Disney," and the boiling of the corn clouded the windows. They ate the supper. Barbara washed the dishes while Murray put the children to bed. When he shut the door on them and came out to the kitchen, he found Barbara sitting at the table in the near dark, drinking coffee. She was wearing one of last winter's sweaters.

"What about Victor?" Murray said. He turned on the lights. "Did you leave any blankets for him over in the apartment?"

"No," said Barbara.

"Then he'll be cold tonight. There's no heat on in the building."

"He can come and get some blankets if he's cold," said Barbara.

"He wouldn't come and ask," Murray said.

"Why not?"

"He just wouldn't."

Murray went to the hall closet and found two heavy blankets. He carried them into the kitchen.

"Don't you think you better take these over?" He laid them on the table, in front of her.

"Why not you?" said Barbara. "How do you even know he's there?"

Murray went to the window over the sink. "His light's on. He's there."

Barbara got up stiffly. She shuddered, as if she'd been holding herself tightly and now felt a chill.

"Is that sweater going to be enough?" said Murray. "Don't you need a coat? Aren't you going to comb your hair?"

She went into the bedroom. When she came out she was wearing her white satin blouse and black pants. She had combed her hair and put on some new, very pale lipstick. Her mouth looked bleached-out, perverse, in her summer-tanned face.

Murray said, "No coat?"

"I won't have time to get cold."

He laid the blankets on her arms. He opened the door for her.

"It's Sunday," she said. "The doors'll be locked."

"Right," said Murray, and got the spare keys from the kitchen hook. He made sure she knew which one of them opened the side door of the building.

He watched the glimmer of her blouse until it vanished, and then he walked all through the house very quickly, taking noisy breaths. He stopped in the bedroom and picked up the clothes she had taken off. Her jeans and shirt and sweater. He held them up to his face and smelled them and thought, This is like a play. He wanted to see if she had changed her underpants. He shook out her jeans but the pants weren't there. He looked in the clothes hamper but he didn't see them. Could she have been sly enough to slip

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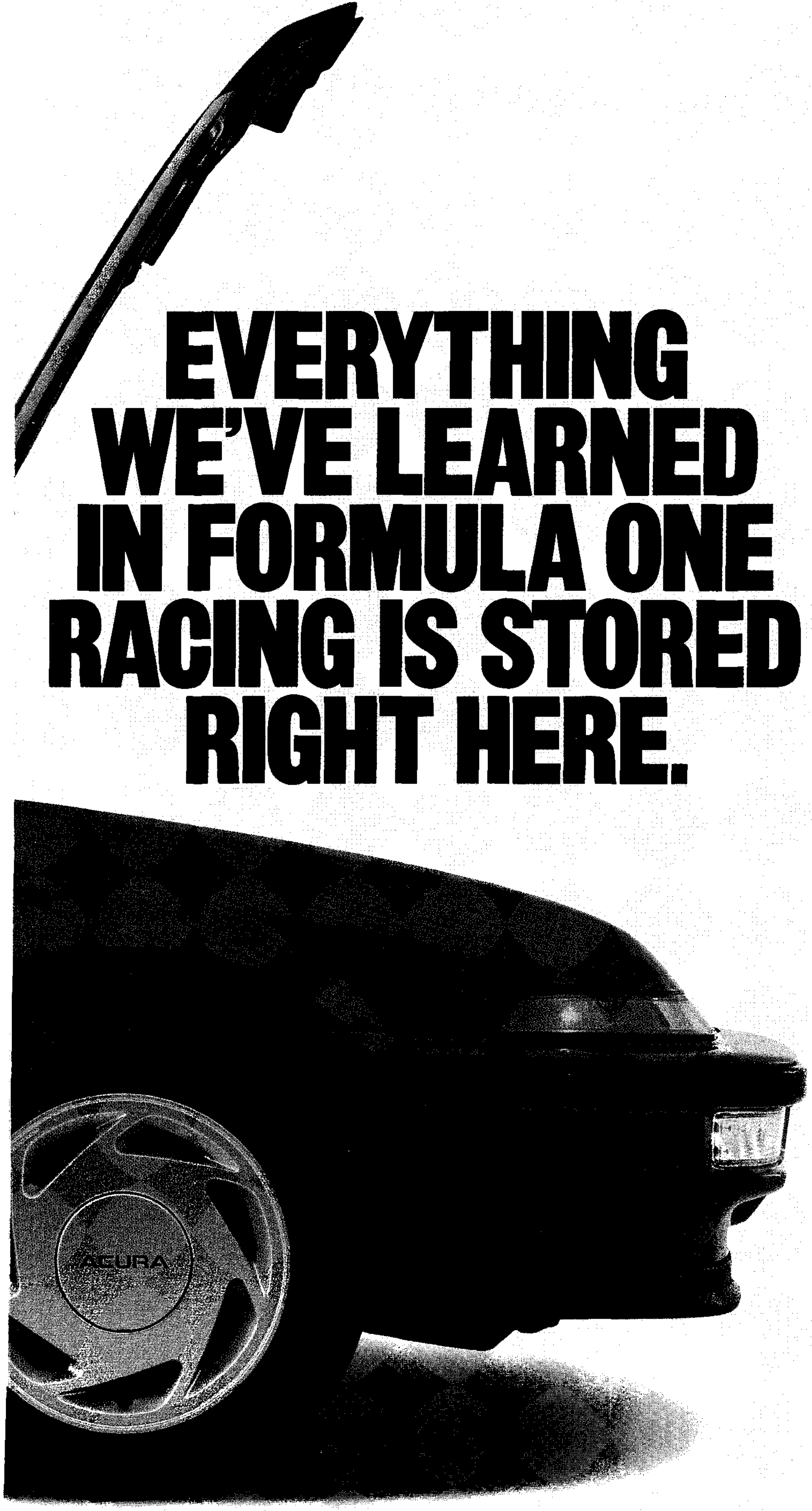

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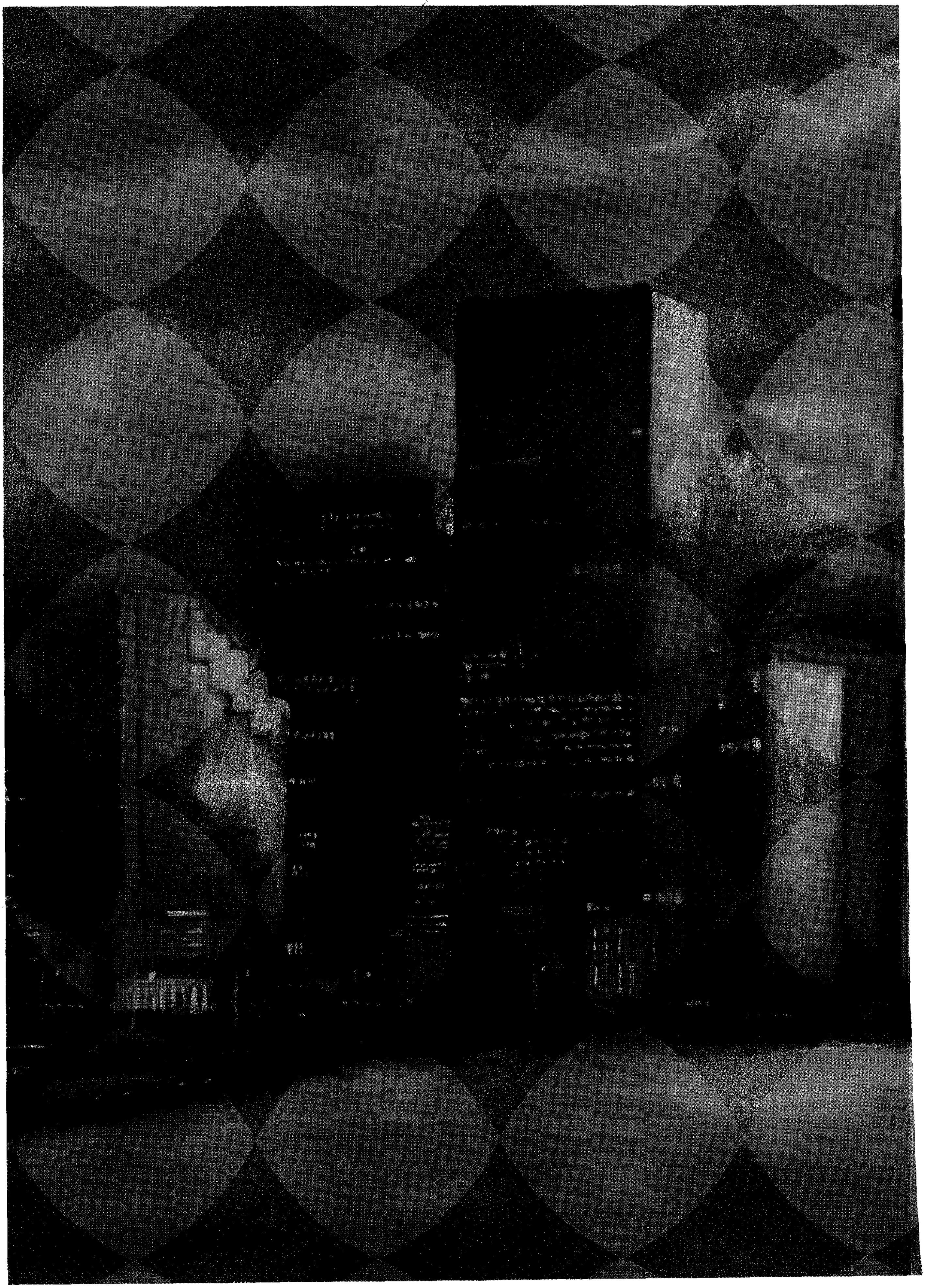

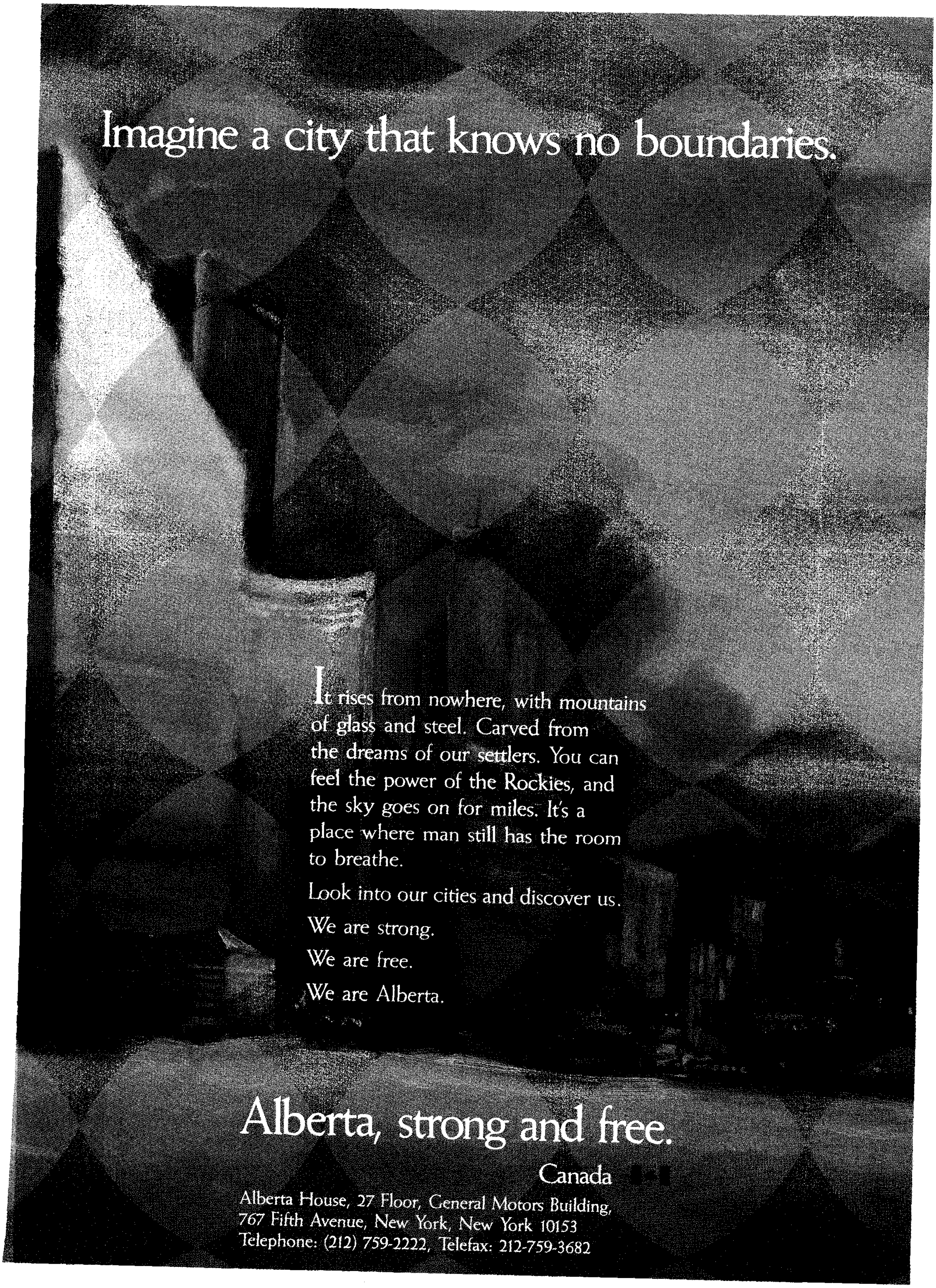

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them under the children's things? What was the use of being sly now?

Her jeans had the smell jeans get when they've been worn a while without being washed—a smell not just of the body but of its labors. He could smell cleaning powder in them, and old cooking. And there was flour that she'd brushed off on them tonight, making the pastry for the pie. The smell of the shirt was of soap and sweat and perhaps of smoke. Was it smoke—was it cigarette smoke? He wasn't sure, as he sniffed again, that it was smoke at all. He thought of his mother saying that Barbara was not well educated. His mother's clothes would never smell this way, of her body and her life. She had meant that Barbara was not well-mannered, but couldn't she also have meant —*loose*? A loose woman. When he heard people say that, he'd always thought of an unbuttoned blouse, clothes slipping off the body, to indicate its appetite and availability. Now he thought that it could mean just that —loose. A woman who could get loose, who wasn't fastened down, who was not reliable, who could roll away.

She had got loose from her own family. She had left them completely. Shouldn't he have understood by that how she could leave him?

Hadn't he understood, all the time?

He had understood that there would be surprises.

He went back to the kitchen. (*He stumbles into the kitchen.*) He poured himself half a tumbler of gin, without tonic or ice. (*He pours half a tumbler of gin.*) He thought of further humiliations. His mother would get a new lease on life. She would take over the children. He and the children would move into his mother's house. Or perhaps the children would move and he would remain here, drinking gin. Barbara and Victor might come to see him, wanting to be friends. They might establish a household and ask him over in the evenings, and he might go.

No. They would not think of him. They would banish the thought of him, they would go away.

As a child Murray had seldom got into fights. He was diplomatic and good-humored. But eventually he had been in a fight and had been knocked to the ground of the Walley schoolyard, knocked out, probably, for half a minute. He lay on his back in a daze, and saw the leaves on a bough above him turn into birds—black, then bright as the sun poked through and the wind stirred them. He was knocked into a free, breezy space where every shape was light and changeable and he himself the same. He lay there and thought, *It has happened to me.*

THE flight of seventy-eight steps from the beach to the park on top of the cliffs is called the Sunset Steps. Beside these steps there is a sign on which the time of the sunset is posted for every day from the beginning of June to the end of September. "See the Sun Set Twice," the sign says, with an arrow pointing to the steps. The idea is that if you run very quickly from the bottom to the top of the steps you can see the last arc of the sun disappear a second time. Visitors think that this notion, and the custom of posting the sunset time, must be an old Walley tradition. Actually, it is a new wrinkle dreamed up by the Chamber of Commerce.

The boardwalk is new as well. The old-fashioned bandstand in the park is new. There was never a bandstand there before. All this charm and contrivance pleases visitors—Murray can hardly be against it; he is in the tourist business himself—and nowadays it pleases the townspeople as well. During that summer in the sixties, when Murray spent so much time driving around the country, it looked as if everything from an earlier time were being torn up, swept away, left to rot, disregarded. The new machinery was destroying the design of the farms, trees were cut down for wider roads, village stores and schools and houses were being abandoned. Everybody alive seemed to be yearning toward parking lots and shopping centers and suburban lawns as smooth as paint. Murray had to face up to being out of step, to having valued, as if they were final, things that were only accidental and temporary.

Out of such facing up, no doubt, came the orgy of smashing and renovating, which he was to get into a few months later.

And now it looks as if the world has come round to Murray's old way of thinking. People are restoring old houses and building new houses with old-style verandas. It is hard to find anybody who is not in favor of shade trees and general stores, pumps, barns, swings, nooks and crannies. But Murray himself can't quite recall the plea-

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sure he took in these things, or find much shelter.

When he has walked beyond the end of the boardwalk to where the cedar trees crowd onto the beach, he sits on a boulder. First he noticed what a strange, beautiful boulder this was, with a line through it as if it had been split diagonally and the halves fitted together again not quite accurately—the pattern was jagged. He knew enough geology to understand that the line was a fault, and that the boulder must have come from the Precambrian shield that was a hundred miles away from here. It was rock formed before the last Ice Age; it was far older than the shore on which it sat. Look at the way it had been folded, as well as split—the layer on top hardened in waves like lapping cream.

He stopped being interested in the boulder and sat down on it. Now he sits looking at the lake. A line of turquoise blue at the horizon, fine as if drawn with turquoise ink, then a clear blue to the breakwater, shading into waves of green and silver breaking on the sand. La Mer Douce the French had called this lake. But of course it could change color in an hour; it could turn ugly, according to the wind and what was stirred up from the bottom.

People will sit and watch this lake as they'd never watch a field of waving grass or grain. Why is that, when the motion is the same? It must be the washing away, the wearing away, that compels them. The water all the time returning—eating, altering, the shore.

A similar thing happens to a person dying that kind of death. He has seen his father, he has seen others. A washing away, a vanishing—one fine layer after another down to the lighted bone.

He isn't looking in that direction, but he knows when Barbara comes into sight. He turns and sees her at the top of the steps. Tall Barbara, in her fall wrap of handwoven wheat-colored wool, starting down with no particular hurry or hesitation, not holding on to the rail—her usual deliberate yet indifferent air. He can't tell anything from the way she moves.

WHEN Barbara opened the back door, her hair was wet from the rain—stringy—and her satin blouse ruinously spotted.

"What are you doing?" she said. "What are you drinking? Is that straight gin?"

Then Murray said what neither of them ever mentioned or forgot. "Didn't he want you?" he said.

Barbara came over to the table and pushed his head against the wet satin and the cruel little buttons, pushed it mercilessly between her hard breasts. "We are never going to talk about it," she said. "We never will. O.K.?" He could smell the cigarette smoke on her now, and the smell of the foreign skin. She held him till he echoed her.

"O.K."

And she held to what she'd said, even when he told her that Victor had gone away on the morning bus and had left a note addressed to both of them. She didn't ask to see or touch the note, she didn't ask what was in it.

("I am full of gratitude and now I have enough money that I think it is time for me to follow my life elsewhere. I think of going to Montreal where I will enjoy speaking French.")

AT the bottom of the steps Barbara bends down and picks up something white. She and Murray walk toward each other along the boardwalk, and in a minute Murray can see what it is: a white balloon, looking somewhat weakened and puckered.

"Look at this," Barbara says as she comes up to him. She reads from a card attached to the string of the balloon. " 'Anthony Burler. Twelve years old. Joliet Elementary School. Crompton, Illinois. October 15th.' That's three days ago. Could it have flown over here in just three days?

"I'm O.K.," she says then. "It wasn't anything. It wasn't anything bad. There isn't anything to worry about."

"No," says Murray. He holds her arms, he breathes the leafy, kitchen smell of her black-and-white hair.

"Are you shaking?" she says.

He doesn't think that he is.

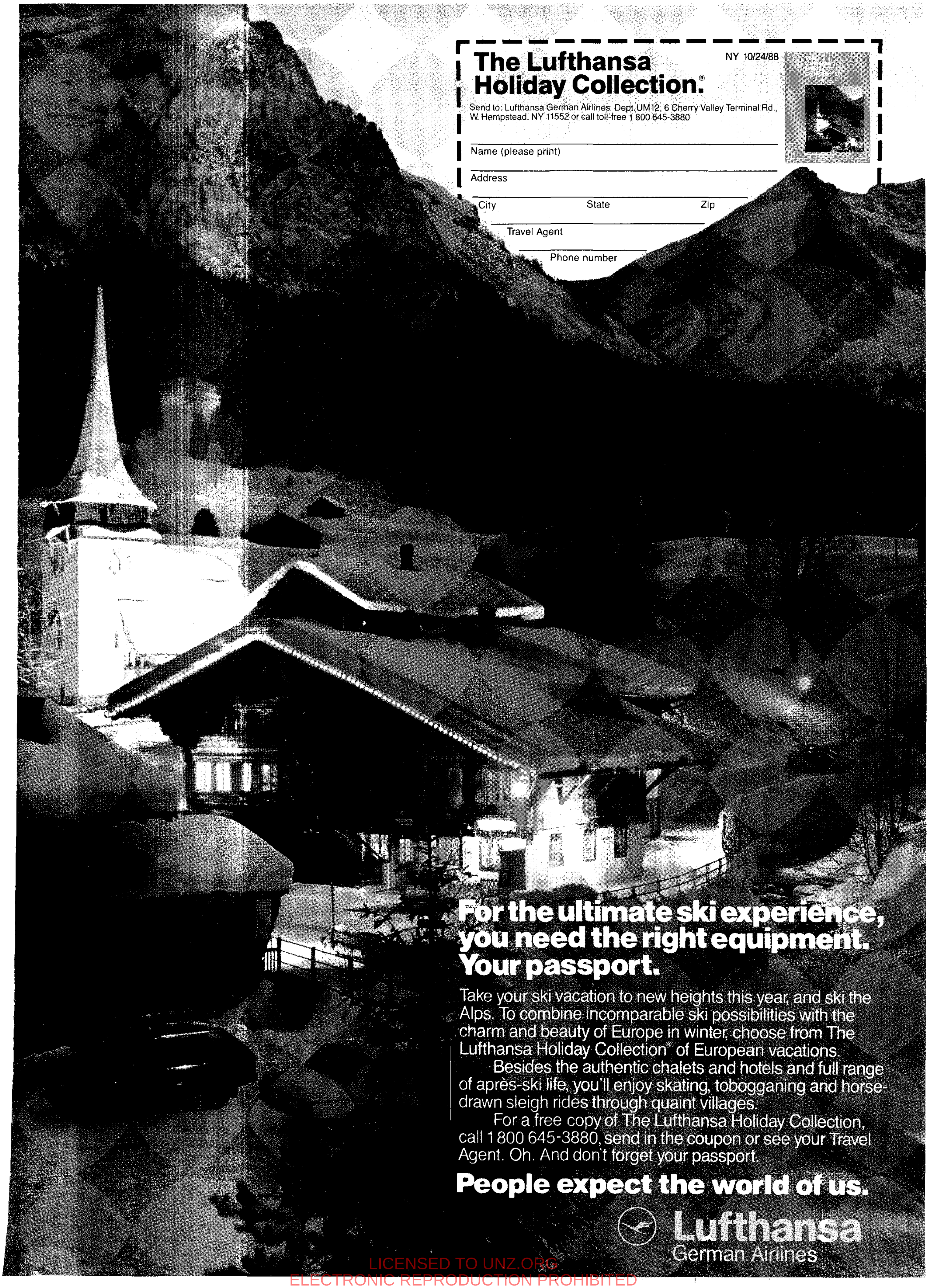
Easily, without guilt, in the long-married way, he cancels out the message that flashed out when he saw her at the top of the steps—a message that he didn't try to understand:

Don't disappoint me again.

He looks at the card in her hand and says, "There's more. 'Favorite book—"The Last of the Mohicans." ' "

"Oh, that's for the teacher," Barbara says, with the familiar little snort of laughter in her voice, dismissing and promising. "That's a lie."

—ALICE MUNRO



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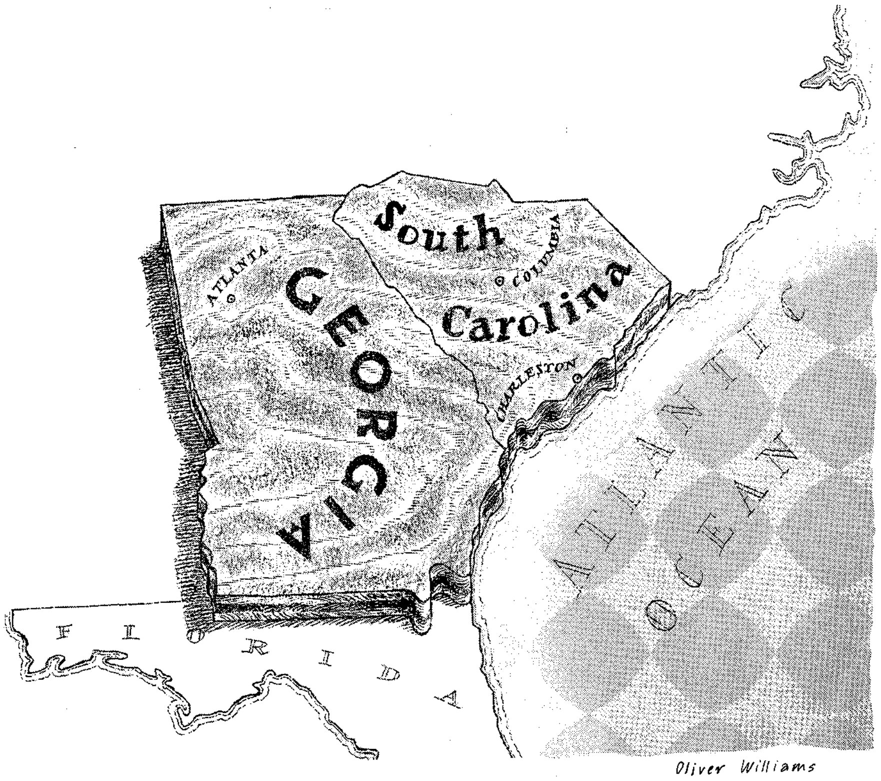
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE RELIGION OF THE PAST

I—JUST JUDGMENT



THE interstate highway goes right into the Charleston peninsula, so you arrive quite easily in the historical area. It was like arriving in Toytown: the people in the hotel lobby were in tourist clothes; their footsteps and voices ricocheted off the walls and the marble floor and hung in a roar above an extravagant chandelier, at which from time to time a new arrival aimed a camera, as though this, too, were part of tourist Charleston, together with the many shops of the hotel lobby, and the Slave Mart and the Confederate Museum in the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century streets outside, and the renovated old market, with its many stalls and boutiques, and with grave black women sitting out on the pavement weaving baskets—the tourist Charleston not only being the eighteenth-century town, and slavery and the Civil War, but also having something of the tourist Caribbean of today.

In the historical area, horse-drawn carriages filled with tourists moved up and down all the time, and the horses had "diapers." Other visitors walked about and looked. And others again—in curiously ritualistic postures, appearing to lean slightly backward—pedalled themselves about, two at a time, in pedal carriages, a new tourist style.

The historical area is small. It doesn't seem possible that anything real can survive. But Charleston does have its pretty eighteenth-century streets and churches and graveyards, and in the historical area there are still people who carry the names commemorated in the names of the streets. ("What are they doing now?" a tourist asked his horse-carriage driver late one morning. He was asking—in his innocence, still believing in the completeness of the world to which he had bought a tourist ticket—about the old families in the old houses they were passing. And the driver, living up to his role as a retailer of wonders, said, "Why, they haven't got up yet." The exchange, as it happened, was picked up in one of the houses—that was where I heard it—and recounted as an illustration of the little distance that can exist in downtown Charleston between the tourist and the thing toured.)

It is, in fact, the tourist trade that keeps historical Charleston in working order, keeps the old families where they are, though it is possible that in a foreseeable future the tourist trade, by pushing up property values, might drive some away. The story in Charleston is that money has begun to come back to some of the old families; and money, it is said, has become a motive where once people were content with the antiquity of a name. Names—they are really what is celebrated in the plaques on some of the buildings. The events themselves are small, Colonial, not memorable to a foreign visitor like me.

In this tourist Charleston, the visitor soon stifles. But there is a larger town. There are the rich suburbs outside the peninsula. There is the Charleston of the naval station. There is a large and pretty middle-class black area, acquired and consolidated during a time of white panic. And there are other black areas. In the center, on what must have been the sites of old houses, there are black housing projects—bare brick buildings going baldly down to scuffed earth, buildings that drive people out of doors, and expose them and their children and their clotheslines, so that the impression of slum, of many people living publicly in a small space, is unavoidable. The east side of Charleston is also black. The houses there—some looked after, many not—are old, in the old Charleston style, but there are no tourists. So after the Toytown aspect of the rest of old Charleston the blacks seem like squatters, intruders into the Charleston ball. Yet they are as old as the old families.

IT is only when you cross over from peninsular Charleston to what were once the slave plantations, the town's vast hinterland, that the slave past becomes vivid—though there is now just forest for the most part. The land is flat and marshy, and it goes on for miles. The forest—oak, gum, maple, pine, sycamore, magnolia: tall forest—speaks of the fertility of the soil. The flatness and easiness and extensiveness of the land make clear the need in the old days for abundant slave labor, and they also make painful the thought of that labor.

Now all is peace. From time to time, there is a gateway in the forest, indicating land acquired by a big company; there is an old church; and there are black settlements. The settlements have a history. Most of them are on the sites of old plantations that were taken by the federal government after the Civil War and were eventually broken up into small plots and sold to former slaves. Old property now, historical, some of the houses good, some poor; but after a hundred years of land often being passed on without wills or deeds many of the titles are impossible.

I saw this coastal South Carolina forest on a Sunday morning. My guide was Jack Leland. He was a retired Charleston newspaperman, and he was of an old family. All this land and forest—so much the same to the visitor—was known to him in detail. This vegetation was the vegetation he had known as a child; it was still magical to him. Very few of the plantations now grew anything. Cattle were raised on some. Wealthy Yankees had bought others and turned them into hunting preserves.

"This second Yankee invasion, as my father called it, began in the eighteen-eighties, and continued to the

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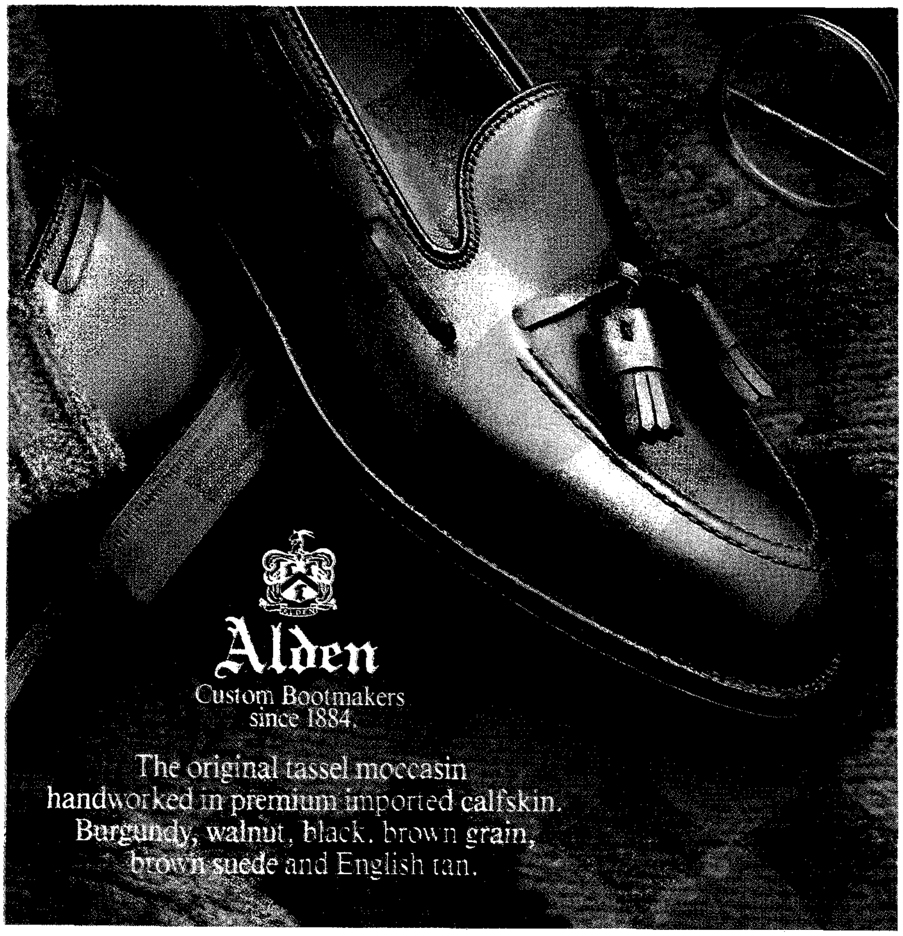
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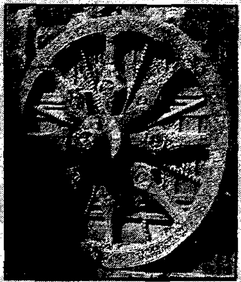

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nineteen-thirties," Leland said. "And it was a good thing, because it preserved the old buildings and gave jobs to the local Negroes and added a lot to the economy."

The land and the black people who worked on it, the memorializing of the past—these were still among Jack Leland's concerns, though his own family plantation had been alienated more than fifty years before. And our Sunday-morning excursion had a memorializing purpose. We were going to Middleburg Plantation. The river bank had eroded, and a chapel of ease, dating from the seventeen-sixties, in danger of being washed away, had had its foundations consolidated with the help of a federal grant. There was to be a service in the chapel that morning—a special spring service, but also one of thanksgiving. Middleburg Plantation had been in the possession of the Gibbs family until six years before; and John Gibbs, Jack Leland's father-in-law, had sent out invitations to people who he thought would want to attend the service. Afterward, there was to be a picnic on the grounds of the plantation house. That house had been restored by a real-estate man who bought the property.

The chapel of ease was at the end of a long lane in the forest. The lane was unpaved, soft; there were very bright spots of sunlight on the ground. It was cool in the forest shade; in the open sunlight, the heat was immediate. The chapel was called Pompion Hill Chapel; in the flat coastal land of South Carolina, a hill was anything a few feet high. The chapel stood near a marsh where rice had once been cultivated. The surface of the water had patches of bright green. The original rice fields of this part of South Carolina were created by Dutchmen who had learned about rice and dikes in the East Indies.

The cars bumped down the soft lane to the chapel. Old Mr. Gibbs, in a jacket with a big check pattern, welcomed each one and directed each to its parking place.

The chapel was a single-chambered red brick building, entered by two side doors; it was painted white inside, undecorated, and, except for a baroque dome and pilasters at one end, without architectural flourish. The floor was tiled. Paving tiles, Jack Leland said, were especially hard for Colonials to make. The only notable furnishing was the pulpit, of local cedar, which was contemporary with the chapel, and was the work of a Charleston cabinetmaker. IHS, sign of the piety of the planter and slaveowner, was now the sign of another kind of piety, the piety of the community of old Charlestonians. And, indeed, after old Mr. Gibbs was recognized and shuffled up along the paving tiles and spoke his thanks to everyone who had helped with the preservation, the theme of the sermon (as a noisy motorboat raced about on the river) was religion as a binding together of people.

Then we went on to the plantation house. Brick pillars, green gates in a gateway without a wall, led from the road to a very wide avenue of oaks. The oaks were a hundred and fifty years old, and these oak trees of South Carolina had the shape and spread of the saman trees of Central America. And again the bright sunlight, coming through the foliage, fell in dazzling spots on the shaded ground. But then, after this long, wide avenue, the restored plantation house was quite modest—a white-painted wooden building with three rooms downstairs and three upstairs. This was upsetting to one's ideas about the grandeur of plantation life. Jack Leland said the house was small because the builder had been a Huguenot. English planters, when they did well, could become flamboyant; the Huguenots remained economical and austere, investing and reinvesting in land and slaves. (And the very first plantation house on the site, according to a booklet about the restoration, had been even more modest, with a sitting room and a dining room alone on the ground floor.)

Separate from the main house was a "dependency," as an ancillary building was called, and this dependency, more or less in order, was a cookhouse with a brick chimney. There were other dependencies on the grounds of the Middleburg plantation house: stables at the end of an open field, and a commissary. Jack Leland thought I should go and have a look at the commissary. It was a two-story building, with wooden shingles on the upper floor, brick on the lower. Rice would have been stored on the upper floor. On the lower floor there were two cells with bars on the windows. These had been for slaves—not punishment cells, Leland told me, but "holding" cells, where difficult new slaves would have been broken in,

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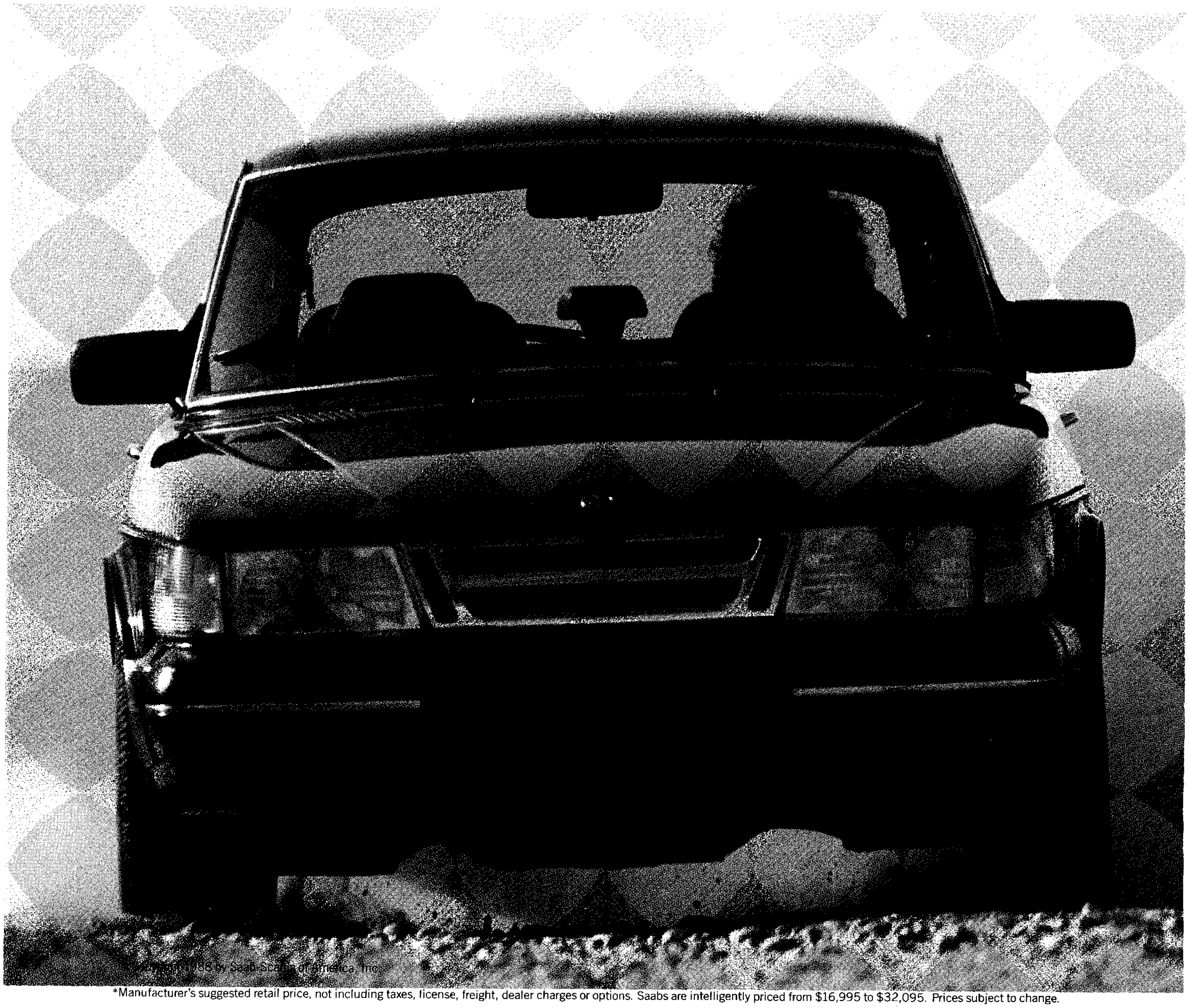

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or reconciled, one at a time, to plantation life. The difficult slave would have been held in one cell. In the other there would have been an old slave, someone used to the ways of the plantation. The old slave—not locked in his cell but free to come and go—would have talked to the new man and tried to calm him down; would have eaten food, showing how good it was; and would have offered food. And the new slave's fears and resentments would have been soothed away.

I walked across the bright field to the commissary. It was hot, stinging—not truly a spring field. On one side of the field were greenish ponds—like marshland breaking through the ground—and they were full of white water lilies. Lotuses, Jack Leland had said. But they were not the delicate red lotuses of India. These white lilies, which had naturalized so easily in South Carolina, were like things of the marsh, growing thickly together, choking themselves out of the water. And on the far side of the commissary I found the two cells, separated by no more than a lattice partition, with the earth for floor, and with small, barred windows high up—too high to reach.

They were really small spaces, tall boxes. It was easy to enter into the terror of the new man from Africa—the "new Negro," as he was called in the West Indies—who might have been snatched weeks or months before in the interior of Africa, marched or carried to the coast, held there in a dealer's stockade or compound in a place like Gorée Island, off Dakar, and, finally, transferred to a ship for the passage across the Atlantic. Easy to enter into his terror, the terror of the man taken away stage by stage from what had been reality. Easy, too, to enter into the heart of the other man, the trusty slave on the other side of the partition, who sat with him and talked to him and tried to present the new life to him as one of ease and plenty, the only real life.

Old Mrs. Gibbs wanted to know, at lunch, if I had seen the cells where new slaves had been "acclimated." (I hadn't heard the word used this way before; later I was to understand that the word was in general use in the South.) It was something that should be seen, she said; it showed the trouble that planters went to, to make things easier for their slaves: that that was a side of plantation life that wasn't generally known.

The picnic was laid out on folding tables in the shade of trees. And all around, below the great oaks of the plantation avenue, there were picnic parties—the communion of the church service extending to this big picnic lunch in the grounds of the restored plantation house.

In the dining room of the house itself, there was a spread for visitors on one table. On another table were photographs of the restoration work, and photographs, too, of a black woman who had worked in the house. There were no black people at the picnic, but servants were remembered there. And Mr. Hill, of the family who had bought the plantation and had gone to so much trouble to restore it, as a gesture to the community and to history and to the land, told me that among the estate papers were documents that enabled you to trace the ancestors of many black people. He was in a blue-striped seersucker suit—a big, plumpish, friendly man, offering a formal welcome to the house.

Many companies and many individuals had made gifts toward the restoration. The rooms themselves had been done up by different interior-decorating firms. This explained a puzzling description of the house in advertisements I had seen: "Middleburg Plantation Designer House 1987." The eighteenth-century "State Room," for instance, had been done up by Lowcountry Decorators and Lowcountry Antiques. They had gone in for "dramatic upbeat fabrics on traditional reproduction upholstered pieces." As accessories, they had chosen, among other things, "a beautiful oil painting of a black servant girl circa 1894" and "new silk trees and plants, the modern homemaker's answer to her 'too little time' problem." The rooms were, in effect, exhibition rooms aiming at a period feel; the restored house was for show. And for the visitors who were expected, there had been incorporated, at one end of the back porch, a gift shop, and at the other end a kitchen.

The restoration was carefully done. No attempt was made to make the house appear grander than it had been; and it was thought that what was done would enable the house to live for a while. The magnificent grounds remained. Jack Leland's old father-in-law, who had lived in the house for some time, was greatly moved by the prospect that the house would survive. And so was his daughter Anne, Jack Leland's wife. She had come to the house as a child to spend time "in the country." There was no electricity in those days, and she had had to go up to bed with an oil lamp.

The land and the past were being honored—the plantation and the river at its back, which had made the rice paddies possible, as in the East Indies. (Indigo, rice, cotton—all the big slave crops had collapsed here.) What was missing was the slave cabins. The plantation house, even with its surviving dependencies, was without what would have been its most important—and most notable—feature. Jack Leland told me that the slave cabins on most plantations would have been set beside the oak avenue. The cabins were known as "the quarters" or "the village." They would have been within sight of the plantation house. And, considering the sanitation of those days, there would almost certainly have been a physically squalid side to the slave plantation.

But now the plantation was cleansed of its cabins. There remained the wonderful oak avenue. Hard, mentally, to set the cabins in that grandeur, which spoke more of old European country houses. Only the heat of the marsh, and the light, assailing one whenever one moved out of the forest shade, brought to mind the idea of tropical crops growing fast: labor, sweat, people, squalor.

The empty Sunday-afternoon road led through forest again, seen now with a slightly different eye, and led through the scattered black communities descended from the slaves who had, fleetingly, triumphed over their masters more than a hundred and twenty years ago.

Not far from where the country road met the highway, a black crowd was coming out of a big church. Suits, dresses, hats, cars. After the Middleburg picnic, an answering idea of

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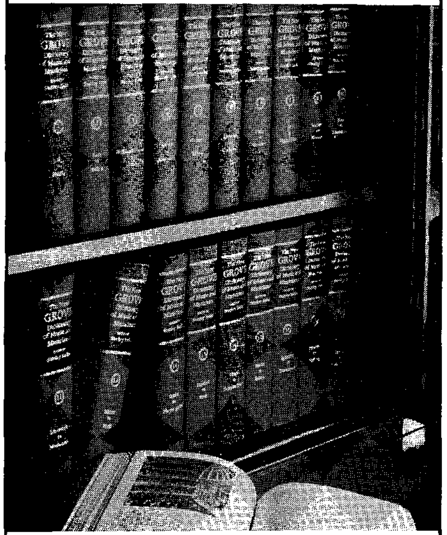

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community: the vanished slave cabins transformed into something quite different now, not only the old country communities in the forest but also the black settlements in Charleston itself—some middle class, many more in projects, or in old houses on the east side, avoided by the holiday tourists in the horse carriages and pedal carriages.

AN elderly woman living in one of the houses of the historical town, when she heard that I was born in Trinidad, said, "There is a story in my family that our Burke ancestors from Philadelphia were left the island of Trinidad."

We were sitting out in a small garden, drinking lemonade. The house next door, though of brick, looked extravagantly antique—small and crooked and quaint.

I said, "The whole island?"

"The whole island. That is the story. Southern people like to feel that once upon a time, at least, they were rich. But they died, the Burkes, in the Windward Passage when they were going to claim the land."

I asked for a date.

The woman went inside, and came out with a family tree, sketched out literally like a tree. Her mother had spent some time on that. And there on a lower-left-hand branch was the inscription about the Burkes: "Died May 1795 when going out to claim land in Trinidad."

So, Trinidad became to the Burkes a myth of their great fortune. And, in the family chronicle, there was a sequel. The Burke family lawyer, the Charleston woman said, married the family nurse. Between them, they did the Burke orphans out of their patrimony. Generations later, the wickedness came to light. It happened one day that one of the lawyer's descendants was entertaining a descendant of one of the orphans. The lawyer's descendant showed off some ancestral china plates. There were only eleven. The descendant of the orphan said, "I have the twelfth. It is one of my greatest treasures. The tradition in my family is that the eleven others were stolen."

A Southern story—a story of old family, a dream of wealth in the past. But it interested me for another reason. One of the very first books written about the affairs of Trinidad was by a pamphleteer from Philadelphia. His name was Pierre Franc MacCallum. He was a man of radical, even revolutionary, views—a hater of authority, in his own narrative. He went out to Trinidad in 1803, six years after the British conquest. He was hostile to the British governor, and hostile to British authority generally—so hostile, in fact, that he was eventually deported: taken from the very rough jail in Port of Spain to the harbor and put on a ship for New York.

MacCallum's first and middle names suggest that he was partly of French origin. This may explain some of his radical, or anti-British, feeling. But what also comes out in his book is that in his campaign against the British governor and British authority in Trinidad he was driven more by rage about the way poor Scottish and Irish people had been dumped in the Carolinas. He had always been a mystery to me, this Philadelphia pamphleteer with the half-French name. He was less so now. In this Charleston story of a family fortune lost two hundred years ago in Trinidad I thought I could see a story of re-migration and fortune sought: some sort of movement of impoverished people from barren Philadelphia to just-opened-up Trinidad.

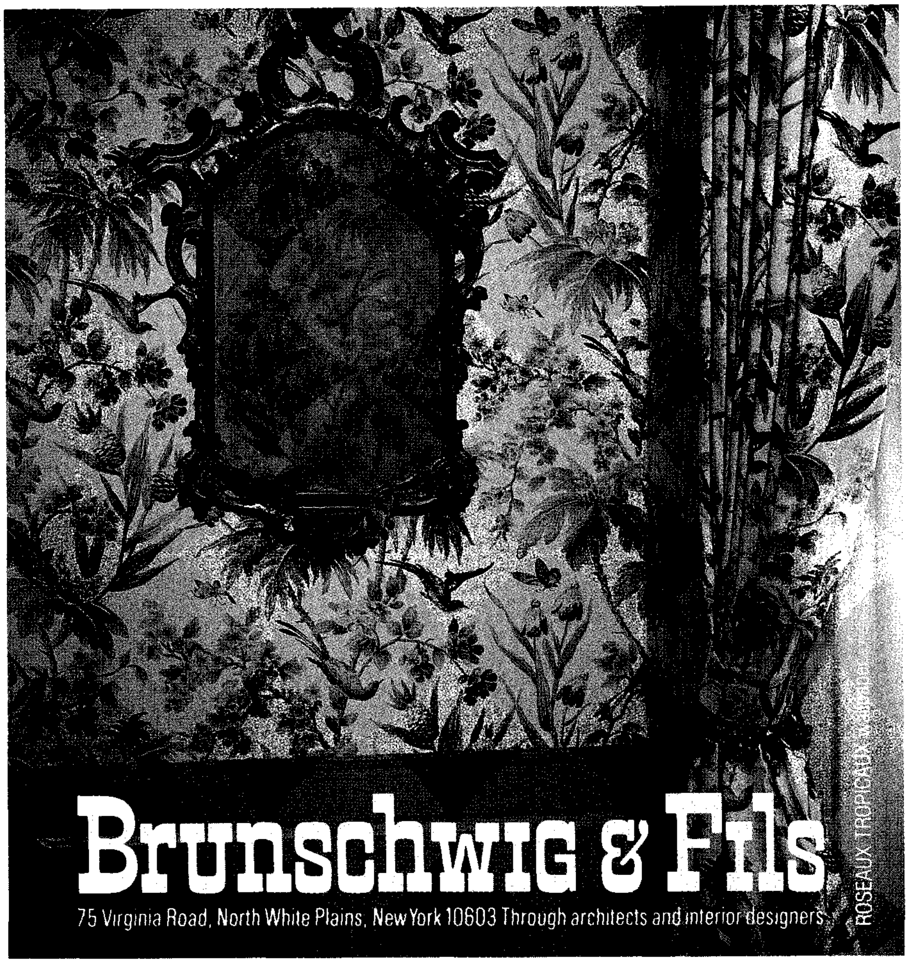
There must always be certain things that drop out of history. Only the broadest movements and themes can be recorded. All the multifarious choppings and changings, all the individual hazards and venturesomeness, and failures, cannot be recorded. History is full of mysteries, even as family histories are full of gaps and embellishments. Certain things are lost—the way, for me, as the grandson of immigrants from India to Trinidad, ancestors as close as grandparents are mysterious, and some unknown, so it is impossible for me to give a good answer, after just a hundred years of our transplantation, to a question like "Where did your people come from?"

What is not easily called to mind now is how close, in the slave days, the slave territories of the Caribbean and those of the South were. When the French planters of the West Indies were negotiating terms with the Spanish authorities for settling in Trinidad, one of the pressures they applied was a threat to take their slaves to the American South. That would be better for them as planters, they said, especially since after the war—the War of Independence—the United States seemed likely to be of some importance in the Hemisphere, and therefore better able to protect people. And how rich and tempting the flat, well-watered lowlands of the Carolina coast must have appeared to people who knew only the islands! And how strange to reflect that the black people of Trinidad I grew up among might, with another twist, have been born in the Carolinas and had an entirely different history.

IT may have been that I was getting used to the Southern accent. But I felt from time to time that in the speech of black people in Charleston I was picking up something of the distinctive Barbadian enunciation, known to me from my childhood. Strange—tiny Barbados finding an echo in grand South Carolina! But in the eighteenth century Barbados, sugar-rich and slave-rich, was the colonial land of opportunity. In Benjamin Franklin's "Autobiography" it is the place to which people run away to seek their fortune as clerks or lawyers, Philadelphia itself being so poor that sometimes there isn't even coin. And Barbados was the model for the South Carolina plantation colony. And Barbados was an element in the aristocracy of Jack Leland as an old Charlestonian.

Two of his most valued possessions came from Barbados. They were sea chests, and they had been brought from Barbados by an ancestor in 1685, fifteen years after the founding of the South Carolina colony. The chests had been in Jack Leland's possession for forty years; they had been passed on to him by an aunt. He had talked to a historian about the chests, and had been told that chests like those would have been made to measure for a voyage, to fit between the ribs of a ship. They were carpenter's work, or joiner's, not cabinetmaker's. They were high and undecorated, mortised at the corners, without extrusions, altogether plain; and they were prominent in his dining room.

Jack Leland lived in an old, very narrow "single house" on the edge of old Charleston. The house was about fifteen feet wide; the plot was small; it was a house one would have passed by. To that extent, living in a very simple house on a narrow street, he was representative, almost emblematic, of the old Charlestonians, proud of family rather than money, proud of the land and his old connection with it. He carried its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history with him. And one of the first things he did when I went to call on him after the Sunday at Middleburg was to show me a map of the district, made some years before, with nearly all the old plantations. There were many. The road along which we had travelled showed only a fraction of what had existed. Each plantation had been an entity, each a little kingdom ruled by the planter; each had had a house, and quarters; and in each, according to Jack Leland, the quarters had been in the middle, to prevent communication between slaves on different plantations.

The map was on the landing of the staircase of his house. The staircase was in the center of the house, separating the front room from the back room. The entrance to the house was on the center of one side. That central side entrance and staircase were fundamental to the idea of a "single" Charleston house, a single house here being a house in which, for the sake of privacy, the entrance was not at the front but at one side, and in which there was one room on each side of the entrance and staircase. A double house had two rooms on each side of the staircase.

It was said that the idea of the single house had been imported, with the idea of the plantation slave colony, from Barbados and the West Indies generally. I hadn't seen anything like the Charleston houses in Trinidad, but Trinidad was a late West Indian foundation, and its origins were Spanish and French. The West Indian colonies to which Charleston looked were the older, British ones.

It was always strange to me in Charleston, this harking back to the colonial British West Indies as to a mark of blood and ancestry. That idea, of a colonial aristocracy going back to the foundations, never really existed in Trinidad in my time, and it doesn't exist in the former British West Indies now. The reason is simple: the British West Indian colonies more or less closed down in the eighteen-thirties, with the abolition of slavery, and became stagnant. The British Empire moved east—then moved into Africa. And in the former British West Indies now there is no point in anyone's claiming to have been among the first there. Perhaps there cannot truly be said to be an aristocracy in a place that came to nothing—they are just people who (like Robinson Crusoe) went to the wrong place. Whereas Charleston was claimed by the large events of a continental history, and its small-time beginnings are now indescribably romantic. Without the United States at its back, post-plantation Charleston might have been like Surinam or Guyana, in South America, or Belize, in Central America—former continental slave colonies from which, after the money went, the slaveowners or their successors finally had to go, leaving the place to the slaves and the people who replaced the slaves. But the Charleston that survives, the Charleston of the old families, the romance that the tourist travels to, is a white town, in which the black people, though they outnumber the white, appear as intruders.

IT was in indigo that early fortunes were made, Jack Leland said. "When the Revolution started, Great Britain was paying a bounty on indigo. Indigo was a good dyestuff. Much of the British indigo came from here. After the Revolution, there was no British market, and indigo faded out. No indigo was planted for export after 1800. The planters concentrated on rice and cotton. These were crops they already had, along with the indigo. The rice planters were at the top. The cotton planters were just under them. The run-of-the-mill farmers were down at the bottom, with the shopkeepers. It was like a caste system. You still hear people saying of somebody, but not so much nowadays, 'He's in trade.' And that means he's a little bit outside the pale. It's changing rapidly now. Money has become a big factor. Before, family was always more important than money."

The social prejudices of England, reinforced by colonial wealth—it seemed from this account that, even apart from the fact of slavery, success, when it came to the Charleston plantations, began almost at once to undo itself. But the land was blessed: it was so fertile and well watered, so flat and easy.

“After the loss of indigo, this area became very prosperous,” Leland said. “This strip of land running from North Carolina to Florida became probably the wealthiest agricultural area in the world. And these planters were the people who started Newport, Rhode Island.” He meant that they made it fashionable as a resort. “They built their summer residences there. The Civil War was the first big blow. The war freed the slaves, and the planters had to pay them to work. And after the war the plantations fell apart, literally.”

That was now easy for me to imagine. I had only to think of the oak avenue at Middleburg, set slave cabins below the oaks, imagine a freed-slave population on holiday or disaffected; imagine the rice growing in its waterlogged fields, growing fast; think of the great distances, and the heat; the large numbers of the blacks and the fewness of the whites. And it was easy to see how the little kingdoms that had created wealth for a few generations, had built houses in Charleston and summer houses in Rhode Island, could just collapse.

“The final blows were the big hurricanes. There were three of them—in 1885, 1893, and 1911. They broke the dikes, and there was no means of repairing them. At the same time, rice began to be produced in Louisiana and Arkansas and east Texas. It was grown on high land, and it simply knocked these rice planters out of business. So by 1920 no more rice was being grown commercially here. We grew a little, but it was just for our own needs. The boll weevil came in about 1915, and within three years it had killed the Sea Island cotton crop. Then the farmers went into truck farming; that is, growing vegetables—potatoes, beans, tomatoes, squash—for New York and other Eastern markets. That lasted until California came into the picture, after the irrigation of the desert. The desert soil is very rich, and all it needed was water.”

“So after a certain stage the plantation story is a story of bad luck and decline?”

“It makes me very sad. My family owned slaves. I think they were very kind masters. Some years ago, I interviewed some of the former slaves—they are all dead now—who had lived on my family’s places. And they were very complimentary about the way they were treated. Slavery was wrong. I can’t make any brief for that. But it existed. It was used to build the agrarian economy we had, and it was a fairly good, workable institution.”

“Was there a particular moment when you became aware of the plantation past?”

“I grew up on a plantation where there were still twenty former slave cabins, and they were all occupied by Negroes. Right from the start, I realized that these people had at one time actually belonged to my family. And we were friendly.”

“At that time, the family fortune was already on the wane?”

“Rice went, then cotton, then truck farming. Then the Great Depression came. And my father had to sell the plantation. And that was the end of that.”

It was also at that time, as I heard later, that much of the furniture of old Charleston houses passed into the hands of dealers. Charleston furniture is now scattered over the United States and is very valuable—especially those pieces made by Charleston cabinetmakers (like the man who made the pulpit for Pompion Hill). This story of loss reminded me of what Francis Parkman had seen on the Oregon Trail in the eighteen-forties, when immigrants to the West, worn out by the dangers of the trail and the harshness of their travel, abandoned the precious pieces of furniture they had hoped to take to their new homes.

Though his land had gone, Jack Leland was still romantic about it. “The land is not mine,” he said, “but I feel it is my heritage.” And this word, “heritage,” I was to hear more than once from him, as though it was the word that explained much of his attitude toward Charleston, his family, and his ancestors. “That particular plantation, the one on which I was born, was bought by my family in 1832. And my father lost it in 1935. So it was in my family for a hundred and three years. But there were properties that had been in the family longer than that. My mother and my father were members of families that had come in here at the beginning of the colony, in 1670.” And it was from one of those early families that he had inherited the sea chests in the dining room, on the other side of the central staircase.

How had he become aware of the poverty of his family?

“We had a very good life. There was plenty of food. Of course, we were better off than the Negroes and what we call the backwoods whites. And I didn’t realize that we were economically poor, that very little was coming in. I had one year at the College of Charleston here. It was a municipal school then. My grandmother paid for it. Then she died. I was looking for a summer job, and I found a job on a Norwegian freighter. I wound up in Australia, on a triangular run from Sydney to Singapore to Manila and back to Australia. I came home and went back to the College of Charleston. And the next year was the draft for the Second World War, and I was among the first men to be drafted from Charleston. I came back in 1945, and went back to college again. And I got a job with the local newspapers and, with a six-year break, stayed with the newspapers from then on.”

“You’ve seen Charleston rise again?”

“I’ve seen it change, too. When I was a boy, there was no black district in Charleston, and no white district, either. White people and black people lived side by side. The change began during the Depression, when a tremendous number of farms and plantations went out of business, and the Negroes who had worked on those places began moving into Charleston and also going North. And then the war came along, and there was a tremendous economic thrust, because this was a major naval station, and they developed an airfield, and that drew a lot more of the Negroes from the rural areas into the city. After the war, when the young men began coming back the families of most of the nineteenth-century immigrants—Germans, Irish, Italians, and Greeks—were still living in what is now the black district. A middle- to low-income area. But the young men coming home after the war couldn’t get loans from the banks to buy old

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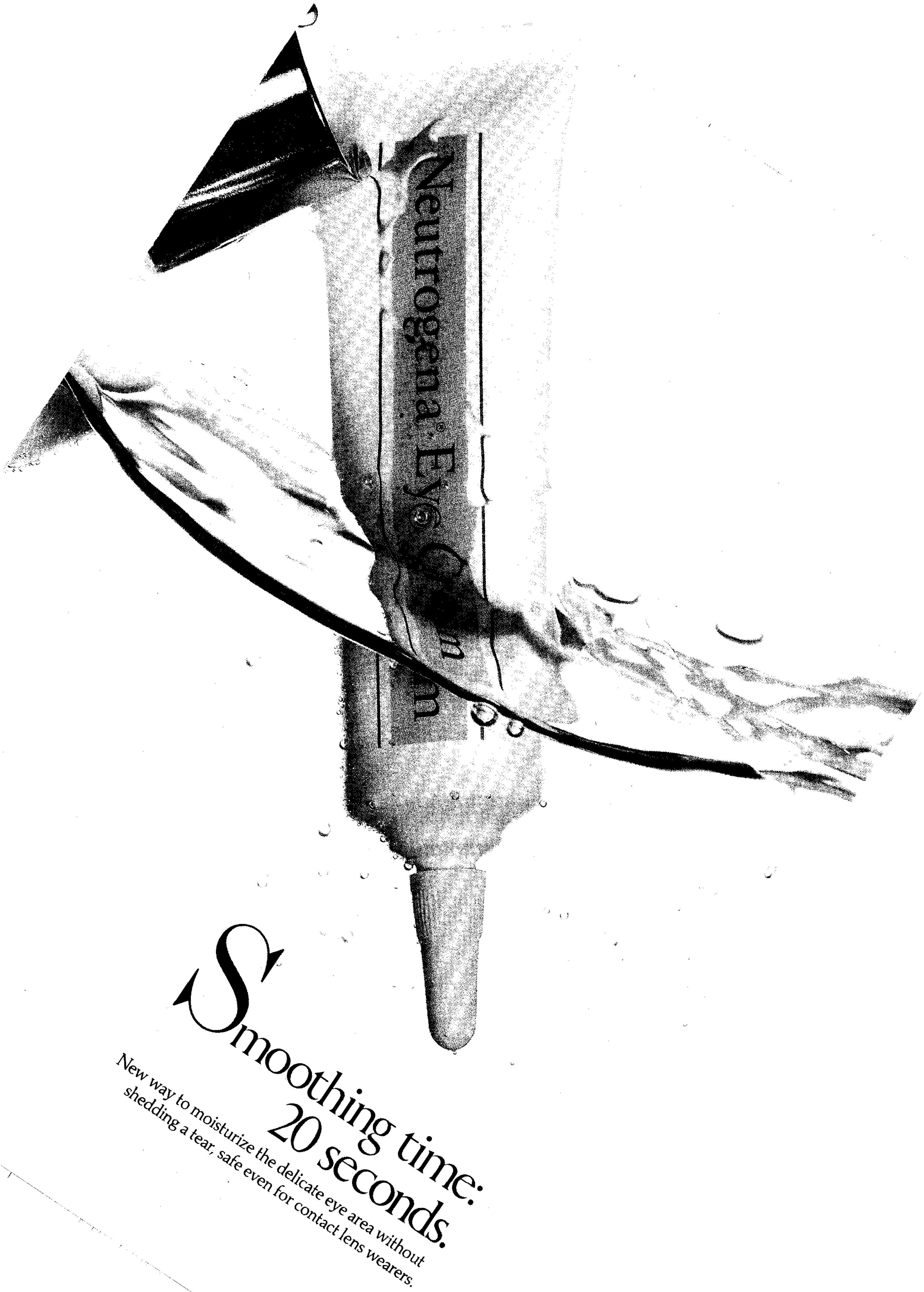
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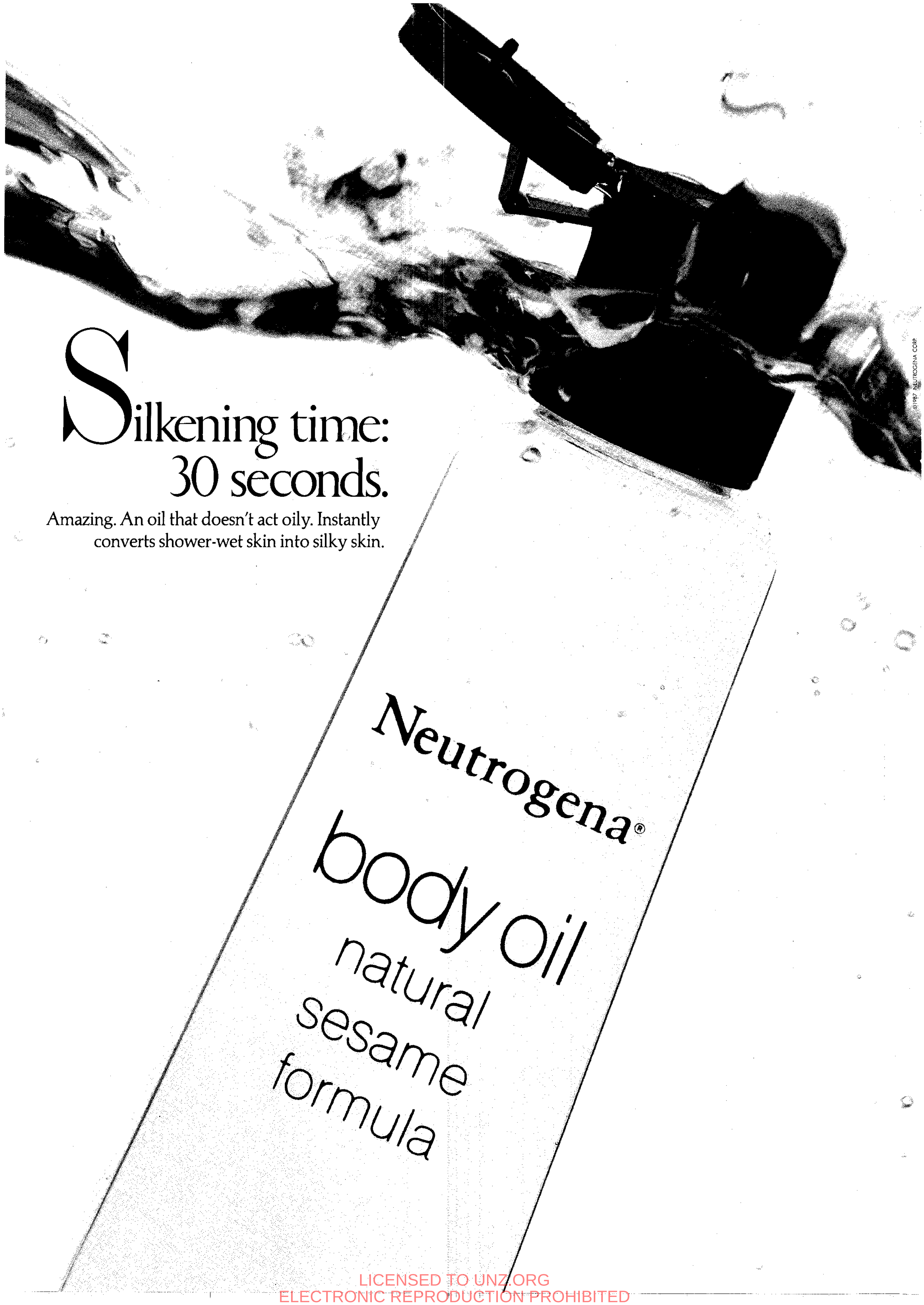
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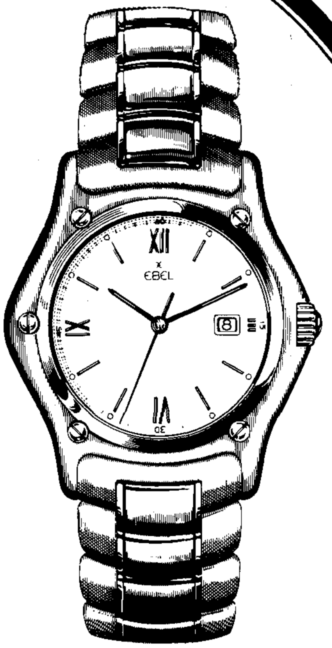
houses in the city. They had to build new houses in the subdivisions. And as they did that their parents' houses became vacant, and the blacks moved in. And today we have a tremendous black section. The old Charleston, peninsular Charleston, is sixty-five per cent black and thirty-five per cent white. The public schools are ninety-five per cent black.

"It has really been a tremendous upheaval. Consider this. This house, the house where I now live, was restored about seven years ago. The house was built in 1815 by an Irish carpenter. The rooms are terribly small. The architect who opened it up was a good architect, and he utilized every bit of space. And right now we are the only white family on the block —I should say on the street. The street is only two blocks long. All the rest of the people who live on it are Negroes. The house next door, now. You may or may not be interested in this. Some years ago my mother-in-law, Mrs. John E. Gibbs, discovered that some old Gibbs retainers—as she called them—were being taken advantage of. And she bought that house and restored it, made it into two apartments, with a little dependency in the back yard. And the old Gibbs servants now live there, and she gets only enough money out of them to pay the taxes and the insurance. They are wonderful people to have. They look out for us. Right down the street here we have one of those low-cost housing projects. They're all black in that one. That project is a crime-producer. There is always something bad happening there or being done by people who live there."

"Is it hard for you to live with Negroes without having authority over them?"

"I've always lived with Negroes. Always done it. And they've helped me. We're good friends. But socially we are separate. There is no way to get around it. But when my stepdaughter got married recently, in St. Philip's Episcopal Church—a big formal wedding, with a reception in the South Carolina Society Hall afterward—the servants came to the wedding, and they were like part of the family. No getting around it. There's an old man—he's about the same age as my father-in-law. He's eighty-two. He grew up in a dependency of the Gibbs house on Logan Street. And he—the old servant—



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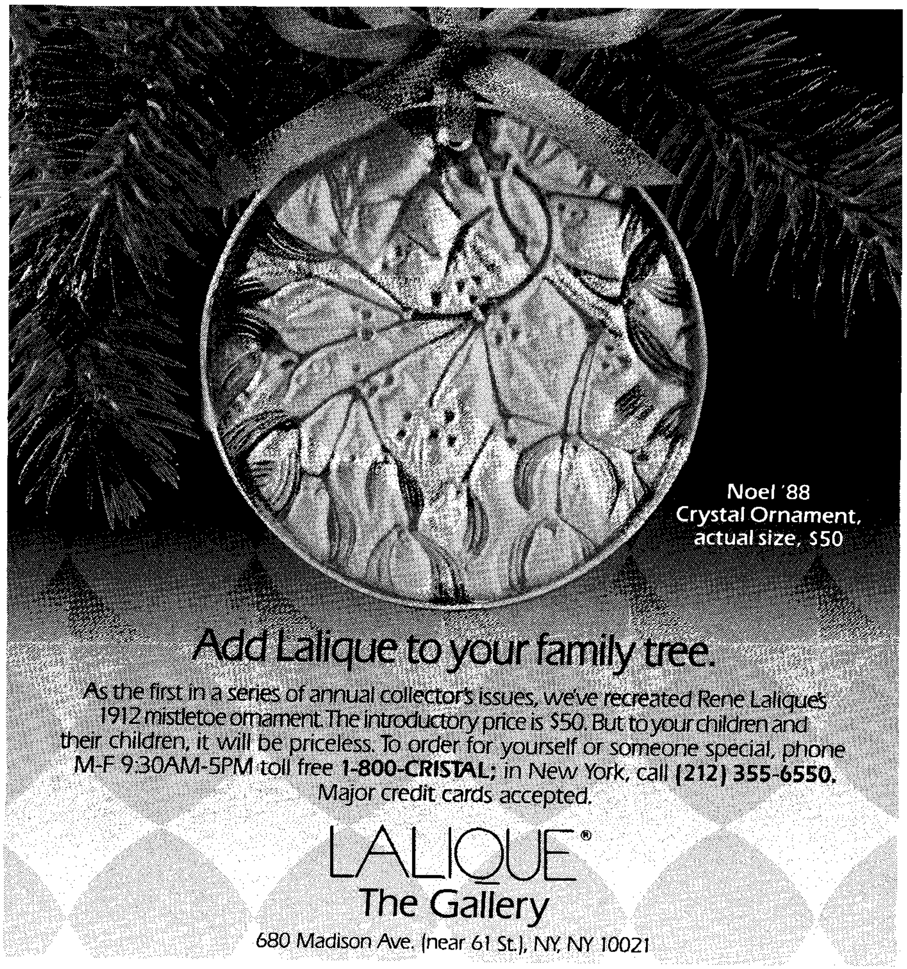

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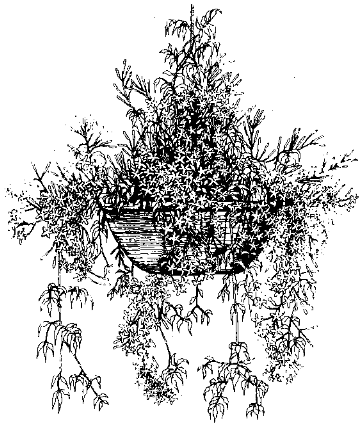

A Jasmine Basket

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cannot read or write. He's legally blind. And my mother-in-law gets his food stamps and cashes his welfare checks. And he really thinks he's a Gibbs, one of the family. I feel very fortunate to have them."

"When you think of the way the race issue has developed, do you feel that slavery was a calamity for the South?"

"Slavery *was* a calamity. The outcome was always inevitable. The Southern economy depended on Negro slaves. The beginning of the end occurred shortly after 1800, when Great Britain outlawed the slave trade. And then, in 1807, the United States passed a law against the importation of slaves."

"So the end was visible even when the plantations were at the height of their prosperity?"

"The great wealth was just building up."

"Considering the effects now, do you see slavery as a weakening of the country?"

"It is. The younger Negroes, the Negroes under sixty, have never been able really to associate with the way the white man lives." He meant, I gathered, that blacks of that age group lived in their own community, didn't serve in the houses of white people, as their parents and grandparents had done. "They stand on the outside and look in. And they don't adopt the white man's standards."

I asked him about civil rights and postwar politics.

"In 1947, a federal judge, Julius Waties Waring"—he stressed the three names, and he spelled the tricky middle one for me, and it was only later that I got to know how notorious this particular name was in Charleston—"who was from a very old Charleston family, handed down a ruling that Negroes could no longer be excluded from the Democratic Party primaries. And his ruling was correct. Negroes shouldn't have been excluded. At that time, the Democratic Party primary was the real election in the state, because there wasn't any opposition. By 1948, the Negroes were beginning to vote in large numbers. They are now a potent force in the election system. They've come a long way. Unfortunately, their leadership is sadly lacking. Their leaders tend to be negative—politicians with a lot of rhetoric but very little understanding of the true working of government."

That was the point he stressed: the true working of government. Charleston had a "rabble-rouser," but among the black officials there were some good people. And, having lived through so much change, he was now philosophical. "I think we are coming along wonderfully."

I wanted to know about the evolution of his thought on racial matters.

"I grew up in a family where we were told we could be friends with Negroes, and had to respect them, and couldn't take advantage of them. But you couldn't elevate them to being social equally. I grew up believing strongly in that.

"I was only eighteen when I went to work on that ship. At that age, you don't have big ideas about anything. But, going into ports in the Caribbean and South America and Manila and Singapore, I began to change my mind a little about people of other races. Back here, the Chinese were called Chinks. Over there in Singapore, they ran the show. They were top of the heap.

"Let me tell you this story. When I was in the Army Air Corps, I went to Chanute Field, Illinois, to study meteorology. In my class there were four Negroes who had studied at Tuskegee, and they had a tremendous problem with mathematics. In a meteorology course, you study all sorts of things—the various forces of nature—and a lot of mathematics with it. And these young Negroes—it was incomprehensible to them. Most of the people in that school were Yankees. I was one of the few Southerners, and I realized the problem these Negroes had. I offered to help, and I did help, and these Negroes were able to graduate. And I will never forget—I was getting ready to go to Florida, where I had been posted, and I had to catch the bus right there at Chanute Field, and these four Negroes showed up and brought me a bottle of whiskey as a farewell gift. The Yankees at that school would pal around with the Negroes, but they didn't see that the Negroes needed help and they didn't do anything to help them. But I had been brought up that you had to *help* the Negroes. This was part of your duty, your heritage.

"I guess it's just part of your life. For instance, today, if I'm walking down the street and some white man tries to panhandle I ignore him. But if it's a black I stop and talk with him to see if he really needs help or is trying to get a drink. I think a lot of the blacks—the ones I know intimately—understand this about me. But to the other blacks I'm just a honkie, the enemy, the archdemon personified. And I'm perfectly willing to admit they have some reason for not liking whites.

"It is really difficult to get a black person to sit down here." He gestured toward his settee, which stood against the wall of his single house, next to the door, with, on the other side of the door, the two sea chests from Barbados, which had come into his family in 1685 and were the mark of his Charleston aristocracy, the mark of the colonial ancestor from Barbados. "Difficult to get a black person to sit down and talk to me. They don't say what they feel. They don't trust the white people."

I had been aware on the day we first met that Jack Leland had a bad leg. The third or fourth time we met, he seemed to be in especial discomfort, and I asked him about his leg. He said he had damaged both legs in 1943, in North Africa. He was returning from a bombing run over Sicily, and the last bomb had stuck in the rack. Orders had been given to the crew to jump, and he had jumped; it was the first time he had ever used a parachute. He had landed on rock and had torn the ligaments of both ankles; it had taken him two and a half months to recover. An irony was that the pilot who gave the orders to jump had managed to land the plane without accident.

That was how the war had gone for him. Yet he had spoken of the war as a time of learning and adventure; he had never referred to this lasting damage, until I asked. It seemed an aspect of his training, his fine manners, his "Sir?" when he hadn't quite caught what I had said—the manners that were part of the South's idea of itself.

"IT'S more like religion," an upper-class woman from Mississippi had said, speaking of a certain attitude in her family (and other Mississippi families like hers) toward the Civil War and the past; and the old family houses; and the dressing up in period costume on some days, when the houses were shown. Not a masque, not vanity—more like religion. And in Charleston, too, there came to one that idea of the past as religion. This past wasn't only

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the old houses and the old families, the old names, the antiquarian side of provincial or state history. It was also the past as a wound: the past of which the dead or alienated plantations spoke, many of them still with physical mementos of the old days (the houses, the dependencies, the oak avenues); the past of which the more-black-than-white city now spoke, the past of slavery and the Civil War.

Not a day had passed since I came to the South without my reading in the newspapers about General Sherman or hearing about him on television. And—in that newspaper or television way, when a well-known name is to be stressed, ironically or otherwise—he was often given his full name, with that strange Native American middle one: William Tecumseh Sherman.

Charleston had survived the war; Columbia, the state capital, hadn't. It had been burned in 1865—either by retreating Confederate soldiers or by Sherman's men. The people I spoke to there assumed that it was Sherman. An elderly woman, a guide to the Episcopal cathedral near the State House in Columbia, spoke to me as though it had happened quite recently. Perhaps Hannibal had been remembered in Italy and Rome in a similar way more than a hundred years after he passed through. The cathedral was one of the few things in Columbia that hadn't been burned by Sherman, the guide said. This might have been because he thought it was Roman Catholic; Sherman's wife was Catholic. And toward the end of the tour, when we were talking of the stained glass (so fragile in a city about to be razed), she broke off, and said, as though offering thanks again, "It's a miracle the cathedral wasn't burned." I had read about the burning of Columbia, but the fact wasn't at the front of my mind that afternoon. And this talk of burning—from an elderly woman, in the cathedral—made a fearful impression. I hadn't been looking for the cathedral. I had gone in after noticing the graveyard.

I was on my way to the State House grounds to look at the Monument to the Confederate Dead. I had been directed to that by a judge I had come to see. He had said that the inscription on the memorial was something that should be studied. It was poetic and contained much of the South's idea of itself. On one side the monument was engraved:

To South Carolina's Dead
1861 of the 1865
Confederate Army.

On another side it said, "Erected by the Women of South Carolina." It was unveiled on May 13, 1879. There was rhetoric in that reference to women; monuments are most unsettling when they depict women bowed in grief.

On the side facing the busy road the monument said:

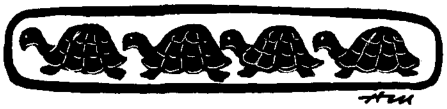
This Monument
Perpetuates the Memory
Of those who,
True to the instincts of their birth,
Faithful to the teachings of their fathers,
Constant in their love for the State,
Died in the performance of their duty;
Who
Have glorified a fallen cause
By the simple manhood of their lives,
The patient endurance of suffering
And the heroism of death;
And who
In the dark hours of imprisonment
In the hopelessness of the hospital
In the short sharp agony of the field,
Found support and consolation
In the belief
That at home they would not be
forgotten.

On the other side, facing the State House, the message, read with difficulty from an oblique angle if one didn't want to walk on the grass at the back of the monument, was this:

Let the stranger
Who may in future times
Read this inscription
Recognize that these were men
Whom power could not corrupt,
Whom death could not terrify,
Whom defeat could not dishonor,
And let their virtues plead
For Just Judgment
Of the cause in which they perished.

Let the South Carolinians
Of another generation
Remember
That the state taught them
How to live and how to die.
And that from her broken fortunes
She has preserved for her children
The priceless treasure of their memories,
Teaching all who may claim
The same birthright
That truth, courage and patriotism
Endure forever.

On one side: birth, faith, duty, suffering, and death. On the other: the nameless, undefined cause, ennobled by these virtues. The words are grand nevertheless. The pain of defeat is something that can be shared by everyone, since everyone at some stage in his life knows defeat of some sort and hopes in his heart to undo it—or, at least, to have his cause correctly seen. But the pain of the Confederate memorial is very great; the defeat it speaks of is complete. Defeat like this leads to religion. It can be religion: the Crucifixion, eternal grief for Christians as, for the Shiites of Islam, the death of Ali and his sons. Grief and the conviction of a just cause; defeat going against every idea of morality, of good overcoming bad, every idea of the good story, the right story, the way it should have been: the tears of the Confederate memorial are close to religion, to the helpless grief and rage (such as the Shiites know) at an injustice that cannot be rehearsed too often.



And there was more of that in this central square of South Carolina, the state that had started the war: more pain, more humiliation, more exposing of a wrong that was one day to be undone. On the lower granite steps there was a life-size bronze statue of George Washington. This plaque had been affixed: "During the occupation of Columbia by Sherman's army February 17-19, 1865, soldiers brickbatted this statue and broke off the lower part of the walking cane." The cane had been left hanging in the air. On the pillar at the foot of the steps was carved: "Construction of this State House was begun in 1855 and continued uninterruptedly to February 17, 1865, when Sherman burned Columbia. Work was resumed in 1867 and carried on irregularly to 1900."

The Confederate memorial, the one erected by the women of South Carolina, was unveiled in 1879, when the Union Army had been removed and the state had been redeemed from Reconstruction. The State House plaque, with all its grief about Sherman and the burning, was put up more than twenty years later, when the world had changed even more. There was evidence of the change right there: another memorial in the paved forecourt of the State House was a jaunty one, a celebration of the Spanish-American War of 1898. There was a gun from the battleship Maine.

It was as though the grief of the Confederate memorial had found its

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expiation in the jauntiness of the other memorial; as though the unmentioned Southern cause had lived on and found justification in the later imperialist war; as though the unmentioned racial anguish of the period after the Civil War, the later hardness toward blacks, had become incorporated into something a good deal less squalid than the slave cabins with the black and ragged slaves of South Carolina—had become incorporated, as some Southerners had said, into the wider cause of white civilization, spreading to Africa, Australia, and the East Indies.

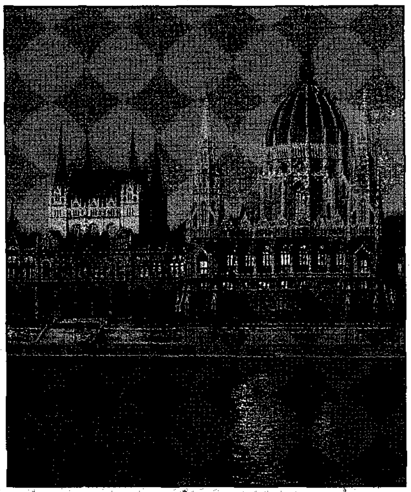
But the true past of the South was the thing that had been lost: the world before the Civil War, and then the War itself. That grief was special and was like religion; it would last beyond the decline of the nineteenth-century empires, beyond the idea of empire itself. And now that the memorial about the Maine was embarrassing, the episode itself hardly remembered, what remained moving in the State House grounds, what could still be felt to come from the heart, was the words of the Confederate memorial. But there was still that difficulty about the cause.

HOW could such a cause be defended?

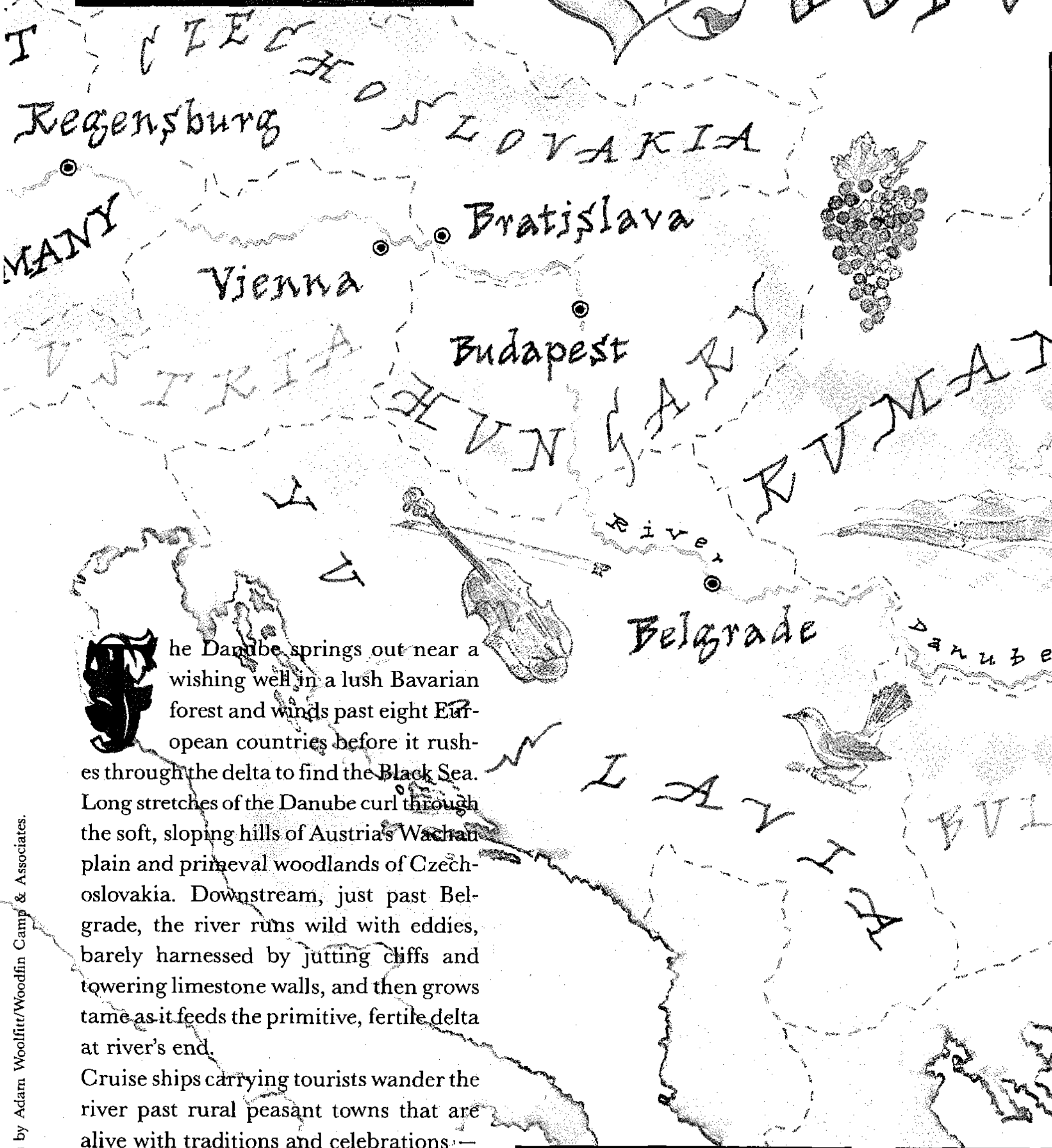
In the library of my Oxford college, one day in 1952, I came across a small book, privately printed, a gift to the college from the author, possibly an old American member of the college. The book, which had been printed in the nineteen-twenties, was about slavery. The author wished to clear up the misunderstandings that the rest of the world had about American slavery. That was what the author said. But the little memoir he had settled down to write in his old age was about his childhood and the pleasures of his childhood. Slavery had been part of his childhood; his childhood could not be imagined separate from the background of slavery and its special rituals. White children, the writer said, were often given slave children of their own age to play with and often to knock about. The writer said that he, too, had had his "own negro boy." The fact that this had been so, that the writer had had his own slave boy, was offered as sufficient explanation of the practice.

And something as simple and heartfelt as that was at the back of a beautifully produced, celebratory book, "A Carolina Rice Plantation of the Fifties," published in New York in 1936. The fifties of the title were the eighteen-fifties, before the Civil War, when the slave-worked plantations were still going concerns. The historical core of the book was a short memoir of that time by D. E. Huger Smith. (Huger was one of the old Charleston names and had a special Charleston pronunciation: "U-G," just like the two letters.) To this had been added thirty watercolor paintings, done many years later, by Alice R. Huger Smith, and a "Narrative"—really a historical essay—by Herbert Ravenel Sass (another old name: Sass, a name of German origin; Ravenel pronounced in the French way and in Charleston still a name seen on signboards).

The watercolors, of plantation scenes, were romantic: some dealt with plantation work, black men mending a broken embankment, women loading rice onto a schooner; some were atmospheric studies of water and forest; some were pure calendar (or "Soviet") art—for instance, a picture of the planter and his wife (like Father and Mother in an illustration in a children's book) moving white and gracious among the smiling blacks, with two little blond children; the little blond girl, in another picture, receives a bouquet from a black child. I later saw a big reproduction of the embankment-mending scene in a Charleston restaurant, as something from the old days—romantic, suitable for the tourist town. And the romance of the paintings was genuine. They hadn't come from the eighteen-fifties, the slave time. If they had, they might have been different—more topographical and descriptive, and, for that reason, upsetting. The paintings had been done by someone who (as Alice R. Huger Smith said in the foreword) wished to record a world that was vanishing; and they had been done by someone who was born toward the end of the Reconstruction period—in the eighteen-seventies—when the vast plantation world, the ordering of so many millions of acres, had been turned upside down. Shame and anger at Reconstruction, grief for the defeat, nostalgia for the world as it had been, or for an idea of that world: all of these things were mingled in the watercolors with a delight in brush and color and paper,



The Riches of the Danube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River
Danube

The Danube springs out near a wishing well in a lush Bavarian forest and winds past eight European countries before it rushes through the delta to find the Black Sea. Long stretches of the Danube curl through the soft, sloping hills of Austria's Wachau plain and primeval woodlands of Czechoslovakia. Downstream, just past Belgrade, the river runs wild with eddies, barely harnessed by jutting cliffs and towering limestone walls, and then grows tame as it feeds the primitive, fertile delta at river's end.

Cruise ships carrying tourists wander the river past rural peasant towns that are alive with traditions and celebrations — old and new — and draw their energy and passion from vital cities like Vienna, Bratislava, and Budapest. Near dusk, as the river slips quietly by, the villages that dot the Danube's banks become cameos; travellers take part in the unique nightlife of the towns; a rich river breeze sweeps the water's edge; the sun fades to candlelight.

Map by Oliver Williams. All photos by Adam Woolfitt/Woodfin Camp & Associates.

THE RICHES OF THE DANUBE

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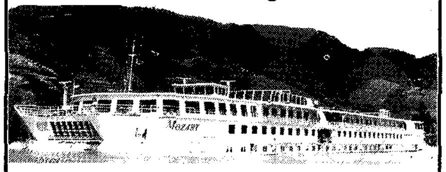

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Long stretches of the Danube curl through soft, sloping hills.

GERMANY

The Danube Spring begins near the grand Donaueschingen Castle, and grows stronger and deeper as it passes through unspoiled meadows and forests. On the river's banks, castles and palaces overlook the tranquil stretches from high, green hillsides.

The first remarkable site on the Danube is the ancient imperial city of Ulm. There is a glorious Gothic cathedral here, with the world's tallest church spire, a leaning tower called the Metzgerturm, and beautifully preserved medieval houses that give the visitor a generous taste of the region's unique history. If you visit Ulm on the second to last Tuesday in July, you'll enjoy the "Fischerstechen" festival, when local fisherman take the roles of knights and joust on the river from their charging boats.

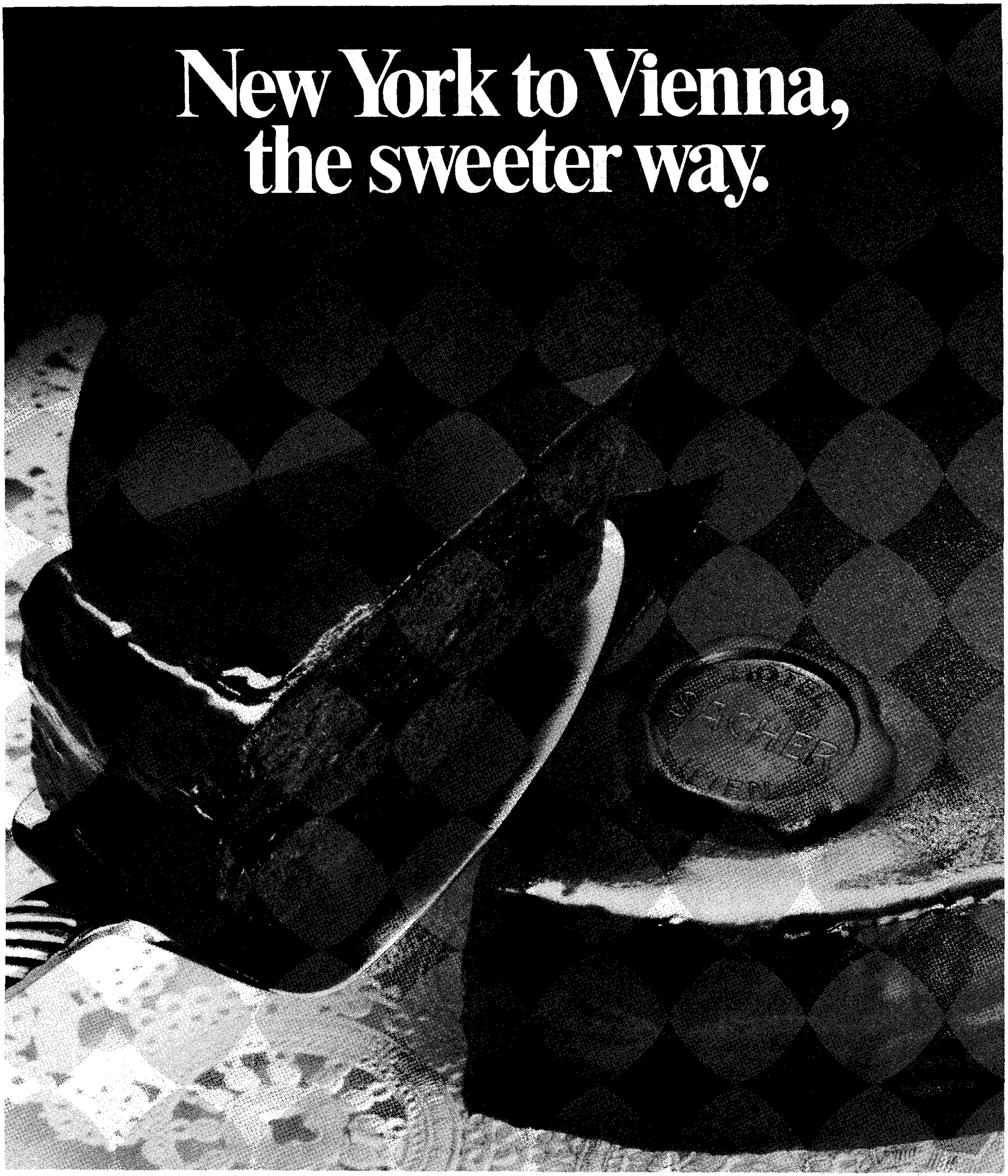
Past Ulm, the Danube loops past the dramatic setting of the Weltenburg monastery, and then breaks out of the limestone hills of the Kelheim Gorge and runs to Regensburg. Regensburg is the largest and one of the most fascinating medieval cities in Germany. There is a marvellous mix of Gothic and Romanesque architecture throughout, and regular concerts of baroque and Renaissance music almost seem to transport a visitor back to Regensburg's elegant past. Vineyards (from Roman times) lace the hillsides near town.

A boating mural in Ulm

Just downriver is an intriguing monument to Ludovic I, built to mirror the Parthenon. The building contains busts of great Germans — Ludovic himself conspicuously included.

The Danube winds out of Germany at "the city of three rivers," Passau — the meeting place of the rivers Danube, Inn, and Ilz. There is a concert each morning, featuring Europe's largest church organ, in the church of St. Stephen. The heart of town holds the law court, formerly the residence of the prince-bishops established by Pope Gregory II. If you explore deeper in this baroque city, its cobbled passageways and winding streets will lead you to picture-perfect town squares filled with refreshing fountains. The outdoor restaurants here overlooking the rivers are ideal spots to relax and sip the local beer, or taste savory cold cuts or rich plum tarts.

From the streets of ancient Passau, you can see Austria, the next stop on the "blue river."



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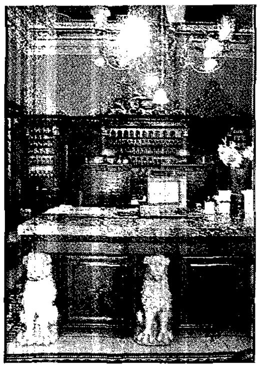
After entering Austria, the Danube meanders through Schloegen via Linz toward the Wachau, winemaking country since Celtic times, with its sunny terraced slopes, castles, and fine churches silhouetted against a horizon of dense willows. To celebrate Midsummer's Day, countless bonfires are lit along the riverbanks, adding to the region's fairytale beauty. Gaggles of geese signal the approach of strangers on the outskirts of the exquisite villages which nestle along the Danube: Ybbs, with its moat, medieval houses, and Gothic parish church; Grein, a perfectly preserved boatmen's village with a knight's castle; and Pöchlarn, with its charnel house and castle.

Melk is renowned for its baroque Benedictine abbey, which houses a vast library and rich art treasures. The abbey's garden pavilion is the site of the Melk Festival, which takes place each summer.

Vineyards near Loiben, Austria


Salvator Pharmacy, Bratislava

Melk signals the start of the Wachau Valley, a patchwork of small vineyards which produce Austria's finest wines. On the way to Krems, the wine capital of Austria, the Danube flows past Aggstein Castle, home of the twelfth-century Kuenringer robber barons, who threw chains across the Danube to plunder passing ships, and Dürnstein, where Richard the Lion-hearted was held captive in 1192.

Krems has been a center of viticulture since Roman times, and the loess-slopes above town are the source of superb Heuriger, new wine, which is sold all over the Wachau. Innkeepers traditionally fix green wreaths to their tavern doors to signal the arrival of this popular and refreshing wine. The city is host to the Austrian wine fair every spring, and the wine college at Und Abbey offers tastings of over a hundred quality wines, seminars, and guided tours of the vineyards.

A castle downstream from Melk in the Wachau Valley — a patchwork of small vineyards.

In Klosterneuburg, the remarkable monastery is well known for its splendid cellars, Verdun altar, cloisters, and Leopold chapel. The annual Klosterneuburg festival features open air performances, symphony concerts, and organ music recitals. On November 15th, St. Leopold's Day, a thousand-keg cask is rolled out with great pomp from the cooper's workshop in the monastery, and all are invited to slide down its sides.

Beyond Klosterneuberg, the river rolls through what is often called the jewel of the Danube — Vienna.

Dominated by St. Stephen's Cathedral, the city offers a multitude of riches to explore: the Belvedere Palace, Schönbrunn Castle, the Hofburg, the Danube tower, the Prater, and an exhaustive array of museums, churches, and galleries.

Vienna conjures up a vision of elegant boulevards, tempting pastry shops, grand music, Imperial balls, and the Spanish Riding School — in short, the glories of the Hapsburgs. Vienna vibrates with life and music. The spirit of the city is one of hedonism and culture epitomized by the annual New Year's Strauss concert; its stylish restaurants, where delicious game and veal dishes, excellent soups, and lavish tortes are accompanied by Suedbahn wines; and the delights of listening to live music in one of the numerous wine villages in the romantic Vienna woods.

Vienna's beautiful parks and gardens, *fine cuisine, and the taverns of the* Schammel make relaxation here an incomparable pleasure.

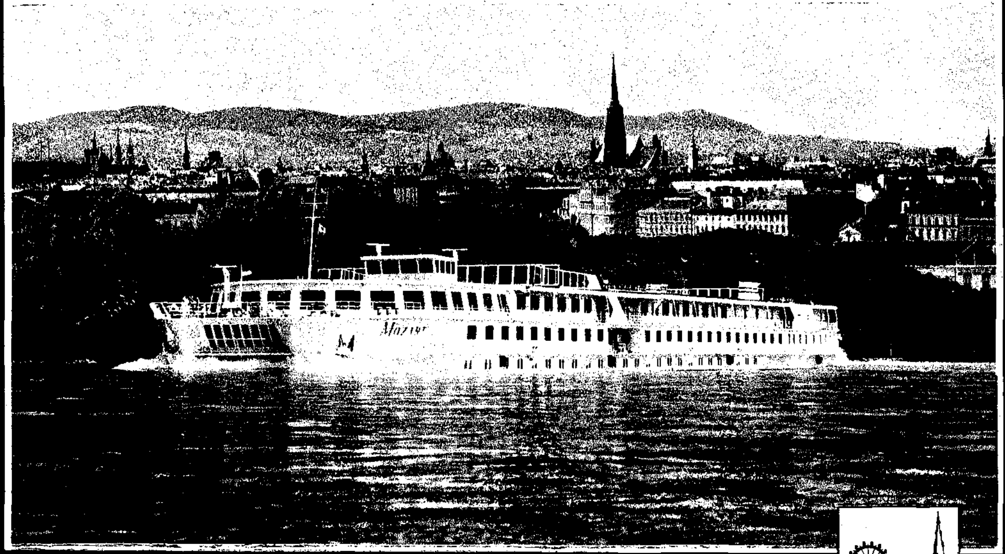
CZECHOSLOVAKIA

East of Vienna, the Danube flows through a rare stretch of primeval forest as it heads for the Hungarian plains and grasslands, past the southern foothills of the Carpathian mountains and the Hungarian Gates near Bratislava.

Bratislava Castle towers 70 meters above the Danube. It is a stirring scenic point from which to see Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary.

Vienna

In Vienna, the clocks tick at a different pace; even time is relaxed. Make sure to set aside enough of it to savor the abundant good life, to smell the roses! Vienna feels like generations ago, when it was the capital of the great empire along the Danube. Yet the amenities of today and tomorrow are in place and functioning. Let Vienna take you back in time (and forward in comfort)! Just like Vienna, the Danube offers you extraordinary vacation opportunities. Austria's *D.D.S.G.* schedules nostalgic day travel by vintage sidewheel steamer, sightseeing by riverboat, evening cruises with entertainment, six-country outings in seven days, the latest in five-star luxury cruising on *M.S. Mozart*. Get to know the Old World at its most genuine, from the water and in style!



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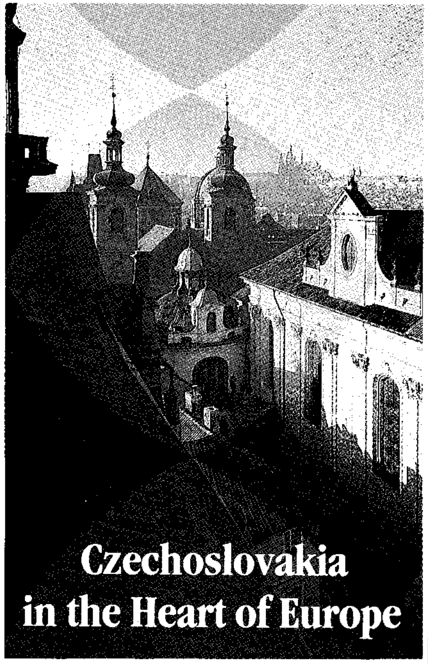

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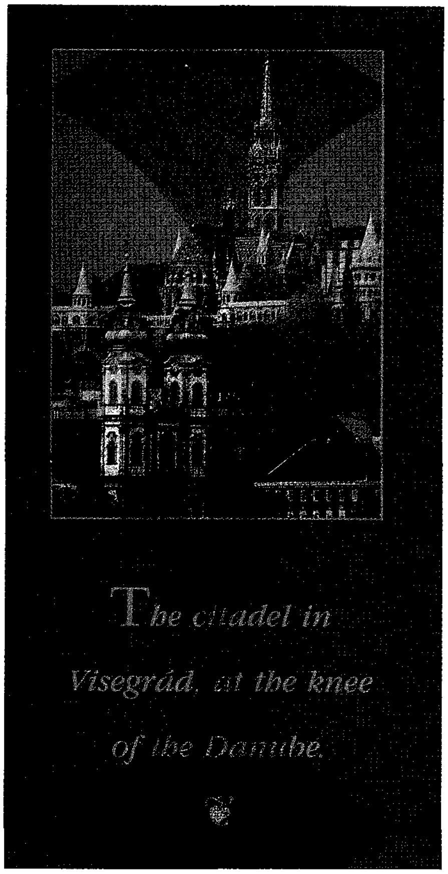
The city of Bratislava, the Czech capital, has been carefully restored, and the ancient streets and buildings of the Old Town are full of charm and ambience. There is an international song festival held here each June, and concerts are regularly held in the splendid settings of the city's Renaissance arcades.

The city is in the heart of Czechoslovakia's wine-producing region, and is home to a wine museum and an international wine fair. Since virtually no Czechoslovakian wine is exported, the visitor should find the time to experience the wines of Slovakia's biggest and finest vineyards.

HUNGARY

As the Danube enters Hungary, it slows dramatically, flowing gently through the green and tan plain known as the Puszta, once home to bands of nomadic horsemen.

The Great Plain of Hungary is a romantic, fertile expanse of lowlands and marshes, dotted with scattered villages; herds of racka sheep and gray cattle roam free year-round in the towns. The sandy soil and continental climate are perfect for grape growing: vines thrive here on the otherwise useless shifting sand dunes. The Great Plain continues to unfold as the Danube passes the towns of Esztergom and Visegrád at the "knee of the Danube," the knobby bend where the river turns south. Esztergom, founded by St. Stephen, contains Hungary's largest basilica. Visegrád, located where the river leaps out from the mountains, is home to the ruins of the royal palace of King Matthias. The citadel in Visegrád provides a wonderful vantage point from which to take in the region's beauty.



The citadel in Visegrád, at the knee of the Danube.

In the Great Plain of Hungary

Novi Sad, near the Petrovaradin fortress

After passing the picturesque artist's colony of Szentendre, the traveller approaches the "Queen of the Danube" — Budapest.

Budapest is located on both banks of the river. Elegant, hilly Buda, on the right bank, offers an irresistible journey into Hungarian history. This half of the city is home to the Gothic Matthias Church and the Royal Castle; its streets are lined with beautiful Renaissance and baroque houses. Evidence of the 150-year Turkish occupation is still visible in the city's marvellous Turkish baths, and in the tomb of Gül-Baba, the sixteenth-century saint and poet. Pest on the

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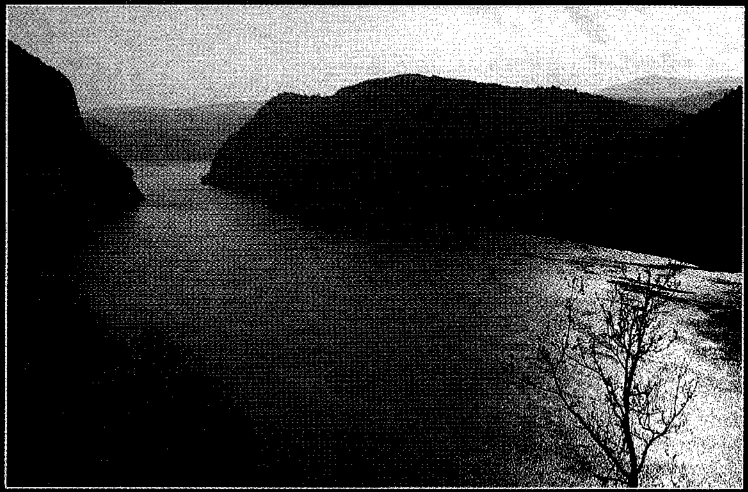


This stretch of river — the Iron Gates — contains spectacular locks, reefs, and whirlpools.

left, the modern face of the city, is home to a magnificent neo-Gothic Parliament building, the celebrated Vigadó Concert Hall, and Europe's only pair of breeding hippos (the zoo's water supply comes from a beneficial hot mineral spring).

Music is an essential part of Budapest (the city of Bartók and Liszt), whether it be the gypsy orchestras or solo violinists whose music pours from the restaurants, or the more formal programs of the city's four symphony orchestras and two opera companies. Open air theatres and the Dominican courtyard of the Hilton resound with operas, operettas, rock, and folk music, and Buda Castle hosts displays of traditional song and dance performances. In September, during Budapest Musical Weeks, the city stages concerts in modern and ancient settings such as the Academy of Music, Matthias Church, Pest Concert Hall, and the State Opera House.

First-time visitors to Hungary, who inevitably associate the country with paprika and goulash, will be delighted to discover the wealth and diversity of Hungarian cooking. Hungarian cuisine historically has been shaped by foreign influences. As far back as the fifteenth century, Italian chefs were invited to display their talents to King Matthias; the French introduced oil to replace lard; the Turks popularized stuffed cabbage dishes; and the Saxons demonstrated the use of spices.

Dining out is a pleasurable adventure, whether in one of the many csardas (inns), or in one of Budapest's world famous restaurants, such as the Restaurant Gundel or the Café/Restaurant Hungaria.

YUGOSLAVIA

"The dustless road" of the gypsies glides out of Hungary and flows through the Yugoslav Vojvodina. The scenery is breathtaking: fruit trees and cornfields line the riverbanks, lilac and wildflowers grow everywhere, and ancient floating mills, whose paddle wheels harness the power of the river, are anchored to the shore.

A strong Eastern influence is visible in Yugoslavia: Fezzes are worn in many villages, and spicy dishes such as ćevapčići, grilled minced meat, and raznjici, grilled skewered pork accented by tiny hot peppers and chopped raw onion, are served along with strong Turkish coffee. The Danube basin also produces delicious, soft wines that perfectly accompany the native cuisine.

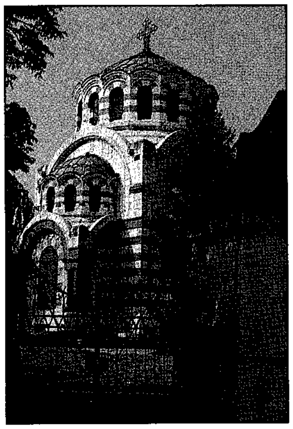
The Danube runs through Novi Sad (across the river from the Petrovaradin fortress, which sits above twelve miles of underground caves and is known as the Gibraltar of the Danube), on its way to Belgrade.

Belgrade, capital of Yugoslavia, is situated at the confluence of the Danube and the Sava rivers. The fourteenth-century Kalemegdan fortress, set in one of Europe's most romantic parks, towers above the city.

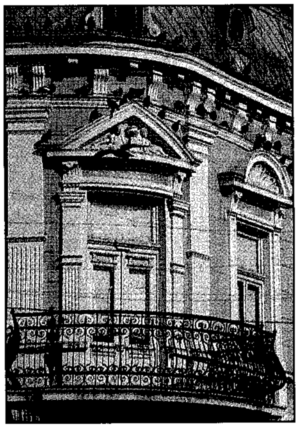
In early autumn, each town and village along the Danube enters the annual Golden Danube Cauldron cooking competition to create the best fish soup.

Autumn is also the time when Belgrade celebrates its musical heritage. The Festival of Yugoslav folk songs takes place in September, and the

A fish station on the Danube



Church in Pleven, Bulgaria



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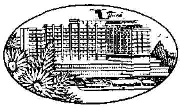

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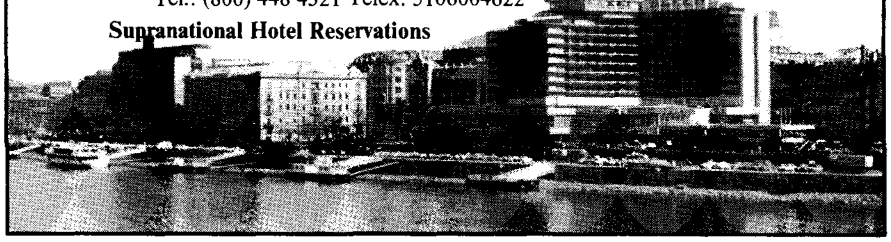

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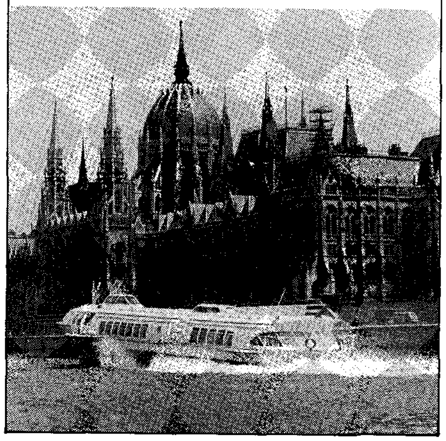

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SYLVIA KENNEDY IS A WRITER LIVING IN LONDON.

Bemus Musical Festival in October. Sixty miles before the Danube leaves Yugoslavia, it becomes a succession of thrilling rapids which pass through a huge gorge known as the Iron Gates. This 115-meter stretch of river contains spectacular locks, reefs, and whirlpools. The Cazan Gorge (cazan is the word for cauldron) is so named because the water "boils" on its way downriver to create the border between Bulgaria and Rumania.

BULGARIA

The evidence of the long Turkish occupation of Bulgaria is apparent in its architecture, costumes, cuisine, and the legends brought to life by its many folk songs and dance troupes. The town of Vidin is one of the oldest in Bulgaria, and has an intriguing mix of mosques, churches, and synagogues. The thirteenth-century citadel of Baba Vida, home to an annual Shakespeare festival, speaks of the Turkish presence, and the busy port of Ruse, a lively oriental town in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, holds the remains of a Turkish citadel and the house of the heroine Baba Tonka, who sheltered anti-Turkish revolutionaries.

The well-seasoned national dishes also underline the Eastern impact. Among Bulgarian favorites are kebapčeta, aromatic shaped-meat rolls, peppers and aubergines stuffed with meat, and mamaliga, the corn mush staple in the Bulgarian diet. Bulgarian wine-making is a relatively new phenomenon because the Turks, in keeping with Islam's strictures against alcohol, did not encourage the peasantry to grow grapes on their smallholdings. The Bulgarian wine industry has grown up quickly: Bulgaria is the world's sixth largest exporter of wine and is famous for the high quality of its dry whites. Bulgaria's river of wine flows all around the world; its portion of the

Danube, though, flows straight to Rumania and the Black Sea.

RUMANIA

A vital, colorful peasant culture is kept alive in Rumania through nationwide folk celebrations. Rumania also offers splendid scenery, and the wonders of Europe's largest, richest wildlife sanctuary: the astonishing reeds, marshes, swamps, and lakes which make up the Danube delta. The city of Giurgiu, ancient trading colony and home to the Bridge of Friendship between Rumania and Bulgaria, is the last sizeable settlement before Tulcea, the delta's gateway.

The Danube divides here into three main arms which flow into the Black Sea, and this delta is where the Danube's magic is fully alive.

There are pockets of forest alongside reed beds, marshes, canals, lakes, and villages. The forest of Letea is wild with massive lianes, garlands of creepers, and rare fluffy ash trees; green and yellow lizards bask next to tortoises on the nearby sandbanks.

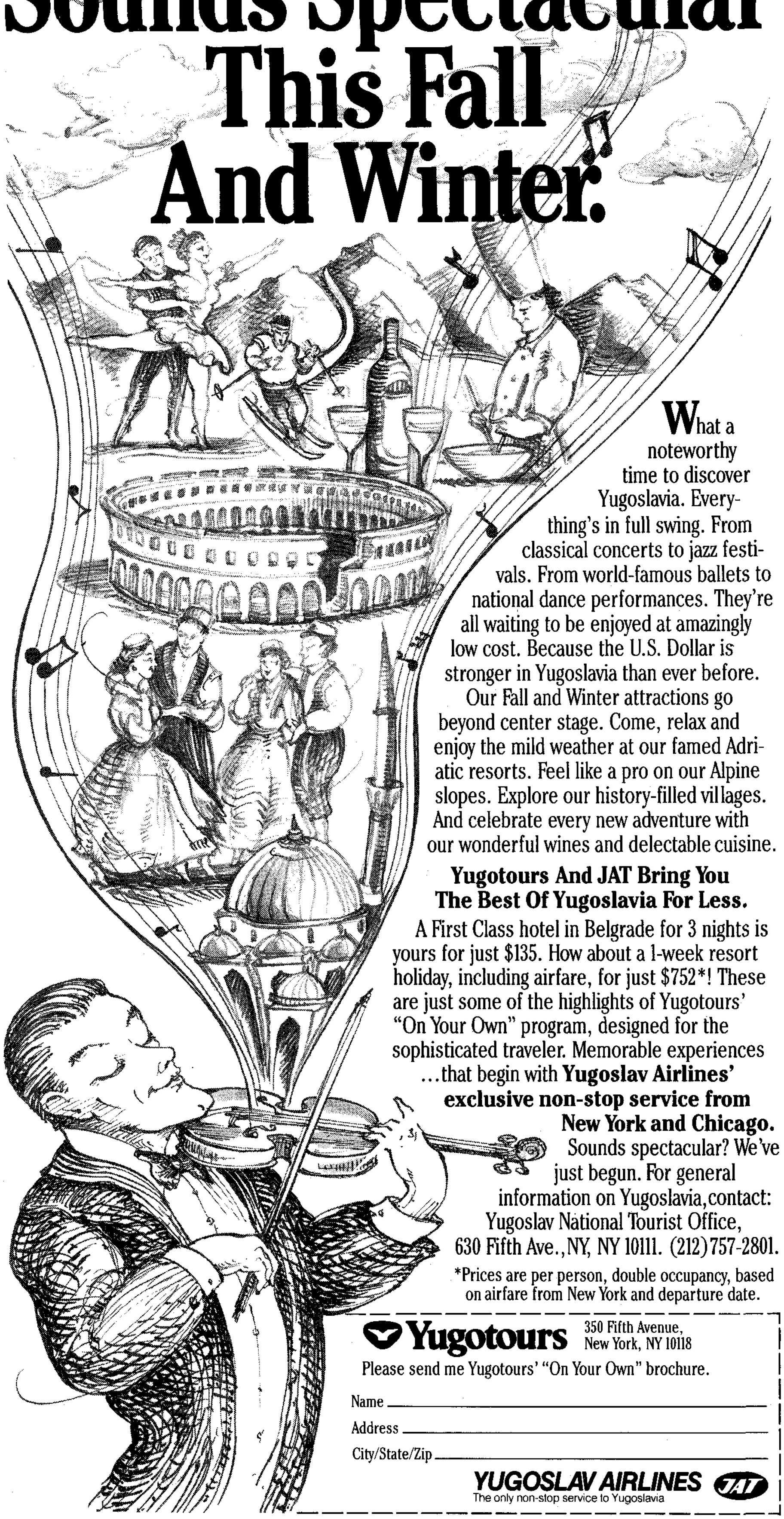
Over three hundred species of birds are native to this fertile land, and species from Africa, Asia, India, Iran, and Europe converge here during migration. The animal life of the delta is just as varied, including mink, wolves, deer, and wild cats.

The villages of the delta are equally exotic: most of the settlers are Old Believers, Lipovans, who fled from Peter the Great's Russia. The Lipovans paint the eaves of their thatched houses in vivid colors, and still use traditional windmills to grind corn.

On June 15, in Babadag, a great picnic is held in the nearby lime tree forest. In Independenta, villagers gather for the annual rush harvest in September and October.

A traveller exploring anywhere along the length of this great European river will be rewarded with the riches of the Danube.

Yugoslavia Sounds Spectacular This Fall And Winter.



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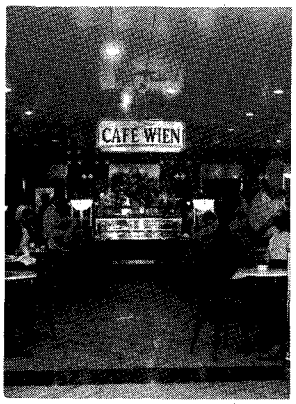


Vienna's history and development of more than two thousand years have been determined above all by its situation at the borderline between East and West, North and South and at the intersection of important European traffic routes. Already in the past, and as the capital of the ethnically mixed Austrian-Hungarian monarchy, the city of Vienna served as a bridge connecting East and West. In the recent past, the importance of this bridge function has increased considerably, attaining another climax due to the present political opening of the East, which naturally also affects **Vienna International Airport**, Austria's central airport, as a gateway to the East or from the East to the Western world. This fact is manifest in the large number of direct flights from Vienna to all East European capitals. Whether it be Moscow, Prague, Warsaw, Budapest, Bucharest or Sofia, optimal connections in both directions with short delays of transfer for destinations all over Western Europe, the Middle and Far East, as well as for the USA, provide a maximum of convenience for the air traveller. A little excursion into the history of Vienna International Airport will show that this has not always been so.

In 1945, the British occupying force look over the severly damaged air base as a Royal Airforce Station, and British European Airways was the first airline to serve Vienna after the war. The establishment of the "Flughafen Wien Betriebsgesellschaft m.b. H." and the assumption of passenger clearance and administrative operations in the years 1953–1954 marked the beginning of a tremendous boom and, consequently, large investment projects. The runway was extended, taxiways were built, and facilities for passenger clearance were installed in a hangar which was altered for the purpose. The first flight of Austrian Airlines was Vienna–London in 1958. During the following years, the route network was extended to other European destinations.

In 1960 the new airfield was opened; the number of passengers served exceeded two million for the first time in 1973, coming into operation of the second runway, direction 16/34, with a total lenght of 3,600 m.

For the time being, structural investments have reached a climax with the construction of the **East Pier**. This pier – called "building of the century" at **Vienna International Airport** – offers docking facilities for eight airplanes and greater convenience for the passengers, and it enables **Vienna International Airport** to catch up with the standards of big junctions of international air traffic. In the cleverly designed East Pier, the passenger finds himself in a bright, pleasant atmosphere with clear functional divisions and short distances between check-in, passport and customs controls and the individual gates. Moreover, generally appreciated facilities, such as duty free shops, cafes, restaurants, a great number of elegant shops and the popular **VIE Interpax Lounge**, are there for passengers to enjoy. For instance, the **Cafe Wien** in the arrival hall offers you a first chance to get yourself into the right frame of mind for Vienna. By the way, what about an exquisite dinner? ***Vienna International Airport*** is proud to offer its guests a restaurant which has been laurelled by the gourmet kings Gault – Millau.

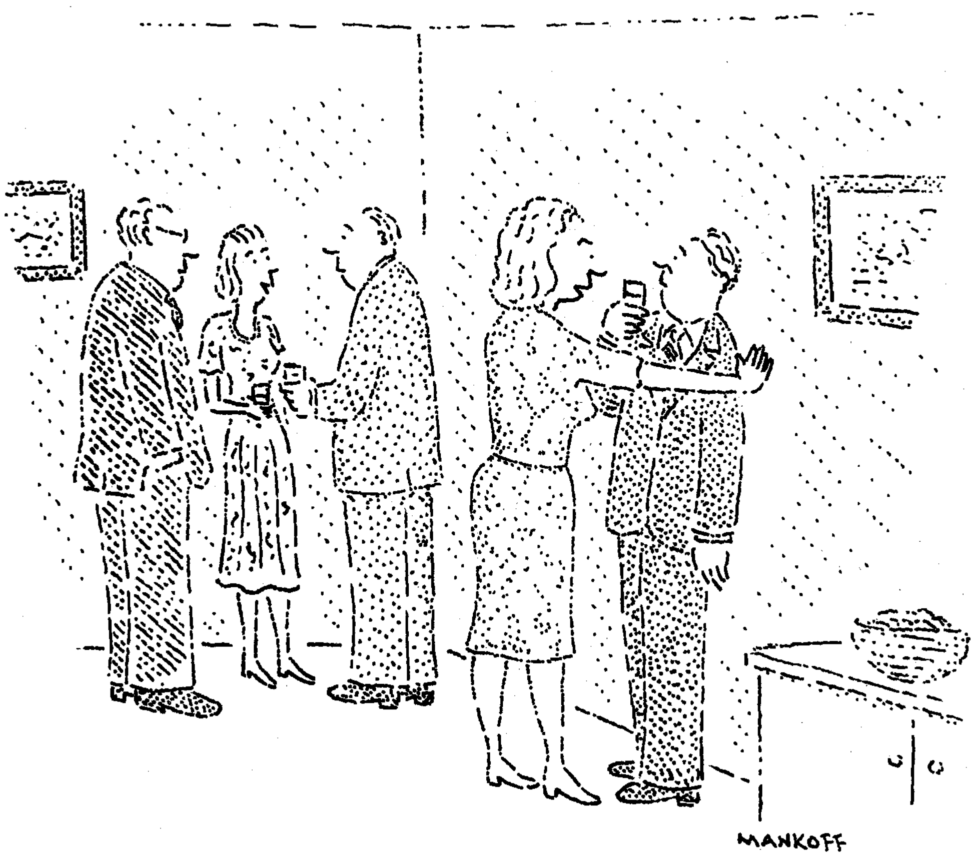
Vienna, as the center of an empire "which never sees the sun go down," has seen many confrontations during the era of the Austrian-Hungarian monarchy. Much more often, however, and in a much more influential way, the city has been a meeting place of different peoples and cultures. That is why this city has always been a particularly apt place for international gatherings; a wide bow of tradition stretches from the meetings of antique and medieval rulers to those of the Kennedys and Khrushchevs, the Brezhnevs and Carters of our days and from the "Wiener Kongress" of 1814–1815 to Vienna's present role as the "third UNO city." Modern air travelling has opened up new dimensions and opportunities for talks and contacts in the fields of economy, culture and politics, saving time and effort by using these opportunities directly at a place which has an immediate connecting function, namely the **VIP and Business Center** at **Vienna International Airport** – wouldn't that be the most natural thing to do? With its manifold facilities, the Center provides optimal conditions for press conferences, sessions, receptions or simply highly confidential talks, and it is regularly used by politicians, artists and businessmen.

Being the first impression of the arriving air traveller, the airport serves as a "calling card" for Vienna and the whole of Austria, and this "calling card" function will become even more important during the world exhibition planned by Vienna in cooperation with Budapest for 1995. Various ideas for the involvement of **Vienna International Airport** in the world exhibition are already being worked out.

At present, more than 40 airlines offer their services to 80 destinations all over the world – including direct flights to the USA, Canada and the Far East, as well as Australia. In 1987, 4.2 million passengers were served.

Vienna International Airport tries to create an atmosphere distinguishing this airport, medium-sized as it is in comparison to the big junctions of international air traffic, placing it among the most advanced, most beautiful, as well as the most human and most functional airports in Europe.

Vienna International Airport



"You're not one of those guys who are afraid of intimacy, are you?"

• •

a delight in the natural world, the artist's sense of her own delicacy.

And there was something of that mood in Herbert Ravenel Sass's essay. He, too, dealt in romance: the oak avenues; the beauty of the river on which the plantation houses often fronted; the organization of the great plantations; the technical skills connected with the flooding and draining of a tidal plantation; the self-containedness of each plantation, each almost a little state, with its own lord, who had certain legal punishing rights over his subjects. It was that idea of the plantation state which no doubt made the writer see the Rice Coast as "in essence an attempt to recreate in America the classic Greek ideal of democracy." And, in a curiously written paragraph, which makes no reference to Africans or slaves or black people, plantation slavery is incorporated into this Greek ideal as "the most complete 'economic security' " ever offered certain people in America. "For this security, covering the whole period of their lives from babyhood to old age, a price was paid," Herbert Ravenel Sass writes. "A price"—that is the silent way in which, to preserve the idea of the classical world, slavery is referred to. And this "price," the writer adds, is "perhaps not wholly excessive," considering the people—again never mentioned—to whom this security was offered.

But—when this Greek aspect was set aside—there was another way of talking about slavery. "For the South the slavery problem became the negro problem, and what in reality the Carolinians strove against from 1831 to 1865 was a threatened 'solution' of the negro problem which would destroy them." The state required slaves; without slaves it couldn't get by; but the slaves threatened the state with extinction always. So the planter's special way of life in the ricelands of Carolina became "white civilization;" that was the thing that had to be preserved.

There was a torment in this way of reasoning, this unwillingness of educated men and religious men—and sensitive men—ever to say that what they were defending was simply the world they had known. And there is always the silence—the lack of reference to Negroes, to the slave cabins below the oaks—in which the plantation world becomes something nobler than itself, becomes something like the Greek city-state. That had been the silence as well, fifty-seven years before, of the Confederate memorial in Columbia: the virtues of the dead men ennobling the cause, the cause itself never defined. But how else, in 1879 or 1936, even at that time of high imperialism, could educated men defend slavery?

I HAD come across the rice-plantation book in the collection of a woman with a famous name. She lived with unusual simplicity in an old house in Charleston, with a piazza (Charleston for "porch" or "veranda") looking out onto a green yard shaded by an old oak, a yard neither ordered nor overgrown. At the boundary of the plot (or beyond the fence) was the windowless back of the neighboring house. This was the Charleston style: the piazza at the side, for privacy. But the house next door rocked with a radio—no protection against that.

And it was there, on that piazza, where the furniture was simple, weather-hardened, with ingrained dust (the harbor breeze in Charleston, Jack Leland told me, was from the south or the west, and that was where people placed their piazzas)—it was there that, through the courtesy of the woman, I met the son of the man who had written the narrative for the plantation book of fifty years before.

Marion Sass was in his fifties, tall, thin, stooped, excessively wrapped up for this hot Charleston afternoon: a brown tweed jacket worn over a pullover. He had small, sad blue eyes in a thin, gentle face. He didn't want to sit with his back to the breeze; he sat with his back to the wall of the house. He was shy; he spoke softly; he looked down and away. As a Charlestonian, he went right back to Henry Woodward, who had explored and prospected the land for the foundation of 1670.

I asked whether such an ancestry in Charleston wasn't a burden, whether it didn't constrict a man.

He said that it was a burden. His ancestry was one of the things that kept him in Charleston. There was a large

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part of him (in spite of his German surname) that would have liked to live in England; his late wife had been English. It was of England, and its curious effect on people—so many people, he said, seeing England for the first time, felt it to be their home—that he talked for some time; and it was of England, I felt, that he would have preferred talking, if such a thing, so simple and free of complication, had been open to him. But there was the burden of the ancestry; and there was his Southernness. And it was to that, without my prompting just then, that he turned the talk.

His father, Herbert Ravenel Sass, was born in 1884 and died in 1958. So his father had been fifty-two when the rice-plantation book was published, in 1936. Eighteen years later, when his father was seventy, the main civil-rights cause had been conceded. Marion Sass himself was born in 1930. He would have shared some political defeats with his father; but the Southern cause, as he saw it, lived on in him.

He told me that at the time the schools were integrated his father had broken through the "paper curtain" that the North had imposed on Southern views, and had published an article in *The Atlantic Monthly* suggesting that mixed schools would lead to a mixed race. That had been proved wrong, Marion Sass said; with integration, the races had, in fact, kept more to themselves socially. But that didn't lessen the need for his political work, to which he now gave more time than to his law practice.

This talk of political work, he said, might sound as though he were engaged in getting people elected to office. He had done that as well. But he was now more concerned with "resistance": resistance to the conquest by the North and resistance to Americanization, which was really Northernization. Though it was ironic, he observed, that some of the most important "American" things—Coca-Cola, country music, even the idea of supermarkets—were Southern.

There was no need to define Southern values. "Southern culture is not simply a matter of the agrarian culture versus the industrial, or the ideals of honor against the crass values of commerce," Marion Sass said. "Southern identity is important because it is Southern. We are Southern. That's enough. It's like the Irish. But they—

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the Irish—don't have this terrible burden of an alien population in their midst."

There, again, a full fifty years after his father's essay in the rice-plantation book, was the vagueness connected with "the problem." How did he, as a thinker, deal with that—the question of race?

He said, "Our way of dealing with that? I try to have as little as possible to do with the race problem. A lot of the white-supremacist cause is in the North and has nothing to do with the South. The Southern cause and the Southern problem are really different things. The North uses the blacks all the time against the South. They did it in 1860, and they've done it in this century."

The North was now very concerned with all its minorities, he said. It might have been thought that it would consider the South a minority area. But it didn't. The official Northern view could be put like this: "The white Southerner is not a minority. He is a backward fellow-American who oppresses a minority, the Negro."

Had he looked at his father's essay about the plantations recently?

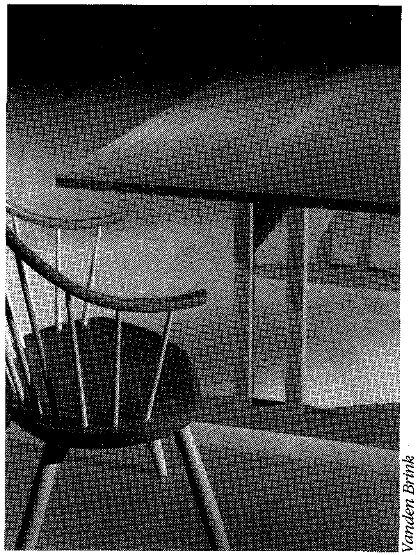
No, not recently. But he knew the book well, and he had some of the feeling for the old plantation life.

I said, "But you can't feel nostalgia for what you don't know?"

"Although I didn't grow up with any knowledge of the working life of the plantation, still, life on the plantations—when we went to visit them when I was a child—was more like the old Southern countryside, even though we didn't have slavery," he said. "It was the old easygoing rural life, and relations between the races were much more what they had been. So I can feel nostalgia for a past."

He was as concerned, even obsessed, as his father had been by the superficial destruction of the South—by the highways, the fast-food chains—and pained by the alienation of some of the plantations to people and firms from outside.

The past as a dream of purity, the past as cause for grief, the past as religion: it is the very prompting of the Shiites of Islam to nobility and sacrifice—the dream of the good time of the Prophet, before greed and ambition destroyed the newly saved world. It was the very prompting of the Confederate memorial in Columbia. And that



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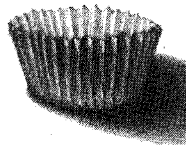

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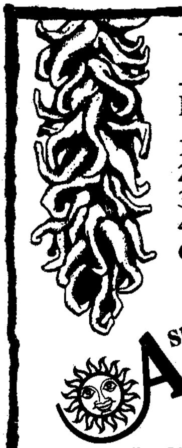

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very special Southern past, and cause, could be made pure only if it was removed from the squalor of the race issue.

When we got up from our chairs and went inside, for a salad provided by our hostess, I said I felt that he was dealing in emotion without a program. He agreed, but then he said that the program was being created.

The talk became general. We looked at some of our hostess's old books about South Carolina. We looked at copies of her family letters—many of them plantation letters—that were almost two hundred years old; the letters had been typed out and bound in heavy folio volumes. When Marion Sass and our hostess spoke the names of plantations—Fairfield, Oakland, Middleburg, Middleton Place, Hampton—it was as though they were talking of country houses. But then I understood that they were also talking in an allusive way of the very many families to whom they were related.

He drove me back to my hotel, in an untidy old car. He was nagged by what I had said about emotion without a program, and the next morning he sent me a copy of a letter he had written to the local paper in 1983 and a copy of an advertisement announcing a Southern publishing venture. These copies were left at the hotel in a very large used envelope, with my name and his name in very small letters; the envelope carried the printed name of a health organization.

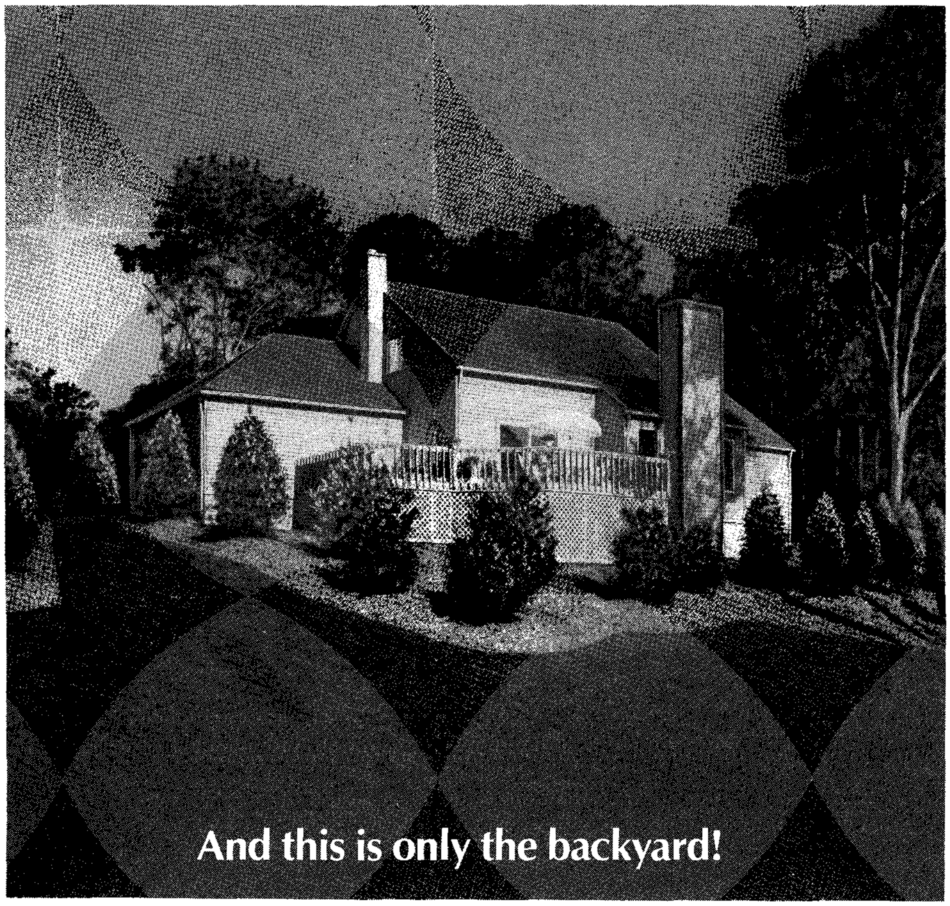
And then he telephoned, and as he spoke I could visualize his thin, sensitive face. He hadn't done the publishing that the advertisement had promised, he said, but the advertisement had drawn a response—he felt he had touched a chord. He told me that because of the developments of the nineteen-fifties his father had ended as a Southern separatist, and that was where he himself was now.

The defeat of the South—the surrender of Lee—was for him an unappeasable sorrow, I felt. I asked him whether he knew the Confederate memorial in Columbia.

He said he had studied law in Columbia, and he liked the town, though some people didn't. He knew the words of the Confederate memorial very well; he spoke some of them on the telephone. The words, he told me, were written by William Henry Trescot, a native of Charleston and a South Carolinian patriot.

His cause had come out of an unappeasable sorrow. And I felt that it could lead only to further sorrow: he himself knew that there was now another, and perhaps predominant, side to Southern thinking. I recalled something that a writer in Atlanta, Anne Siddons, had once spoken of: the need at a certain age to hoard emotion, to spare passion from public causes for one's own spiritual concerns, to make one's peace with age and the frailties of one's own human state. I spoke of that as best I could on the telephone. He said he understood; but still it worried him that at times he could so sink into himself that he could forget his cause.

ONE hot morning—hot for May, everyone said, and without the rain that the gardens needed, the rain that could sometimes fall every afternoon—Jack Leland drove me through what he called his "territory." First, we went to Mount Pleasant, on the east



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side of Charleston Harbor. It had been the "summering place" of planters, and was now a rich-looking suburb with old trees, very shady. Not far below was the sea. We saw a trawler putting out. The Portuguese were the first to use those trawlers in Charleston, in the nineteen-twenties, Leland said; he logged everything connected with his town. We had come to Mount Pleasant to see the Hibben house, the house of the family to which Leland's New England ancestor had come as a tutor. It was at the end of a cul-de-sac, a two-hundred-year-old house with columns, the house of the people who had once owned all the land of this suburb—a story of ancestors given unexpected reality.

On the road again, Leland pointed out where black communities had grown up on plots of ground which they had bought after the war—the Civil War. "They're not doing well. These Negroes up to World War II had land and they all had gardens. They raised a lot of their own food. Now you very rarely see a Negro family in the country that has a vegetable garden."

As we drove through one black village, Leland showed the houses of two of his black "friends." These friends were people he bought things from; his definition of black friends was South Carolinian. Some of the houses suggested that the owners were well off. I asked whether they were small businessmen. He said no—that the blacks in those houses probably worked at the naval station or had other federal jobs. The local black population had lost its most ambitious sector with the migration to the cities in the North; almost every Negro of ambition had gone.

"Does the name Stepin Fetchit mean anything to you?" he asked.

It certainly did. Stepin Fetchit was adored in my childhood by the blacks of Trinidad. He was adored not only because he was funny and did wonderful things with his seemingly disjointed body and had a wonderful walk and a wonderful voice, and was given extravagant words to speak; he was adored by Trinidad black people because he appeared in films, at a time when Hollywood stood for an almost impossible glamour, and he was also adored—most important—because at a time when the various races of Trinidad were socially separate and the world seemed fixed forever that way, with segregation to the north in the

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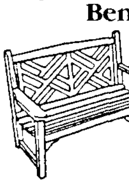

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United States, with Africa ruled by Europe, with South Africa the way it was (and not at all a subject of local black concern), and Australia and New Zealand the way they were, at that time, in Trinidad, Stepin Fetchit was seen on the screen in the company of white people. And to Trinidad blacks—who looked down at that time on Africans, and laughed and shouted and hooted in the cinema whenever Africans were shown dancing or with spears—the sight of Stepin Fetchit with white people was like a dream of a happier world.

It wasn't of this adored figure that Jack Leland was speaking, though. He had another, matter-of-fact, local attitude. He said, "The ambitious people went North, and we were left with the Stepin Fetchits." Now there was a movement back, he said—not big but noticeable.

I said, a little later, that it was my impression that the blacks of South Carolina were very black people, not as mixed as black people in the Caribbean islands. He said there had been little mixing of the races. The planters thought it degrading to have relations with a slave woman. There was a story that after the war the Union soldiers didn't have those scruples. But there were not many mixed people.

Did that make for more difficult relations between the races?

No, it made for easier relations. "Mulattoes and quadroons and those are the angry people," he said.

Some way up the highway, we turned off to have a look at a spectacular old oak avenue, partly in ruin—the kind of avenue with which Marion Sass's father had begun his nostalgic recall of plantation days. When we drove on, the sea was on our right, hidden by forest, and the river was on our left. Salt and fresh: where the land was salt, cotton had grown in the old days; where the water was fresh, there had been rice. Now, along one stretch of road, there was a large kiwi-fruit plantation.

We turned onto a side road then, and suddenly, on overgrown ground attached to a Presbyterian church of 1696, there was a little cemetery, where, Leland said, some of the first settlers were buried. Beyond a certain creek, the old plantation of Walnut Grove began. It was the ancestral property, acquired in 1832 and sold during the Depression, in 1935. Still with us, the roadside woodland. And now—the black village where after the Civil War blacks had bought plots of plantation ground.

"When the children were small and we crossed the creek, I stopped the car and made them get out and bow three times to the east," Leland said. "Sacred territory."

"What did the children think of that?"

He laughed. "They got a great charge out of it. They still do it when they come here. And I do it with them. People see us bowing. They probably think we're crazy. We probably are. But it's a nice craziness."

And now, driving through this territory, memory overcoming him at certain spots, he filled out some of the things he had told me earlier. They had been poor, with little money coming in. But they had never been short of food. "Shrimps, crab, oysters. Clams. Fish. Venison. Wild turkey. Ducks. Partridges. There was just a wealth of wild food to be had. And, of

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course, my father had the farm, where he grew the food." And when on a morning he, Jack Leland, went out with the shotgun, the birds he shot were for the table. The hunting life was important here (to blacks as well), and when you saw the land you understood. And the land concealed something else. There was a creek—a branch—at some distance with very pure water. Visitors would be offered bourbon and branch.

We turned off onto a narrower road. We passed a house in a wooded garden.

"That's a cracker house. Backwoods whites—poor white trash, as they say. And that's another cracker house. About seventy years old, perhaps. They're part of the picture. You can't leave them out."

He had the local eye—just as in Malaysia the local people can distinguish a Chinese house from a Malay one purely by the way the surrounding ground is used. The houses he described as cracker houses seemed to me attractive, with trees and shade and shrubs.

He said, "They have a certain charm. But a lot of junk around. You can tell a cracker house by the trash, and the generally unkempt look of the place. Half a dozen defunct automobiles, say. That was very typical at one time."

The crackers, like the blacks, had their own place in the local caste system. "When I was growing up, we went to grammar school and high school with them," Leland said. He meant the crackers. "But we did not socialize. Our social lives were entirely different. Most of the crackers were Baptists, Methodists, or Pentecostal Holiness—that's the shouting religion—whereas my family and the other families up here were Episcopalian, mainly, and Presbyterian, and they were top of the heap. I will tell you. At Walnut Grove, we had a summer cottage, where my father's younger brothers and their friends stayed during the summer. A four-room house on the river. This was shortly after 1902—my father had just married and brought his bride back. He was the eldest of eleven children. One day, my father got up early in the morning, at six, for his usual cup of coffee. And he saw some of his horses standing by the gate saddled, but with their reins cut. After a while, the younger brothers and their friends showed up, walking. They had

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been to a square dance out in the swamps, where the crackers lived. They hadn't found their horses afterward, and they had had to walk back. And my father warned them not to go back. Because, he said, this—the cutting of the horses' reins—is the crackers' way of warning you not to meddle with their women. 'The next time they will take more drastic action,' he said. But they didn't listen. They went again. As they were riding back through a trail in the swamps, the crackers dropped out of the tree limbs above them with knives. Like the Indians. And one of my uncles was badly wounded and one of the men with them was killed. It was in the night. Nothing could be proved against anybody. Nobody was brought to justice. It was the law of the swamps. You just did not socialize with those people. My father always said he preferred having the Negroes living on his property rather than those crackers."

The blacks looked down on the crackers, and the crackers hated the blacks, because the blacks were in direct competition with them. But the crackers were as heavily exploited as the blacks, Jack Leland said, and were probably treated worse by white employers, because there was less feeling of responsibility concerning them. "The crackers began to increase in number after the Civil War," he added. "Before the Civil War, in this plantation area there were only planters and Negroes, and nobody in between, except, perhaps, the overseers."

There was a church that Leland wanted to show me, the family church, the one connected with Walnut Grove—St. James Santee Parish, Santee being the name of the river. It lay along the King's Highway—the name coming down from Colonial days, indicating a road made at the king's orders, at a time when most people travelled by water. The road was unpaved. If there had been the usual amount of May rain, it would have been difficult; but it was easy. And soon we were there: an old red brick church with a portico. There was another portico at the back. The church was meant to serve French and English, but the portico for the French was now blocked up. The red brick had the appearance of something neglected in a damp tropical climate.

"Come," Jack Leland said suddenly, moving briskly, in spite of his bad ankles, leading me in through the

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gate. "Come, let me show you where I'm going to be buried."

It was hot, no wind, and there was a hum of mosquitoes. All around, in the pines, were the cries of birds of various sorts. In the small churchyard, dry, full of brown leaves and fallen pine needles, were tombstones.

"All these people are relatives."

Jonah Collins
Born 1723 Died 1786

"He's the son of the man who brought the sea chests from Barbados."

William Toomer
1866-1955

"My mother's uncle. A lawyer and a judge." His sprightliness at being near the site of his burial place took me aback, then imposed reverence on me.

"There."

An ordinary bare spot of earth, a little vacant space between the headstones. That was where he was going to be buried.

"I want to be buried with a flat-topped marble tomb, right here by Jonah Collins. It will have my name, the date of my birth, the date of my death. And at the bottom there will be a line: 'Have one on Jack.' And I'm leaving two thousand dollars to the church, so that every year at the spring service they can have wine, whiskey, or whatever. I think people will remember me because of that."

The mosquitoes and other insects were a nuisance. He had expected them; he had come with a can of insect repellent. Without a breeze, the heat was oppressive, scorching the head. But there was often a wind, he said. "There's no sound like the sound of the wind soughing through the pine trees. And that's where I want to be buried, so that I can listen to it forever."

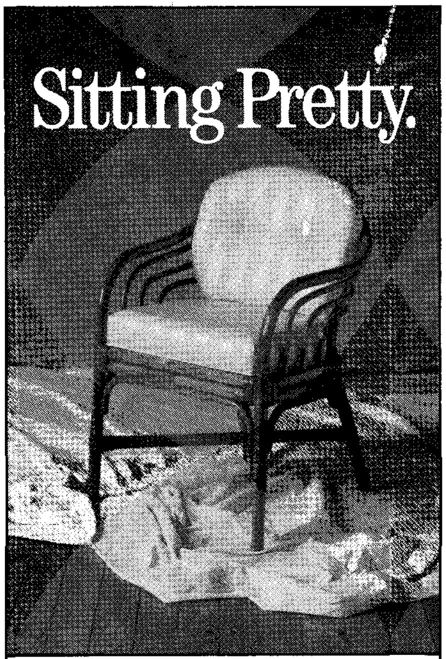
Inside, the church was very plain, with the mustiness and shut-up smell of a building not often used. The church had been built in the seventeen-sixties. (The Pompion Hill chapel had been built at the same time.) It had a rough tile floor, and the building materials were brick, plaster, and timber. There was no stone in these parts. The windows had timber surrounds, dressed like stone: local trees, local work—slave work, perhaps. The pews were enclosed; a family in its pew would have been hidden, as if in a high-walled box, open at the top. Perhaps, Jack Leland said, the pews had been built like that to keep the children in, or perhaps in cold weather they were easier to heat, with the warm bricks that were used for that purpose.

We went on to McClellanville, near the sea—the summer resort of the family. And it was still literally a family resort. There were cousins or other relatives in almost every house in the white part of the village. Most of the blacks lived outside the village proper. Leland knew the history of every house. That magnolia tree had been planted by his father in 1892, in what was then Leland's grandmother's yard. His father had brought the seedling over from Walnut Grove in his saddlebag. And Leland himself had helped to plant oaks in McClellanville. He had done that in 1934, the year before his father had to sell Walnut Grove. They were now very big trees. But that planting had been part of a federal program—and the trees contained a reminder of the poverty of those days. A woman ran the federal tree-planting program. She employed about twenty high-school boys, and they were paid two dollars a day.

We had lunch at a restaurant on the highway, not far from McClellanville. The very young waitress turned out to have the name Leland; she was a cousin.

I read him the words from the Confederate memorial in Columbia. He was affected by them. He said, "When I was a boy, there was a story in my family about the burning of one of my family's plantations. The place belonged to one of the drafters of the Ordinance of Secession. That was in 1860. And that, of course, brought on the war. The colonel in charge of the area of Christ Church Parish was a Colonel Beecher, a half-brother of Harriet Beecher Stowe. They were great abolitionists from New England, and I think I can say that that book, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' did more than any other single thing to provoke the war. It irritated the South, where only a third of the white families owned slaves, and it worked powerfully on people in the North.

"The story is that the wife of Colonel Beecher went around in Christ Church Parish burning plantation houses. I grew up thinking that it was perhaps a folk story. But in recent years a diary came to light of a Dr. Marcy, who was a Union Army surgeon. He was one of the people who took books,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art treasures, and whatnot out of the houses down here and shipped them North. And my daughter—she was doing research out of Middleton Place, she is part Middleton—got a copy of this diary. In it she read that Mrs. Beecher was actually present at the burning of Peter Bonneau's plantation house. He was the drafter of the Ordinance of Secession. The Beechers were Puritans. These people have a mentality that is very hard to understand. When they sent missionaries to Africa, the first thing they did was to make the Africans wear clothes, cover up."

Early afternoon. On the road again, we passed black church congregations dispersing, driving away in cars. In the old days, Leland said, black churches had their Sunday services in the afternoon, because many of the black women would have been at work in the morning in white houses, cooking lunch.

The green highway signs measured off our progress back to Charleston. There came a moment when Leland stopped leaning forward, and put his hand on the back of my seat. He leaned back and said, "We are now out of my territory."

IT was Alex Sanders, Chief Judge of the South Carolina Court of Appeals, who had directed me to the Confederate memorial. I had had an introduction to him, and when we first met, in Columbia, he had given me lunch at the Faculty Club of the university there. He was a big man with an accent so strong that it could divert one from the precision and economy with which, as a lawyer, he could speak. He had sent me to the memorial, he said later, to enable me to understand something about the South. He himself, though he found the words moving, wasn't certain about the cause. "Lost causes are espoused or romanticized by the second generation." The memorial had been unveiled in 1879, fourteen years after the end of the war. It was astonishing to him that people in 1879 had found the money to make the memorial, for it was a time when there wasn't enough to eat. He remembered talking to one or two veterans on the Confederate side. One of them said, "I got my ass shot off for other folks' niggers."

"He didn't have any slaves, you see. And the vast majority who fought in that war didn't have any. They were

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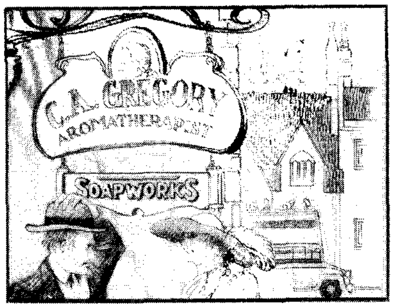

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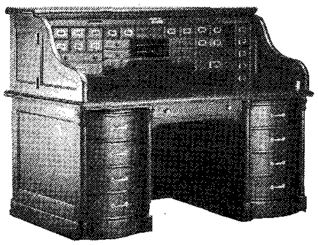

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fodder for the aristocracy. Identity is more than just remembering the past. We have to be like museum curators. In the dynasty of Ming, there was obviously a lot that was beautiful. But I am sure there was a lot that was junk. The job of the curator is to pick and choose."

His family had been in South Carolina "forever." An early ancestor on his mother's side had come out as a missionary to the Indians and had then become a missionary to slaves. Didn't he, when he was growing up, have an attitude toward the South?

He didn't, any more than a fish has an attitude toward the ocean in which he swims. "It was only after I grew up and left that I developed an attitude. And at first my attitude was that I was ashamed of it. But the older I get the more I realize that the transgressions of the South were the transgressions of mankind, and that there were certain things that were superior. There is a cultural attitude in the South that embraces respect for family and God and, in some ways, for country. Although patriotism is not among the highest virtues on my list, still the patriot believes in something larger than himself, and it is therefore a virtue. There is an attitude in the South that there is more to life than the moment."

"Honor? It's such a theme. So many people talk about it."

"I was trained that way," he said. "To believe that truth is an ultimate virtue. The watchword for life was unselfishness." He stopped. "But I don't know that any of this is peculiar to the South. I am inclined to think, however, that the closer you get to the equator, the more life tends to be exaggerated."

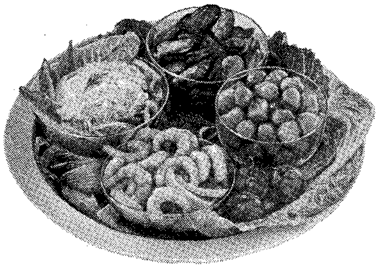
"Did you try to distance yourself from the South after you'd become ashamed of it?"

"Particularly when I was with people from the North. And even when I was in the South I spoke out against things I didn't like. That meant the racism."

"It must create disturbance, turning against what you had grown up with."

He said, "It produces a certain schizophrenia. But as I get older I get more tolerant. I become more tolerant of intolerance. If you find a Klansman who will talk to you, and you ask him what the Ku Klux Klan stands for, he will say it stands for law and order, and love and friendship, and brother-

Small wonders.



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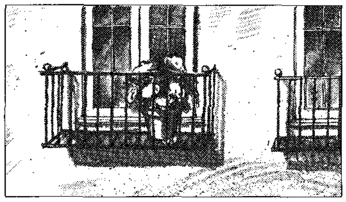

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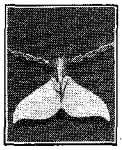

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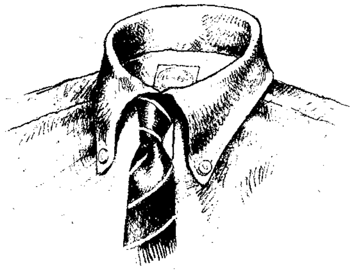

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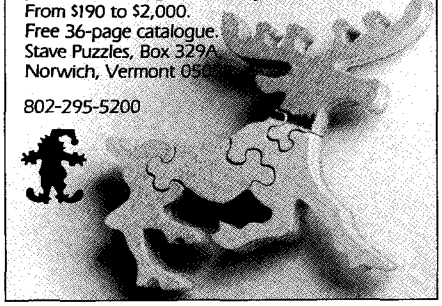

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hood. If you ask him how he would set about achieving those things, he will say, 'Whatever it takes. Whether we have to blow up that building or attack that man.' He doesn't see how those two ideas are not in harmony with one another. You can't deal with that kind of schizophrenia."

Judge Sanders said that commercial pressures were now bringing about social change. There had been a recent uproar about a black I.B.M. executive's being denied membership in a club in Columbia. As a result, I.B.M. had dropped an idea about putting up a local plant. Neither I.B.M. nor the executive had wished to talk about the matter or make race the issue, and it therefore wasn't easy for people to deal with. The consequence was that there had been no bluster on the part of the club; it had simply changed its policy and invited some blacks to join.

Judge Sanders spoke as a lawyer. Through the law he had arrived at a larger identity. "The common law is a majestic thing," he said. "It has a remarkable capacity for resolving disputes in a way that not only preserves civilization but enhances it. It is not unusual for me to find myself guided in a decision by a decision that a judge made a thousand years ago. I am aware I'm serving a larger civilization. And I know I'm serving it."

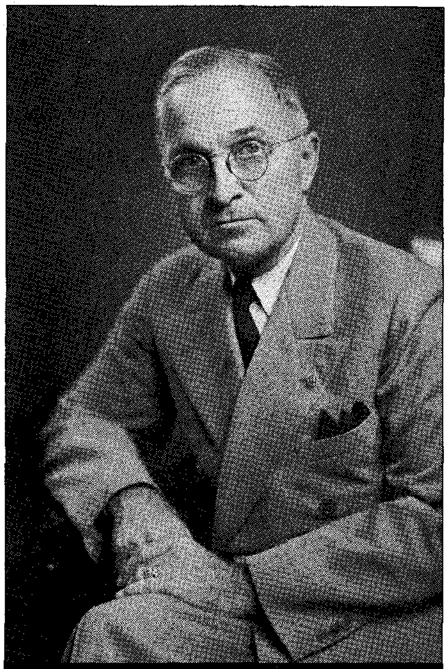
He spoke of the South's acceptance of civil rights as a kind of recognition by the South of the immorality of its earlier position.

I wanted to know whether he could chart particular stages of that recognition.

"I have a hard time explaining that to myself," he said. "It is a wondrous thing. If you had told me in the late fifties and early sixties that in the very near future we were going to have an integrated society, I wouldn't have believed you. I thought then that it might be a hundred years in coming. It may even be divine, the change that has come about—I don't know. It's hard to understand. But people all of a sudden saw that it was wrong. And that is miraculous, for people to say that their own behavior has been morally defective. Nobody ever confesses on that scale. And here we have not only a somebody, an individual, saying that, but a whole society."

—V. S. NAIPAUL

(*This is the first part of a three-part article.*)



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MUSICAL EVENTS

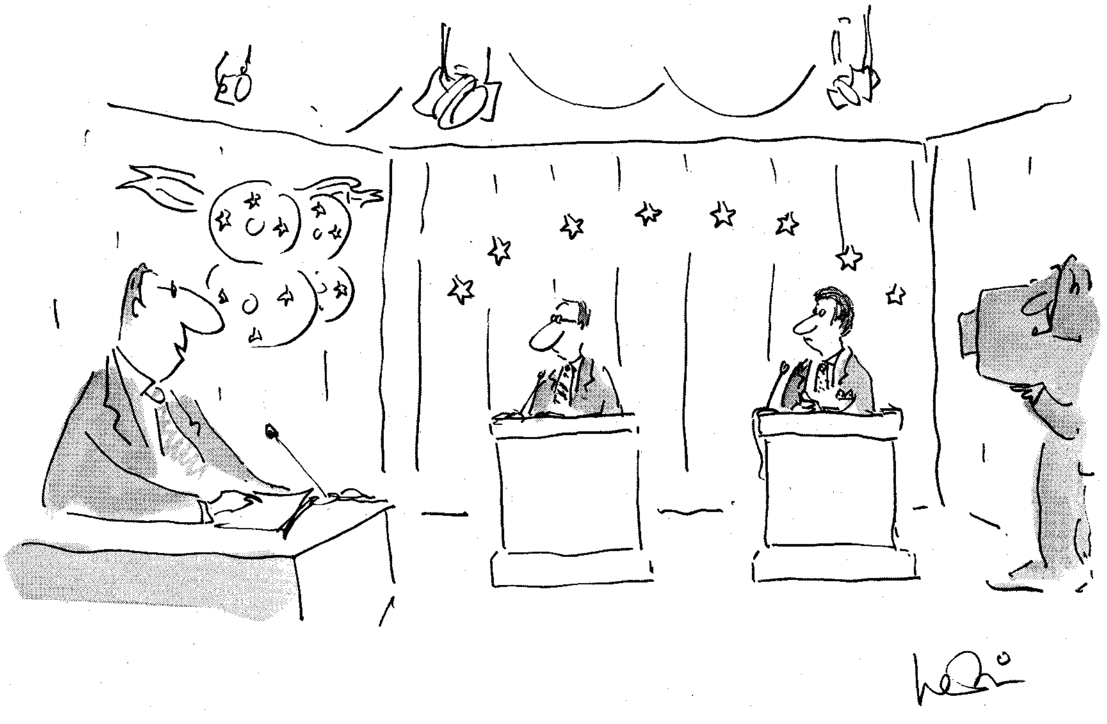
Music in Action

PETER MAXWELL DAVIES's latest opera, "Resurrection," was given its first performance, by the Darmstadt Opera, last month. The work was conceived a quarter century ago, when Davies was at Princeton, on a Harkness Fellowship, and it represented, he said, "a reaction to American popular culture and to the 'instant' quality of so much of their produce and their life," where "everything was disposable, and everything had to have some kind of commercial validity." At the time, he felt that he lacked the technique to bring off such a piece. Instead, he composed the reflective opera "Taverner" and the violent music-theatre pieces "Revelation and Fall," "Missa Super l'Homme Armé," "Eight Songs for a Mad King," "Vesalii Icones." But "Resurrection" was not forgotten. In a commercialized, non-socialist Britain drawing in many ways ever closer to what had distressed him in America, Davies completed the opera, last year. Covent Garden had turned it down. Darmstadt welcomed it.

It is a ninety-minute, one-act piece, calling for seven singers and five dancers (each playing multiple roles), a vocal quartet, a pop group with a lead singer, a Salvation Army band, an orchestra of at least seventeen (more if the strings are doubled), and a prerecorded tape. In the prologue, the Hero, an ordinary decent youth, represented by a dummy, is chided and bullied by Mum, Dad, Brother, Sister, Doctor, Vicar, and Schoolmaster for his reluctance to conform. Then Four Surgeons go to work on his mind, his heart, and his genitals, and at the close he is "resurrected"—as a monster. Twenty-four television commercials and eight pop songs punctuate the action. The ads are sung by the vocal quartet and are mimed (in the composer's conception) by dancers. A Cat, gradually metamorphosed into a Dragon, mimes the pop songs. The libretto, Davies's own, draws imagery from Dürer's Apocalypse woodcuts and from the sixteenth-century alchemical illustrations that Jung reproduced in "The Practice of Psychotherapy," and it mingles this with the jargon, clichés, and impoverished vocabulary of television and modern journalism. Tensions are set up between thoughts that may be profound or poetic and their expression in reach-me-down phrases. The music is similarly eclectic, ranging from jingles and commercial pop to Davies's most refined and intricate present manners. But Easter plainchants, variously transformed, underpin all the score. "Resurrection" gathers up and presents in essence the quarter century of the composer's preoccupations and explorations.

It is not an easy work to appreciate. The awfulness of much of the text, deliberate though it may be, proves unattractive. Not all the jingles and pop tunes are catchy; one has to listen through to what is happening beneath the surface. The Darmstadt production, staged by Peter Brenner and designed by Waltraud Engelberg, hardly assisted comprehension. It was a glitzy, expensive, superficial, neon-lit show, diffuse and spectacular—not the compact drama that Davies evidently intended. The TV commercials were not enacted; they had been filmed in advance and were projected onto a giant screen. This was untheatrical: instead of seeing actors enact slick, banal commercials, one simply watched television. On flanking screens, the Dürer or alchemical illustrations were projected, to provide fascinating footnotes, illuminating the sources of the composer's imagery.

The Darmstadt Staatstheater, built in 1972, functional and bleak, holds fewer than a thousand people but has one of the largest stages in Europe. One understands an urge to expand operas, to use larger casts than a composer specifies. But "Resurrection"—implemented with a chorus, extra dancers, and two cuties from a TV giveaway show (*Nummerngirls*)—did not profit thereby. And at the close there was a failure of courage: there was no "resurrection." The Hero's penis did not swell and rise into a huge submachine gun levelled at the audience, threatening destruction. (The Surgeons have excised from him any generative power, but loveless sexuality has become another commercial



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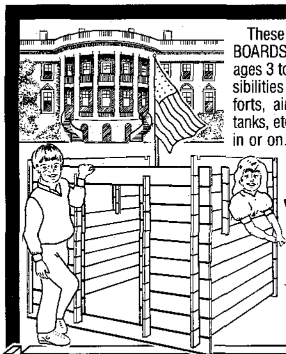

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weapon.) He had not been turned into a menacing monster. He was merely hoisted up, unenlarged, apparently unaltered, into the flies. (The stage directions call for him to become gigantic, the full height of the theatre.) It was, someone remarked, rather as if at the close of an "Othello" production the Othello had failed to strangle the Desdemona. The drama came to no climax.

The splashy, high-tech staging was unhelpful. The singing was dutiful-efficient: notes well learned and accurately delivered, but in an unalluring, inexpressive manner. I admired the work, however. The music is strong, and the conductor, Hans Drewanz, presented the musical images in sharp focus. The orchestra played well. One was left in little doubt that a presentation of "Resurrection" comparably sharp in dramatic focus, tight and trenchant, would prove overwhelming.

After my performance, the second, there was a colloquium in the theatre foyer with the composer, the conductor, and the director (who is also the Darmstadt *Intendant*) on the platform to answer concerned questions from an ample audience far younger than any seen at the Met or the City Opera. Do Juilliard students shun, rather than throng, such new works as are presented at Lincoln Center? Has opera, the most politically potent of all art forms, nothing to say about the forthcoming election?

THE City Opera has mounted a new work, "Rasputin," with words and music by Jay Reise. Historical or documentary opera is an honorable genre. David Blake, the composer of the "Toussaint" that I reviewed in these pages eleven years ago, said in an introduction to that piece:

> The impartial historian is an academic fiction. The unpolitical artist is irrelevant. . . . I have no time for a purely "culinary" opera and wish in the opera house not *only* to be entertained but to be informed, to be intellectually stimulated (i.e. made to think) and finally, to be made to take up a position.

"Toussaint" meets Blake's requirements. So does "Nixon in China." Two other admirable American operas that were at once entertaining, informative, and stimulating were Bruce Adolphe's "Mikhoels the Wise" and "The False Messiah," presented at the 92nd Street Y in 1982 and 1983. Another was Anthony Davis's "X,"

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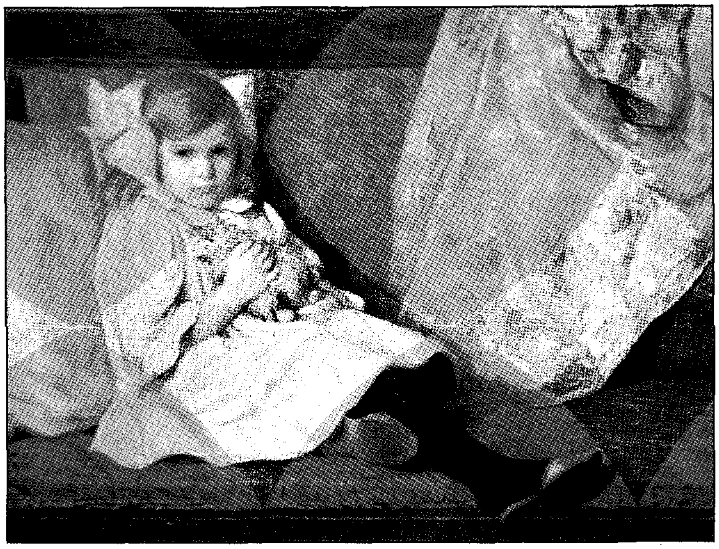
which the City Opera produced two years ago. Reise (in a program-book interview) suggested relevance for "Rasputin" by referring to contemporary "evangelists"—Falwell, Swaggart, Robertson, Graham—and to White House astrology. Lenin's speech on the necessity for revolutionary violence and terror, ringing from loudspeakers, punctuates his second act. And "when Alexandra sings Nicholas a tonal lullaby after he suffers an atonal paranoid hallucination, she is not only comforting him, but symbolically putting to sleep all of the nineteenth century and the Russian Empire."

But between promising conception and execution something, or perhaps several things, went wrong. "Rasputin" seemed trivial, incoherent, unentertaining, and insufficiently informative. Reise seemed to have lost his nerve. The three-act opera whose piano-vocal score critics were invited to peruse had been pared to a short two-act opera. Piscator-like dramatization of historical event veered toward "Oh! Calcutta!" Seriousness was compromised by a recourse to cliché shock effect. A first scene in which Rasputin hears the Virgin's call is replaced by a prayer meeting at the close of which the worshippers strip off their clothes and embark on simulated copulation. The "hit number" is Prince Yusupov's "Bébé d'amour." At the City Opera, Henry Price—silk-stockinged, high-heeled, cancan-gartered—displayed shapely legs. Much has been written about why Yusupov killed Rasputin. The opera suggests he did so because Rasputin's ability to stop the Czarevich's bleeding and the official doctor's inability to do so led to the latter's suicide, and Yusupov loved the doctor: "Such a good and kind soul! I owed you a lot. Whenever there was trouble or my old man had it in for me, you were there! You were there! Not to mention your introducing me to the finer things in life!"

A strong drama strongly staged and enacted can carry a no more than competent, workaday score to at any rate temporary success. And inspired music can triumph over dramaturgical weakness. But "Rasputin" seems at once over-summary in action and musically meagre. It is not a wretched failure—rather, a promising first opera that doesn't come off. It was very well performed, especially by John Cheek, in the title role, and Jon Garrison, as



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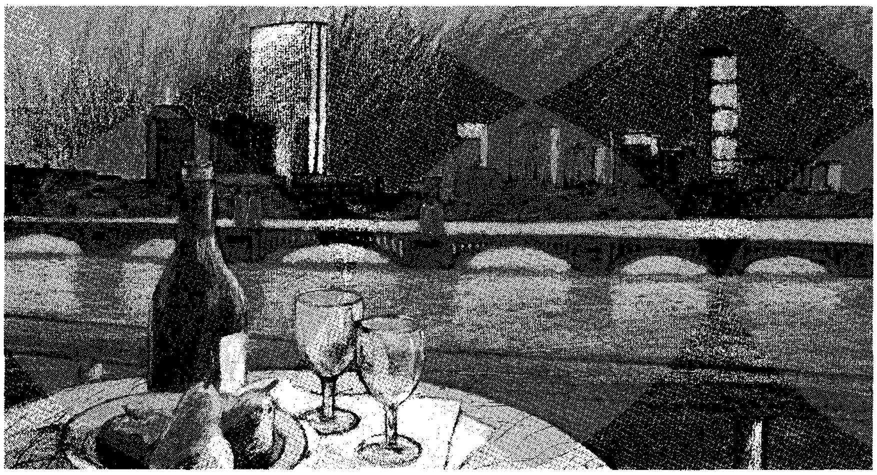

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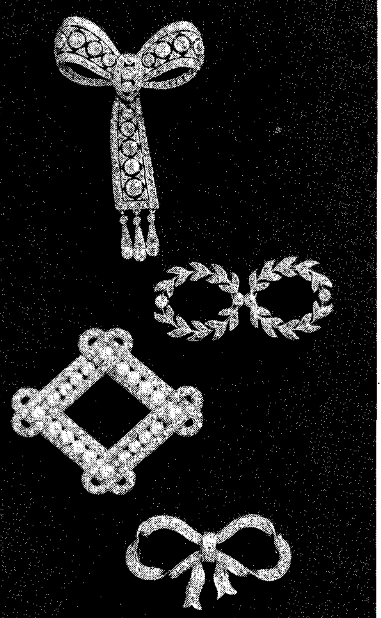

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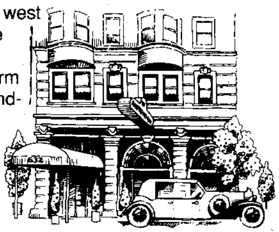

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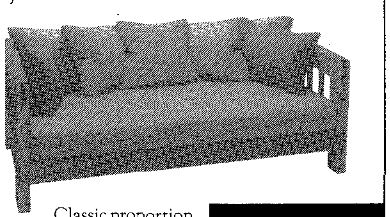

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Nicholas. Margaret Cusack, the Alexandra, pushed her soprano too hard. Richard Fracker was incisive in two small roles. Frank Corsaro's staging, in Franco Colavecchia's black-box-with-trimmings décor, was taut and effective. Christopher Keene conducted.

"GIULIO CESARE" is the Handel opera most often performed. In recent years, three productions have been prominent: the English National Opera's (1979), with Janet Baker in the title role (reproduced in San Francisco and in Geneva, and issued on both audio and video recordings); PepsiCo Summerfare's (1985), directed by Peter Sellars, and taken up in Boston and in Brussels; and the Paris Opera's (1987), directed by Nicholas Hytner. The Met, for its first new production of the season, chose to remount the E.N.O. version. Staged by John Copley, in hotel-lobby scenery by John Pascoe, it is a thing of pretty, graceful poses and groupings, devoid of any dramatic content unsupplied by individual singers. Jeffrey Gall, Ptolemy here (but Caesar in Mr. Sellars' production), supplied some, though when decorating he shot at high notes that turned into squawks. Martine Dupuy, the Sextus of my performance (but the Caesar of a later one; Met casts change constantly), uttered the text as if it meant something. Tatiana Troyanos was sketchy, porridgy, verbally incomprehensible in the title role; in the final "Da tempeste," a bravura air, she kept her eyes cast down at the prompt box, as if reading the music from a teleprompter. Kathleen Battle, the Cleopatra, was exquisite in her way: daintily precise, perfectly in tune, ravishing. But it was a tiny performance, one better suited to Drottningholm than to the Met. The Cornelia was Sarah Walker; she, too, elected to aim in decorations for high notes that lay beyond her effective reach. The Achillas was Julien Robbins.

An uncut "Cesare" in Birmingham in 1977 lasted a little over four hours. The Met performance was about half an hour shorter: nine airs, much recitative, and most of the Cleopatra-Caesar duet were omitted. The second-act finale, Sextus' "L'aura che spira," was among the pieces missing. Sextus lost three airs in all, Ptolemy and Achillas two each, Cornelia and Cleopatra one each. Recitative was sung slowly, not as pitched speech, and the last notes of each phrase were often dwelt on. There were short pauses between scenes. This was a "Cesare" conceived in Dr. Burney's terms as a "completest concert": costumes and scenery added to music. It was rather boring. Trevor Pinnock, conducting his first opera, showed no feeling for drama.

LORENZO DA PONTE died a hundred and fifty years ago, in New York. The Montepulciano festival (or "art workshop," as it styles itself) marked the anniversary with a production of "L'Ape Musicale," "The Musical Bee," an operatic pasticcio that Da Ponte devised for the New York début of his niece Giulia, at the Park Theatre in 1830. It was not the first flight of his "Bee." He had brought out an earlier version at the Vienna Burgtheater in 1789 (between "Don Giovanni" and "Così"), with Mozart's original Fiordiligi, Countess, and Figaro in the cast. In a preface to the libretto, Da Ponte wrote of "a kind of comedy in which—with the original texts now parodied, now altered, now retained—are gathered up the best musical numbers so far heard in our operas, and especially those best loved and favored by the public." His Top Twenty tunes—to be precise, twenty-one—were by Salieri and Martín (five numbers apiece), Cimarosa (three), and Gazzaniga, Gassmann, Anfossi, Mozart, Giordani, Monsigny, Piccinni, and Tarchi (one each, the Mozart being "Là ci darem"). There was a Burgtheater revival in 1791 and a Trieste production the following year, each with a different musical selection. In Trieste, Sarti, Dittersdorf, Paisiello, and others joined the roster; Mozart was still represented by only the "Don Giovanni" duet. "L'Ape Musicale" in its various versions can be used, with caution, as an indicator of popular taste, in which the next forty years brought a big change. Da Ponte published a bilingual libretto for the 1830 "Ape," with a preface addressed "to the inhabitants of the City of New-York":

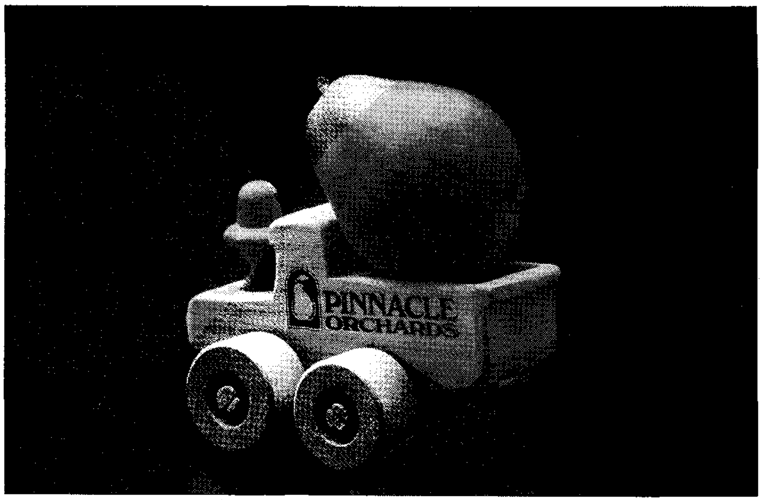
> Like the industrious insect I have named, which extracts and mingles up the various sweets that form at last the treasure of the hive, so I have aimed, by skillfully combining the choicest airs of the most favourite composers, at furnishing a pleasant entertainment, acceptable to kind and courteous guests.

Two numbers from Cimarosa's "Matrimonio Segreto" appear, and moments of Salieri's "Axur" and Zingarelli's "Giulietta e Romeo." All the rest is Rossini. The start is the introduzione of "Il Turco in Italia" (which New York had heard in 1826), but instead of a Turk a prima donna steps ashore, welcoming the new country and eager to conquer it. An opera must be readied for her. She lists her repertory, and the managers respond: "Generali?" "No one likes him." "Mercadante?" "No one's heard of him." "Cimarosa, Anfossi, Pergolesi, Paisiello?" "All old hat." "Rossini?" "Now *there's* a fellow whom everyone enjoys!" The opera ends with the "Cenerentola" rondo-finale.

Giulia, alas, had no success. Da Ponte had sought to influence her reception with some advance criticism worked into the libretto:

> Her manner is altogether modern, and I believe it the best: a few flourishes, a sustained note, a fine mordent, now dying away, now swelling, a trill in tempo, and an appoggiatura—these are all things that touch your heart; and banished are the out-of-tune screams, the idiotic yells, the trills like neighing horses, the cockadoodledoos that all the French [a pun on *Galli/galli*] indulge in. This is the true art of singing—but few people understand it.

Few did. In his memoirs Da Ponte regretted that "her exquisite method reached only real practitioners of music and the most cultivated connoisseurs;" declared the music too good for ears accustomed only to ballads, national airs, and, "of course, the most favorite national anthem, 'Yankee Doodle;' " and concluded that Giulia "was not made for the stage nor the stage for her." But the Montepulciano presentation—I caught it as an RAI summer-night broadcast—was an entertaining affair, with a lively, accomplished heroine in Floriana Sovilla and a deft supporting cast: Ugo Benelli, Luigi Petroni, Adriano Tomaello, and Bruno de Simone. The score was prepared by Giovanni Piazza, who chose the numbers indicated as *ad arbitrio* (all Rossini except for Tamino's "Dies Bildnis"), composed wittily allusive recitatives, and—with activity both apian and critico-analytic—concocted a structurally sound Rossini overture from materials of seven real Rossini overtures. Vittorio Parisi conducted the European Touring Orchestra of London. A little monograph on "L'Ape Musicale," by Marina



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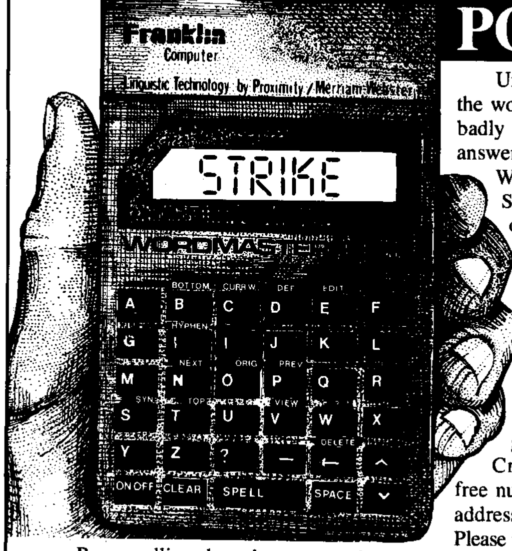

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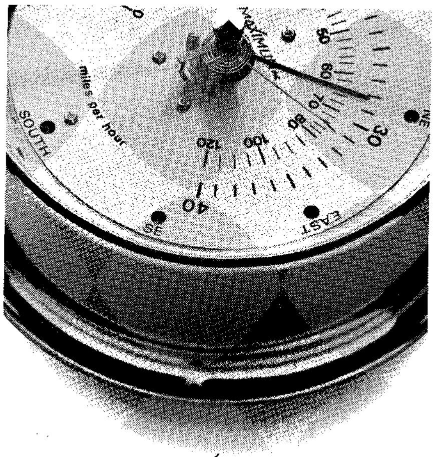

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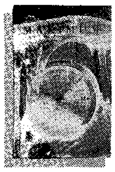

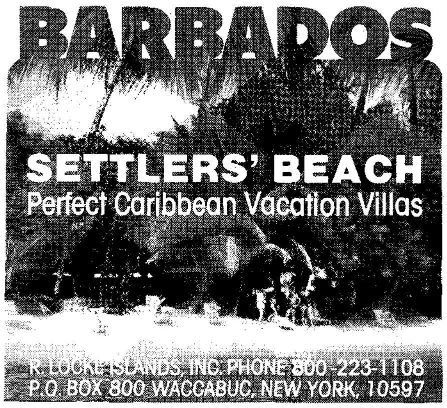

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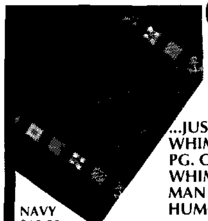

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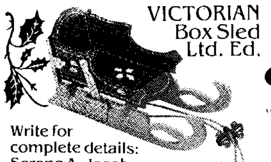

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Maymone Siniscalchi, was published by the Roman house Il Ventaglio; it contains facsimile reproductions of the 1789, 1791, 1792, and 1830 librettos.

TWO other broadcasts demonstrated how powerful an operatic performance heard but not seen can be. In May, I had attended a production of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Tale of Czar Saltan" at the Teatro Lirico, Milan, and had not much enjoyed it. Gae Aulenti had designed ingenious scenery: model cities and seas were tipped through ninety degrees so that spectators had a bird's-eye view of them; a small boat passed across the ocean backcloth with a crew of three (live) sailors apparently defying the laws of gravity. But the marvels that matter, those that the composer pictured—the swan that rides the waves and sings, the flight of the bumblebee, the squirrel cracking golden nuts with emerald kernels, the armed warriors rising from the sea—were feebly managed. The bumblebee was a mere cutout swung on wires. Luca Ronconi's production began surrealistically: instead of a cozy fireside scene, the sisters were spinning and cooking out in a snowscape. So there could be no sudden irruption of magic enchantment into a real world. (The ghost's sudden appearance in Britten's "Turn of the Screw" is similarly weakened if the set has been spooky from the start.) Bloomington's production of "Czar Saltan" last year, designed by Max Röthlisberger and staged by Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, got these things right. Then, in September, RAI broadcast the Milan show. Just listening, not being called on to admire Miss Aulenti's and Mr. Ronconi's extraneous inventions, I found Rimsky-Korsakov's opera as poetic and beautiful as after the Bloomington performance I had declared it to be; and realized, moreover, that I had underrated musical virtues of the Milan performance.

In London, a concert performance of "Leonore" was one of the fifty-odd events in a South Bank series—lasting into early December—called Beethoven Plus. The symphonies, concertos, quartets, trios, Masses are there, and much else. Authentic-instrument players, chamber orchestras, and full modern symphony orchestras take part. (*Hors série*, Beethoven's "Tenth Symphony," a movement retrieved by Barry Cooper, had its première, at a

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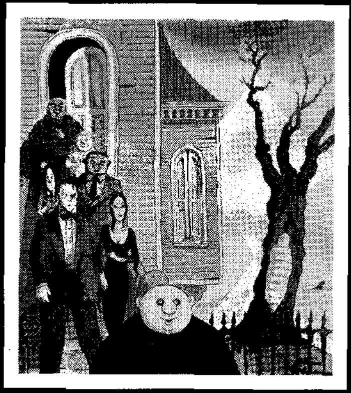

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Royal Philharmonic Society concert. It comes to Carnegie Hall later this month.) The "Plus" is music by Beethoven's contemporaries: Cherubini, Clementi, Spohr, Spontini, Bernhard Romberg, Justin Heinrich Knecht, etc. I listened to the "Leonore" in a BBC relay. It was a performance of brisk tempi, clear textures, energetic phrasing, bold dynamics, and I found it profoundly moving. Roger Norrington conducted the London Philharmonic. Suzanne Murphy and Philip Langridge led the cast. Radio listeners, I was told, had an advantage over those in the hall, where the balance was less successful, since the soloists were stationed behind the orchestra.

A week later, the opera was given, again with the London Philharmonic, in its familiar, revised version as "Fidelio." There were heavier singers—Eva-Maria Bundschuh, Klaus König. Kurt Masur was a heavy and sometimes brutally fast, driving conductor. The concert was not broadcast, so I went to the Festival Hall. Even at a better musical performance, the electronic acoustics of the hall (including an occasional high whistle from the roof) and the sight of singers ranged behind stands and of a tall, portly conductor wiggling, crouching, at last actually jumping would have impeded rapt absorption in Beethoven's drama. The effects upon dramatic music of good staging, bad staging, and no staging prove unpredictable. Wagner, as "Parsifal" neared completion, jested about inventing an invisible theatre. Radio and records can supply it.

—ANDREW PORTER

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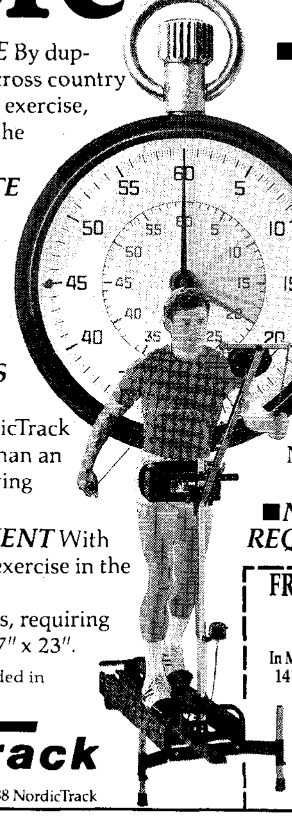

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ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

HEAR

I HAVE always been fascinated by people who make it big in one field and then decide to chuck that and do something else. A man makes a pile of money in designer watchbands, for example, and walks away from it to become a teacher, a rancher, or, what's more likely these days, a video artist. In Max Neuhaus's case, the switch was more subtle but no less dramatic. A virtuoso percussionist with a master's degree from the Manhattan School of Music, Neuhaus toured the United States and Europe in the mid-nineteen-sixties giving solo recitals of percussion works by Karlheinz Stockhausen, John Cage, and other modernist composers. Along the way, he found himself becoming increasingly disenchanted with the whole idea of concert halls, performances, and virtuosity itself. In 1968, he quit performing. He cut a record for Columbia Masterworks that more or less summed up his concert work to date, put his two thousand pounds of percussion equipment in storage, and went out to become a maker of "sound environments" in the world at large—places whose ambience is defined or altered by the electronic sound systems that he secretes within them. The best-known of these environments (although not many people are aware of it) is the narrow pedestrian island that separates Broadway from Seventh Avenue between Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth. If you walk briskly across, you can easily miss it, but if you stand there for a few moments you will hear, above the roar and screech of Times Square traffic, a deep, resonant, harmonic hum, something like the aftertone of a very large bell. It comes from a loudspeaker mounted in a hole underneath the steel grating, and it is a wonderfully satisfying sound.

Neuhaus's second career has not made him rich, and it has certainly not made him famous. A bachelor with few personal needs, he gets by for the most part on commissions from public and private sources, many of which have to do with the art world, and not the music world. The Kunsthalle in Bern, Switzerland, has commissioned a sound installation from Neuhaus, and the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts and several other museums in this country have expressed interest recently in having him do something. This is fine with Neuhaus, who takes his opportunities as they come. All the same, he finds it amazing that contemporary culture remains so backward, aurally speaking. In spite of the efforts of Cage and others to shake up our musical thinking—to "let sounds be themselves," as Cage has said—the repertory in most of our concert halls remains rooted in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and the vast possibilities of new aural topographies lie virtually untapped. "Visual artists have been able to change the way we look at the world in this century," Neuhaus said to me one day this summer. "We have no trouble finding beauty in aspects of the urban scene that were not made to be beautiful, but we're stuck with this naïve idea that the only nice sounds are nature sounds. The visual artists have been able to make marks on walls for thousands of years, of course, while we've been able really to capture sound for only about forty years—since the invention of audiotape—so the lag is understandable, but I'm always surprised by it all the same. For a primitive man living in the forest, his ears were a lot more important than his eyes; he could hear danger much farther away than he could see it. We still sense the size and nature of a space with our ears as well as our eyes. But our culture is so visual that we tend to forget about the aural side of things."

A tall, round-faced man whose rimless glasses give him a slightly myopic look, Neuhaus had just turned forty-nine when I looked him up in Paris last August. (He spends much of his time in Paris, which he finds more affordable than New York.) We had known each other since the sixties, and, aside from having put on a few extra pounds, he seemed to me to have changed very little over the last two decades—the same nondescript clothes, friendly manner, and readiness to laugh

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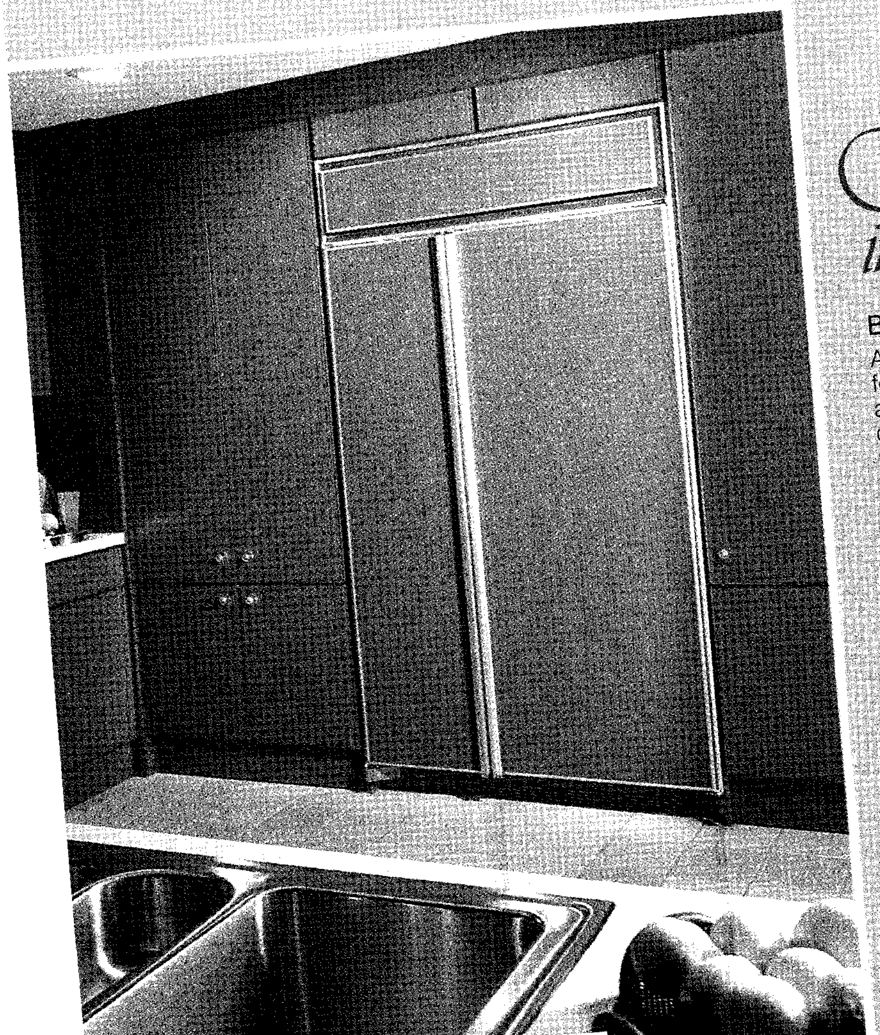

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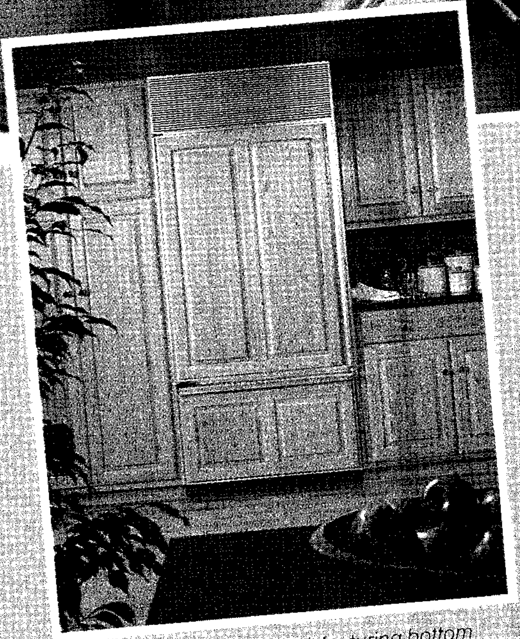

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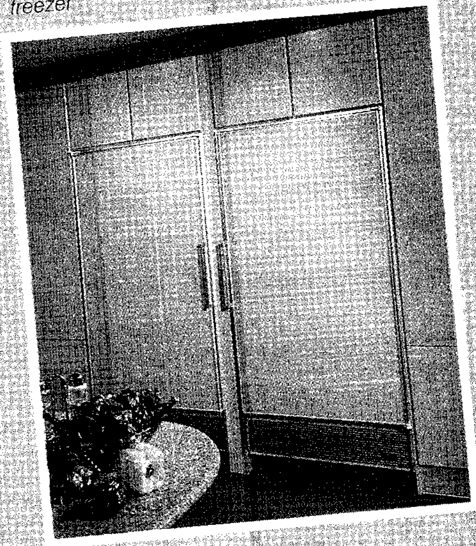

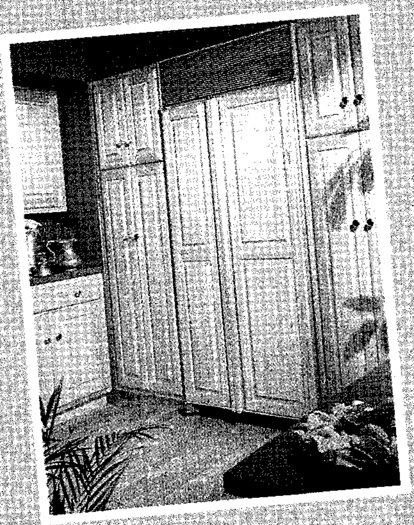

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uproariously at the vicissitudes of his life. He comes from Port Arthur, Texas, a grimy oil town that was also the improbable birthplace of Robert Rauschenberg and Janis Joplin, and, like them, he has travelled a long way from his origins. His father was a chemical engineer who moved around a lot; Neuhaus spent his formative years in Port Arthur; Fishkill and Pleasantville, New York; and Houston. When I saw him last summer, he was just back from a two-week sojourn in Bern, where he had finished installing the Kunsthalle piece. This one was going to be considerably different from his usual sound installations, he said. (Although it was fully installed, it was not to be turned on for several months.) Instead of using sound to create a sense of place, as he often does, in Bern he was programming a moment of silence, an aural afterimage, over an area adjacent to the museum. "The way it's done is by introducing a sound into that space and increasing its volume so slowly, for a period of about five minutes, that you don't notice it," he told me. "On the hour and on the half-hour, the sound stops. The first time you'll notice it is when it's taken away, and you'll be left with the natural environment in a state of relief. There's no real vocabulary for what I'm talking about, but it's like a sort of clearing."

The concept for this piece dates back to the nineteen-seventies, when Neuhaus experimented with alarm clocks that woke you up by the abrupt cessation of a gradually intensifying tone. Another version of the idea was realized in 1983 at the Whitney Museum; Neuhaus installed an acoustic system in the museum's outdoor sculpture court which altered and relayed the traffic sounds on Madison Avenue, increasing in volume and then suddenly shutting itself off, but the results did not please him. "The problem was that it was in the context of a museum exhibition, so most people went out and *tried* to hear it," he said. "Very frustrating." What Neuhaus wants is for people to come upon his sound environments accidentally and respond to them without preconceived ideas or expectations.

Neuhaus likes to talk about "building" sounds for particular sites. He does this electronically, using small computers to generate and shape sound

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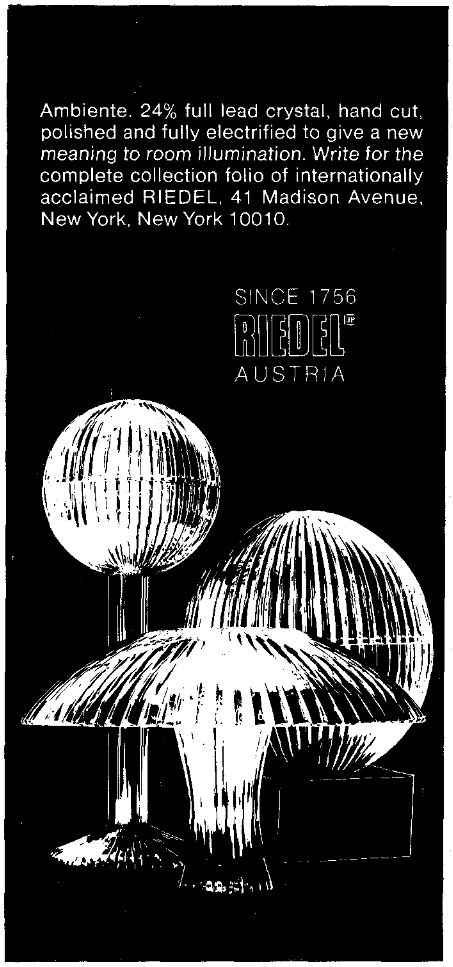

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waves, and feeding these directly into loudspeakers. "When I stopped being a performer, I wasn't interested in taped music," he told me. "I spent part of 1968 and '69 in residence at the Bell Labs in New Jersey, learning how to construct electronic circuits that generated sound. Since then, computers have become the ideal means of doing this. It's like a palette—the first paint we've ever had for sound. I've been able to design a way of building sounds that allows me to use my ear as a painter uses his eye." For the Kunsthalle he built a sound that has three components. One is a bell-like texture. (Bern has many churches and a well-loved public clock.) Another is a sound something like that of an airplane engine, and the third is a small melody that he sneaked in between the others. "The result is a beautiful sound," he said. "Too beautiful, according to Ulrich Loock, the Kunsthalle's director, who commissioned the piece. It's produced by hidden loudspeakers—in my work the speakers are always concealed, so the system producing the sound doesn't become a physical reference. Here they are positioned so as to adjust to the terrain, which is an area about a hundred and fifty metres in diameter; there's a plaza in front of the Kunsthalle, a couple of parks on either side, and then a very deep wooded ravine. Of course, the Bern city fathers don't know anything about this yet. Loock will have to persuade them to accept it, but museum directors in Europe have a lot more public clout than those in America. We're talking about starting up the system sometime around New Year's."

Neuhaus has installed two other permanent sound works in Europe. A private client engaged him to do a piece on a wooded hillside near the Tuscan town of Pistoia, in Italy. After studying the site for six weeks, Neuhaus came up with two pairs of soft, high-frequency sounds emanating from four hidden speakers; the aural mixture—a high-pitched ringing—recalls insect noises without actually sounding like them. The French Ministry of Culture commissioned the other piece, which surrounds a lake on the grounds of a state-owned château in Brittany. Here, again, there are four sound sources (speakers), two on either side of the lake, cunningly directed to produce a low humming sound that seems to be moving around on the surface of the lake and, sometimes, coming from the trees around it. Neuhaus's most ambitious European project, however, which has been in the works for fifteen years, is still unrealized. He took me to the site, which is an interminably long pedestrian tunnel at the Montparnasse-Bienvenue station of the Paris Métro. Something like eighty thousand people pass through it on a normal day, he told me, on three moving sidewalks. "It's the length of two football fields, but the arched ceiling doesn't offer any visual point of reference, so it actually looks shorter than it is. People rushing through keep expecting it to end before it does. One of my basic concepts here is to replace the missing visual reference with an aural one—to articulate the journey with sound."

The tunnel, which we got to after a complicated odyssey of right-angle turns, pneumatic swinging doors, and one-way corridors, was incomparably dreary. Dimly lit, with walls and ceiling an insipid dun color, it seemed to weigh unkindly on the multitudes we saw moving through it, with eyes lowered. Neuhaus couldn't explain why he had suddenly decided, on seeing it for the first time, in 1973, that he had to do something there. "It was just after I found the site for the Times Square piece, and it became the same sort of fixation," he said. "I had no idea what I was going to end up with, but somehow I knew just what to do."

Although it took ten years of on-and-off negotiations with the Régie Autonome des Transports Parisiens to get any action on his proposal, Neuhaus has nothing but praise for the French transit authorities. "The Métro people have been wonderful," he said. "It's a huge bureaucracy, but they've been interested, intelligent, and helpful. They even came up with an eighty-thousand-dollar grant to let me get started. My problem has really been with the Ministry of Culture. I finally got permission to build the piece in 1984, when Jack Lang was Minister. But then, two years ago, when Jacques Chirac became Premier, Lang was kicked out, and the new regime proceeded to undo most of the projects he had started. My project wasn't called off, but I got no

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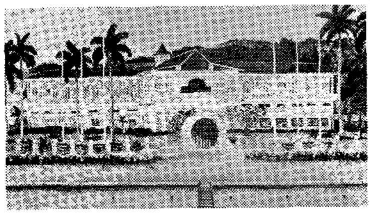

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encouragement and no funding. Now Lang is back, so I'm hopeful. My budget for the project is nine million francs, which is about one and a half million dollars. The Métro is putting up a third, and it will maintain the piece for ninety-nine years, which I guess is as long as anything is expected to last. A corporate sponsor has agreed to put up a third, and the Ministry of Culture is supposed to put up the final third."

We were standing on one of the moving sidewalks by this time, rumbling along on the right-hand side of its rubberized tread, so people in a hurry could stride purposefully past. Neuhaus pointed to a lighting panel running the entire length of the tunnel on both sides, a few feet above head height, and said that his sound system would be going in there. There would be two hundred computers, a hundred on each side, each of them an independent sound generator but all of them linked in a sound-synthesis network that would be activated by remote control. "I'll have the ability to do anything I want here," he said happily. "I can move sounds around, have them respond to one another and to other sounds in the tunnel—the possibilities are endless."

I asked what sort of sound pattern he had in mind for the Métro.

He laughed. "That's the problem question," he said. "In doing a piece like this, I deliberately try *not* to know what kind of sound I'm going to put in until I put it in. All I can say is that it will be very specific to this place. Now the biggest sound in here is the sound of the huge machine that drives the moving sidewalk. That's my starting point, sonically. I can alter that in the same way that painters alter color—you know, by putting another color next to it that changes both colors. Same principle. The work will go in three stages. First, I'll construct and install the sound network. Second, I'll work alone on the site, building the sounds, listening and adjusting, gradually tuning the sound to the place. That will be done at night—or, rather, after one o'clock in the morning, when the Métro shuts down. The final stage of the tuning will take place in the daytime, with the public in the space, so I can kind of get a sense of what's going on in people's minds when they hear it. But I won't really know what

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it will sound like until I finish it."

Neuhaus has already spent many hours in the tunnel after 1 A.M., testing and experimenting, and he is on relaxed terms with the Paris clochards who like to sleep on the relatively soft tread of the no-longer-moving sidewalk. "At first, when I came in, they thought I was a cop," he said. "But then I brought in all the electronics, and they got very curious. I'd tell them I was doing an acoustical survey. They used to like to curl up and sleep near where I was working, and I would sort of stumble over them, but I developed an antidote. If they slept too close, I'd just turn on the *tapis roulant* and move them down a way."

IT was close to 1 P.M. when we emerged from underground into the sunlight of an August Saturday in Paris. Time for lunch. We went across town to Bofinger, the venerable *brasserie* just off the Place de la Bastille, where the sound level was strangely elevated by the recurrent clatter of breaking plates. Food and wine *commandés*, we got to talking about the problem of immateriality in Neuhaus's work. "If somebody was going to make a steel sculpture two hundred metres long and five metres high—the dimensions of the Métro tunnel—a budget of one and a half million wouldn't seem like much," he said. "But the fact that my work can't be seen or touched, and that I can't even tell people ahead of time what it's going to be like—well, as you can imagine, there are difficulties." It took him four years to persuade the New York Metropolitan Transportation Authority to let him "sound" the ventilation chamber under the street in Times Square—not so long when you compare it with the fourteen-plus years for the Paris Métro project, but then the size and the scope of the Times Square piece are far, far smaller. Because the M.T.A. said that it couldn't negotiate with an individual, Neuhaus set up a nonprofit foundation called Hear, but the state agency that approves nonprofit organizations told him that the name was too ambiguous; he made it Hybrid Energies for Acoustic Resources, or HEAR, and it got approved. The M.T.A. still had plenty of objections. "For one, they said the traffic island would have to be rebuilt to accommodate the crowds of people who would collect there if they heard sounds coming from underground," he told me. "I took photos that New Year's Eve showing the island packed with people. The next year, they blocked off the island on New Year's Eve."

Neuhaus applied to the New York State Council on the Arts for a grant to pay for the Times Square piece. After many delays, the Council's professional staff approved his request, but when it came before the Council at a public meeting Mrs. Richard Rodgers, the widow of the composer, and a longtime member of the Council, made a speech against it, saying that it was "not a responsible way to spend the public's money," and the funding was vetoed. Neuhaus finally scraped together the money himself. He got grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and the Rockefeller Foundation, and borrowed the rest from friends, most of whom thought he was out of his mind: Why would anybody want to spend all that money to put electronic sounds in a hole under the street? This was in 1976, well before the new public art came into vogue.

In 1977, Neuhaus received a fellowship from a West German cultural-exchange program, which required him to spend a year in Berlin. He put the Times Square project on hold. That summer, he came back to finish the piece, and ran afoul of an ancient feud between the transit people and Con Edison. The voltage in the subway was too high for his hookup, but Con Edison refused to let its line be connected to M.T.A. property. Neuhaus finally got an independent maintenance company to dig up the sidewalk and connect him to the nearest street lamp, and in September of 1977 the piece went into operation, without fanfare or public notice. Neuhaus wouldn't let the M.T.A. put up a plaque explaining what it was. He wanted people to discover it on their own, without explanation. Since 1977, he has been getting letters and postcards from people who have learned that he is the one responsible for that amazing sound, which they have been taking their friends to hear, thinking that it was their own discovery. This response makes him feel that the work is a success.

Neuhaus turned the sound off for a period of several months in 1986, putting it on strike, so to speak. "The electricity dilemma was getting to me," he said. "Every time there was street work in the vicinity, it would accidentally get disconnected. A work as immaterial as that really has to be permanently there—it doesn't function at all if it's only sometimes there. I had to solve that somehow, so I just turned it off. The Arts in Transit program of the M.T.A. finally stepped in, and got the M.T.A. to run a wire up the tunnel to the Forty-ninth Street station. In 1987, it was reinaugurated, with a small press conference, but there's still no plaque. My one concession may be to let the city put it on tourist maps, although I have no idea what they'd call it. 'Max's Noise'?"

During the last year or so, Neuhaus has toyed with the idea of making some money from his work. This heretical notion has led him to place some of his drawings for sound installation on consignment in art galleries, and also to conceive a series of "works for one person." One of these works had been installed for the last six months at the Galerie Ghislaine-Hussenot, in the Marais district of Paris, and after lunch he took me there. The gallery was officially closed for August, but he had a key. It was a good space, as they say in the art world—a large, high-ceilinged room with a skylight, white walls (empty of art just then), a concrete floor, and a flight of steps leading to a small balcony. Neuhaus fished a roll of plastic tape out of a desk drawer in the gallery office and climbed the steps. "The piece is activated by a photoelectric cell up here, which turns it on late in the day, when the light drops to a certain level," he explained. "But I can turn it on by putting a piece of tape over the cell. It takes a couple of minutes to start up."

By the time he rejoined me on the ground floor, I was hearing quiet pings, or clicks, that seemed to be coming from the opposite wall of the room. Their rhythm was irregular, speeding

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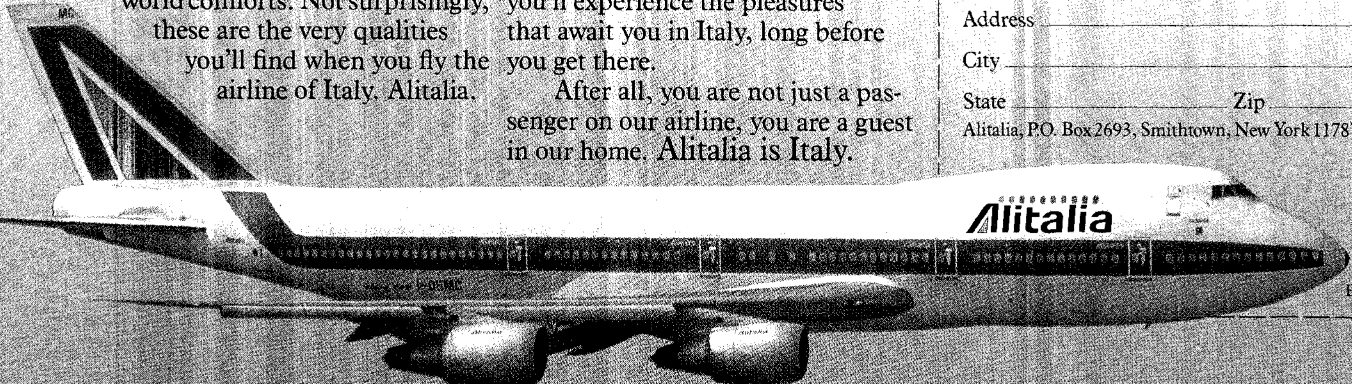

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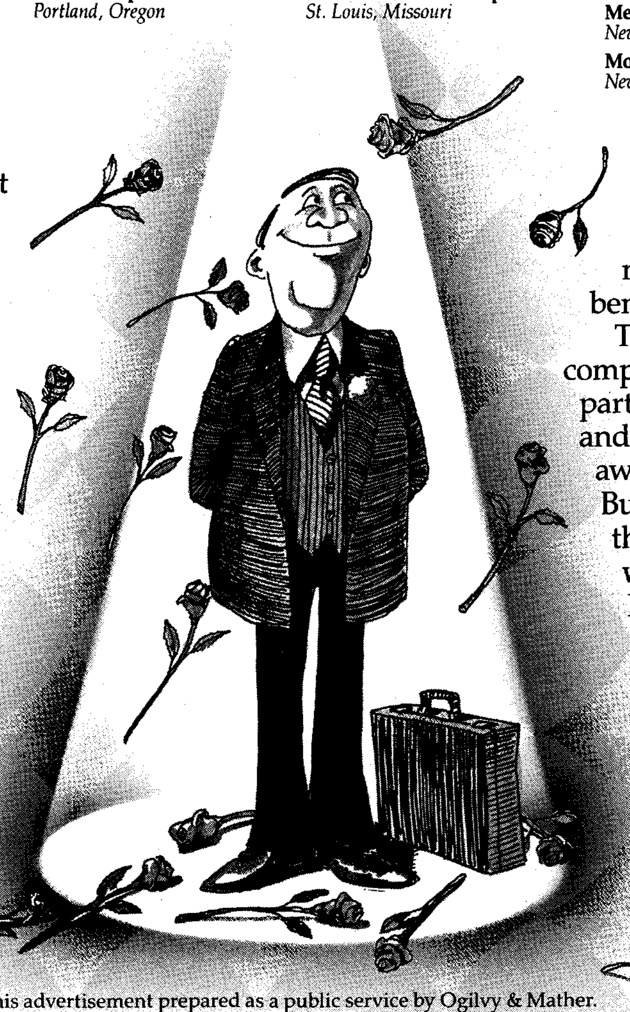

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up and slowing down, and they also got louder and then softer; it was a lulling, peaceful sort of sound, which reminded me of tree frogs in a swamp in May. "The trick is to decide where it's coming from," Neuhaus said. We walked slowly to the other side of the room, where the clicks seemed to originate, but as we approached it they shifted a hundred and eighty degrees and seemed to be coming from the side we had left. "It's kind of an endless phrase," he said. "The three elements—pitch, loudness, and speed—operate independently of one another, and there's a random factor thrown in, so the same combination never repeats." He pointed out the sound source, which I had been unable to find—a small speaker mounted on a steel crossbeam up near the skylight. (The sound was being generated by a computer in the office.) As Neuhaus explained it, the sound from the speaker was directed so that it hit one wall, bounced across to hit the opposite wall, and then ricocheted off the floor and across to the opposite wall: wherever you stood in the room, it came at you from somewhere else. I thought it was a fine sound, and said so. He agreed. It could be bought, he said, for twenty-five thousand dollars. The fee included custom installation in the buyer's home, with Neuhaus tuning the sound to its new surroundings.

Neuhaus seemed neither surprised nor distressed that, to date, nobody had expressed any interest in buying it. The profit motive burns rather feebly in his breast, I suspect, as perhaps it should in the breast of a maker of aural topographies. He would like to make some money, but mainly in order to realize some of his more quixotic projects, such as Audium, a telephone-radio hookup that would enable people worldwide to call in, contribute voice sounds of their own choosing, and hear them altered, mixed, and enhanced by Electronics Maestro Neuhaus. He had done several versions of this idea—the first one over New York's radio station WBAI, in 1966, and the last a two-hour nationwide program on National Public Radio, in 1977.

The most quixotic of all Neuhaus's ideas, though, and the one that most clearly reveals him as an old-fashioned utopian, is the siren project. About ten years ago, it occurred to him that the sirens on police cars, ambulances, and fire engines were a form of sonic terrorism, and that this was not only undesirable but unnecessary. The notion of developing a better siren stuck in his head for two reasons: "It was a challenge to those mediocre minds who always say you can't change the world, and nobody had ever worked on it before."

Neuhaus did some research. He learned that in New York City the first fire engines were pulled by men on foot, who were preceded through the narrow streets by another man, blowing a trumpet. The trumpet eventually gave way to loud bells, and the bells were succeeded, in the early internal-combustion era, by a primitive whistle that was attached to the vehicle's exhaust pipe. "It made an incredibly loud scream," Neuhaus told me. Sometime in the nineteenth century, the modern siren was invented. It consisted of two perforated metal disks, mounted side by side so that they sliced up the air between them when they turned. The siren-makers didn't do any sound research; they simply used a technique that produced the rising and falling siren that we know today. In Europe, the early sirens sounded very much like the trumpeter who used to clear a path for the king, and when electronic sound generation came in the new sirens imitated that rather kingly sound: "*Tah*-dah, *tah*-dah." The third sound in use today was adapted from the dive signal of submarines in the Second World War—a sort of fast, upsweeping hoot.

"As it turns out, all these sounds are easy to hear but hard to place," Neuhaus said. "We have a very delicate internal mechanism for locating sounds. It depends on the minute differences in the way our two ears hear the onset of the sound. The mechanism works wonderfully for the sound of a twig snapping, but it's quite useless for continuous sounds, without clear beginnings. That's the reason a lot of people just sort of freeze when they're driving in traffic and they hear a siren—they can't figure out where the damn thing is coming from."

Armed with his new learning, in 1982 Neuhaus managed to get representatives of New York's Police Department, Fire Department, and mu-

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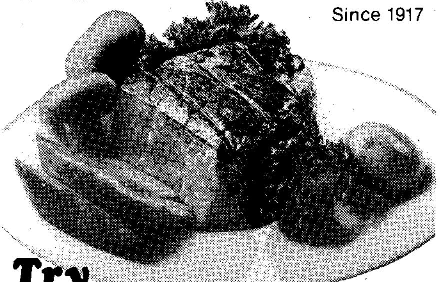

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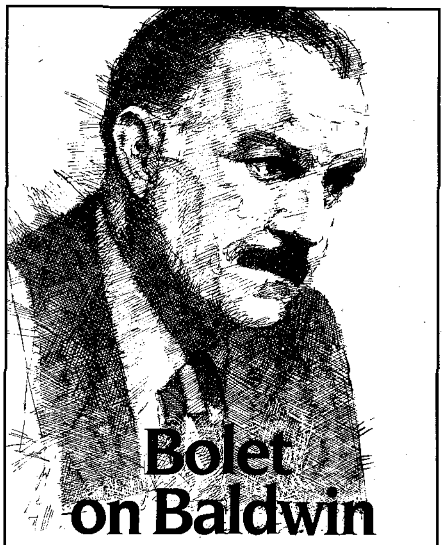

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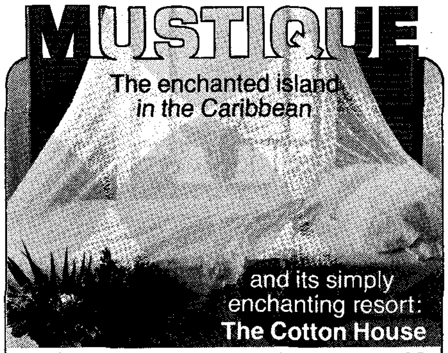

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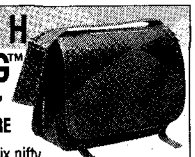

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nicipal hospitals to meet with him. He explained that with the new electronic equipment available it was possible to make an incredibly wide range of sounds, among which were some that would certainly alert people more efficiently than the present sirens, and not reduce them to panic. The police were quite interested, he said. After asking a lot of questions, they agreed that a better siren could make their life easier. The only trouble was that nobody wanted to put up the money. Neuhaus figured that he needed about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to make a prototype. "I went first to the scientific community, but they weren't interested, because I wasn't a scientist," he said. "Then I tried the arts community, but the attitude there was 'No, thanks. It's a science project.' So, very naïvely, I just went out on my own and started working on it, thinking that surely somebody would see the light and decide to back me. I took a couple of squad cars the Police Department had lent me, and spent several days driving them around on an abandoned airfield—Floyd Bennett Field, in Brooklyn—making sound tests. I spent quite a bit of money that I didn't have, and bankrupted my nonprofit foundation. The last thing I tried was a venture-capital argument. I knew that perhaps sixty million dollars a year was spent in this country to replace worn-out sirens on emergency vehicles, and it seemed to me that a new, improved sound could easily break into the market. No takers. I found out that the venture part of venture capitalism is basically a myth. Just recently, though, I've found a backer for the basic research. I'll be doing some more tests this fall, out in California. I *know* it can be done." —CALVIN TOMKINS

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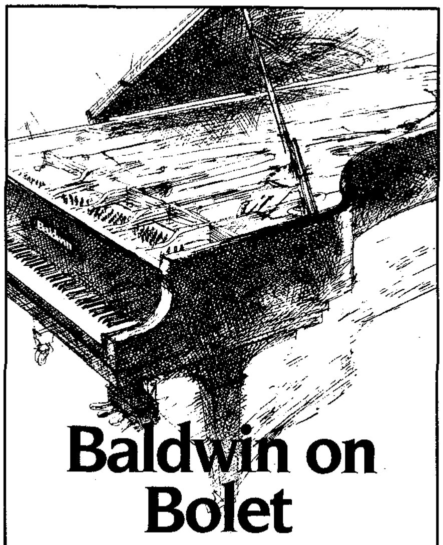

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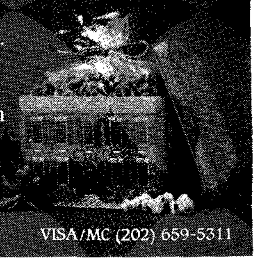

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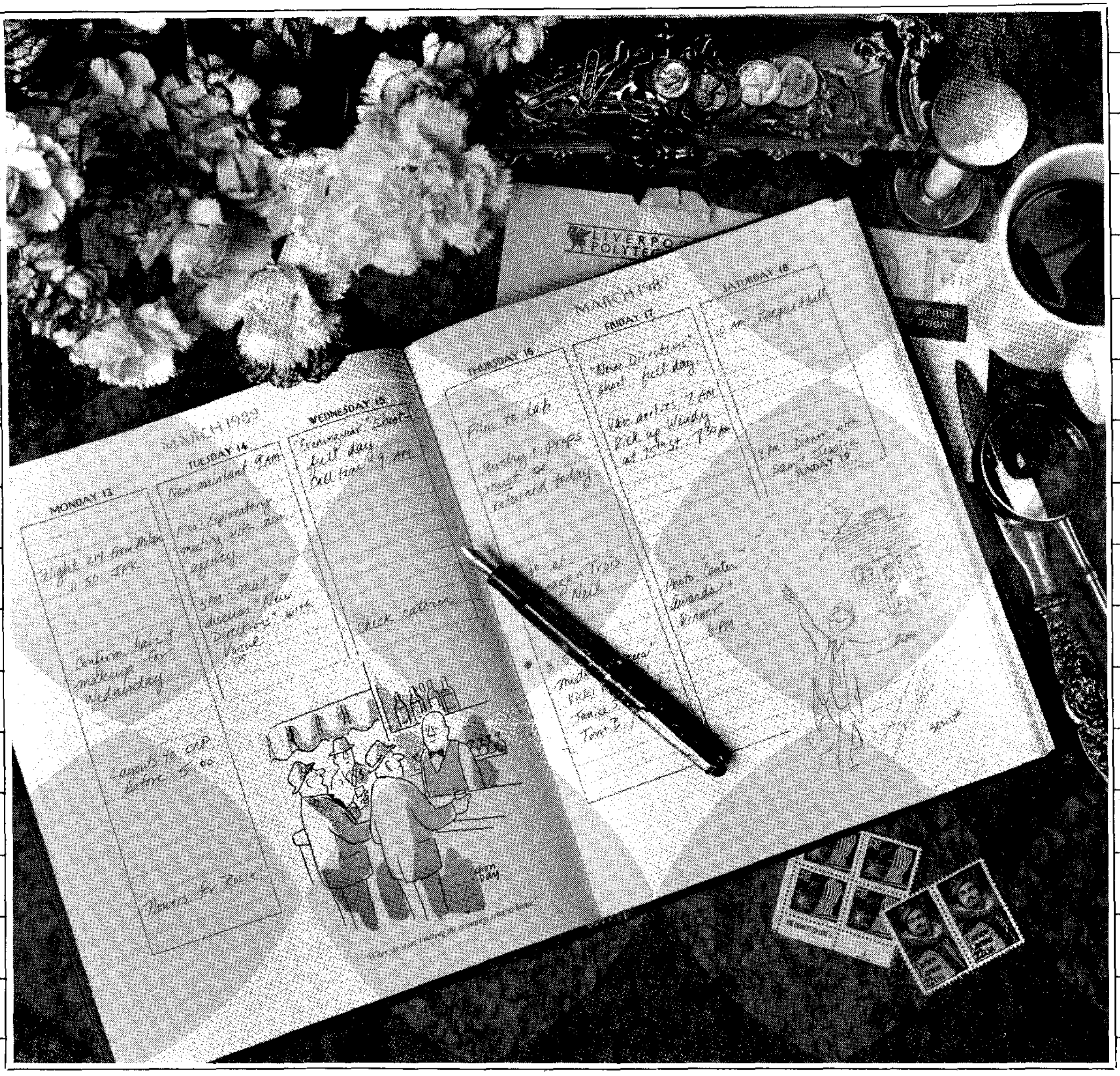

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BOOKS

Sentences Hammered in Metal

EMERSON, at the end of his famous "Ode: Inscribed to W. H. Channing," pronounced an epitaph on Poland:

> The Cossack eats Poland,
> Like stolen fruit;
> Her last noble is ruined,
> Her last poet mute.

But Polish literature, Czeslaw Milosz once wrote, "is energy incessantly renewed against all probabilities," and the publication of Milosz's "Collected Poems, 1931-1987" (Ecco; $30) ratifies Emerson's instant revision of his initial despair:

> Straight, into double band
> The victors divide;
> Half for freedom strike and stand;—
> The astonished Muse finds
> thousands at her side.

The publication and the reception of Milosz's work in Poland assure the astonished Muse of her thousands there as well as abroad. Those of us able to read Milosz only in English know that we can have no idea of what his Polish commentators testify to—his intimate and extensive reworking of current and archaic language in his poetry, and also in his translations of various books of the Bible (the Psalter, Ruth, Ecclesiastes, the Gospel of Mark) into modern Polish.

Greatness in poetry is always marked by unusual felicity and condensation in the handling of language, and, seduced by words, we may take poetry in our own language on its tactile and musical terms without inquiring whether there is a second, inner greatness by which we are being, almost unconsciously, touched. When we read a translation, we are forced to ask what we are admiring, if not language. Reflection on a greatness in poetry which survives the absence of the original words tends to leap instantly to ethical or philosophical praise, and there are reasons to offer that praise to Milosz. But an American reader may perhaps be allowed to linger over the irreproachable construction of these poems. They anchor themselves in the memory in a way so unusual that it cannot be simply the effect of discreet and gifted translations (carried out for the most part by poets, notably Robert Hass, some with Milosz himself as collaborator). Even in English, the poems have a structural contour so strong that it strikes with the force of an originally conceived shape. This contour, in the typical Milosz poem, encloses a still-life of a few poignantly sketched objects, a passage of personal reminiscence (often bitterly self-lacerating or mordantly comic), a rhapsodic hymn to being, some historical or social glimpses, and an epistemological or metaphysical moral. It is in the conjunction of these unlikely bedfellows that the Milosz lyric distinguishes itself. It is as though Milosz were at once Chardin, Rembrandt, Matisse, Géricault, and Cézanne, or—to turn to poetic analogues—as though he were from moment to moment Clare, Whitman, Lawrence, Auden, and Marvell.

"Right now I'm mostly in cash."

As the poet Donald Davie has remarked, the crystalline lyric is a form that Milosz mastered early. He has never abandoned it, but it is also a form that he has consistently pressed beyond, writing sequences of poems, "mixed" sequences of prose and poetry, and poems containing a multitude of voices. Milosz has said of his inner life:

> He hears voices but he does not understand the screams, prayers, blasphemies, hymns which chose him for their medium. He would like to know who he was, but he does not know. He would like to be one, but he is a self-contradictory multitude which gives him some joy, but more shame.

This prose confession, from the "mixed" sequence "The Separate Notebooks" (1977-78), suggests the terrifying mental and imaginative work it must have taken to separate, articulate, and orchestrate these voices while keeping the primal world of the senses, indispensable to poetry, in full—even ecstatic—view. Faced with the past's crowd of events, chorus of voices, and throng of perceptions, Milosz undertakes, as his first aesthetic act, an almost inhuman reduction of moments of life to a single gesture or a framed object, which must at the same time be

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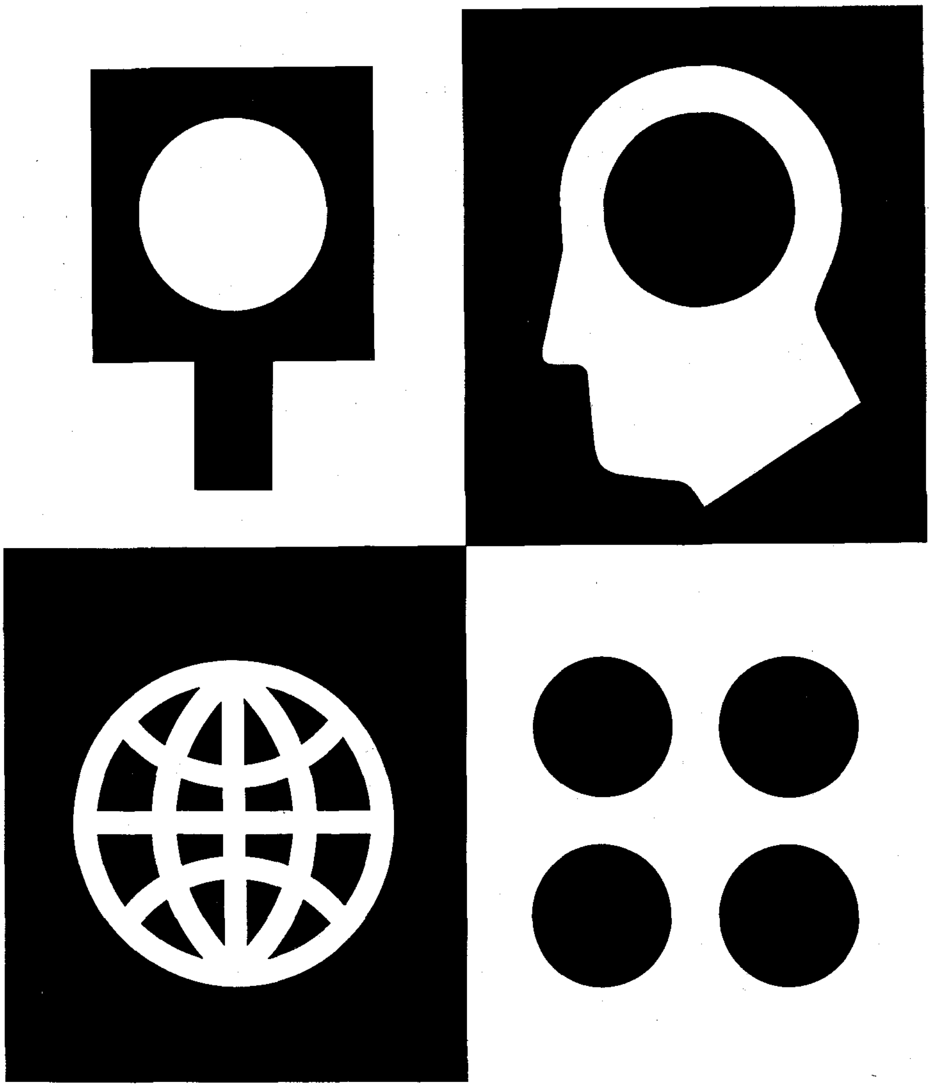

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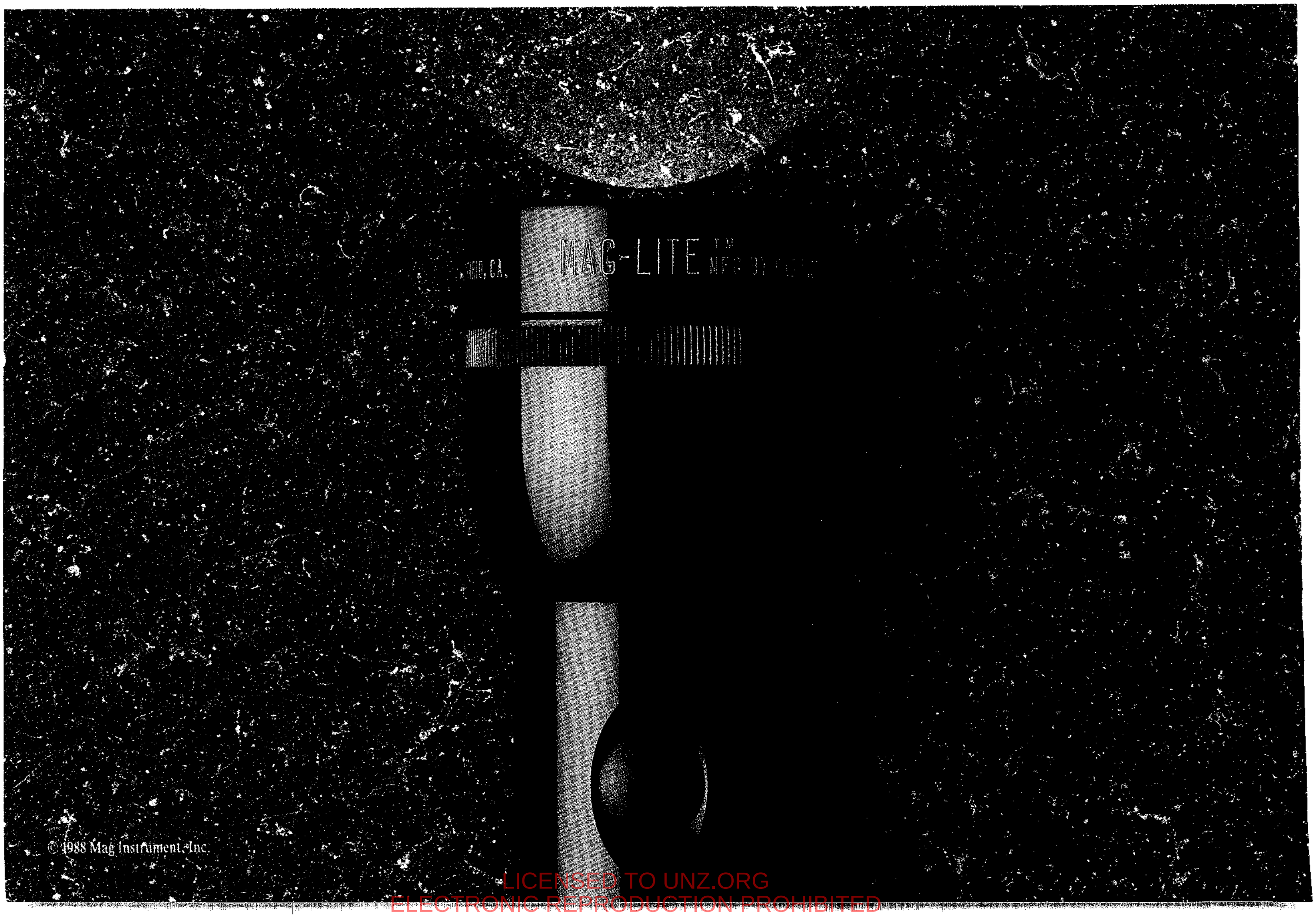

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imbued with the weight of almost inexpressible feeling. This, he says, is a religious duty:

> The landscape lacked nothing
> except glorification.
> Except royal messengers who would
> bring their gifts:
> A noun with an attribute and an
> inflected verb.

Milosz was raised as a Roman Catholic, and that upbringing is everywhere in his symbols, his thought, and his self-image as a theologian manqué. But he is also given to sensual rapture and to an aesthetics of the erotic. Prey to the headiness of the physical moment, the artist, in Milosz's definition, always retains the appetites and stubborn intensities of the child. No one, says Milosz of Schopenhauer, "had ever so forcefully opposed the child and the genius to the rest of [human society] . . . no one has ever so forcefully explained the genius of children: they are onlookers, avid, gluttonous, minds not yet caught by the will of the species." The avid child persists in the sensuous obsessiveness of the poet, who must enumerate one by one the ecstasies of touch and vision; and the child's watchful, onlooking stance becomes the poet's dislocating psychological perspective:

> Like Peter Breughel the father he
> fell suddenly
> While attempting to look back
> between his spread-apart legs.

It would not be far wrong to say that Milosz's poems have their forcible structural impact because in them the world is seen upside down from a distance, or through a variety of comic and tragic "distorting" lenses (telescope, microscope, field glasses). Another name for these perspectives and lenses is scenic form. A second kind of form is conferred on a poem by the type of sentence in which a perception or a thought is cast. Each sentence has its own philosophical and formal "weight"—from its vocabulary first of all, but also from its length and complexity, its rhythm, and its emphasized grammatical features. The last *pensée* in Milosz's "Unattainable Earth" (the volume preceding the "Collected Poems") reads:

> To find my home in one sentence, concise, as if hammered in metal. Not to enchant anybody. Not to earn a lasting name in posterity. An unnamed need for order, for rhythm, for form, which three words are opposed to chaos and nothingness.

Milosz may have constructed the obdurate solidity of his lyrics as a bulwark against the chaos and exile of his life. He was born in 1911 in Lithuania, and has known two wars, the Marxist experiment, diplomatic service in the postwar Polish regime, and a break with that regime and consequent exile (in France and later in the United States). On the other hand, the exceptional stability of his lyric form may be simply a reflection in him of the talent behind his father's profession, engineering.

Emotionally, by its compressed passion, a Milosz poem obtrudes a fiery screen—almost the heat of the Cherubim—between us and its struts and girders. It seems a violation to look into the underpinnings of such poetry. However, if we are to explain how Milosz makes his poems "real," we can say that the structural supports for any given poem must (in the Miloszian scheme) comprise sensual, aesthetic, metaphysical, and ethical elements. For Milosz, these categories, when we first received them in infancy, existed in primal interrelation, and are therefore, taken inseparably, exactly what we mean by the "real." Lacking one of them, a poem would seem hollow, as would life:

> Comprehension of good and evil is given in
> the running of the blood.
> In a child's nestling close to its mother, she
> is security and warmth,
> In night fears when we are small, in dread
> of the beast's fangs and in the terror of
> dark rooms,
> In youthful infatuations where childhood
> delight finds completion. . . .
>
> Good is brightness, evil darkness, good
> high, evil low,
> According to the nature of our bodies, of
> our language.
>
> The same can be said of beauty. It should
> not exist.
> There is not only no reason for it, but an
> argument against.
> Yet undoubtedly it is, and is different from
> ugliness. . . .
>
> And though the good is weak, beauty is
> very strong.
> Nonbeing sprawls, everywhere it turns
> into ash whole expanses of being,
> It masquerades in shapes and colors that
> imitate existence
> And no one would know it, if they did not
> know that it was ugly.
>
> And when people cease to believe that
> there is good and evil
> Only beauty will call to them and save
> them
> So that they still know how to say: this is
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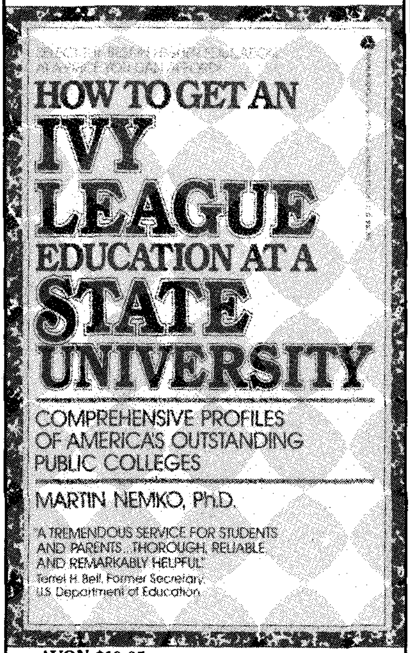
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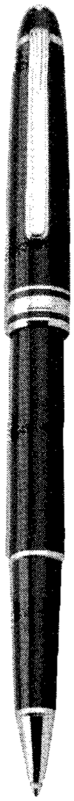

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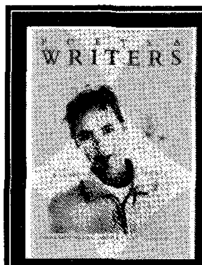
won poetics is voiced in "One More Day," which bears as its sensual ornaments the voices of birds, iridescent morning light, a peach-colored sky meeting dark-blue mountains, and a columnar, green-crowned tree—the ephemera of "one more day" in Berkeley (where Milosz is professor emeritus of Slavic literature). The conduct of the poem, as we see it pass from the mother's arms to the idea of beauty, thence to the morning light and the argument for the inseparable connection of beauty with knowledge and being, is characteristic of Milosz as he strides between the phenomenal and the Platonic, defending the middle air of the aesthetic as the continuum between the senses and the mind.

The "unattainable earth" of Milosz's passionate senses is finally incommensurate with language, yet, as he says in an epitaph for himself and his poetic generation in Europe, "great was that chase with the hounds for the unattainable meaning of the world." For an American reader, the European contexts of the collected poems come to life in the personally reticent but intellectually electric volumes of essays that Milosz has published between 1953 and the present: "The Captive Mind" (1953), "Native Realm" (1968), "The Emperor of the Earth" (1977), "Visions from San Francisco Bay" (1982), "The Witness of Poetry" (1983), and "The Land of Ulro" (1984). These have now been supplemented by the more informal "Conversations with Czeslaw Milosz," by Ewa Czarnecka and Aleksander Fiut, translated by Richard Lourie (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $27.95). The conversations take up, in order, the life, the books, and more general ideas—philosophical, religious, and aesthetic. Milosz's contorted theology is here, emphasizing the pain, catastrophe, and injustice of the world, yet professing a faith—oddly compounded from Marx's belief in the power of man to change history and a Christian assertion of ultimate justice—that human intuitions of value, preserved by virtuous human action, by art, and by just institutions, establish in history an absolute by which all human endeavor is judged. Always, in these conversations, the metaphysical is saved by the memory of the physical:

> What do we have to build a world of our own from—the flutter and twitter of



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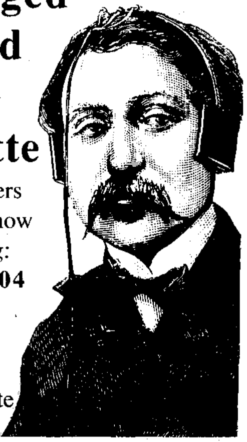

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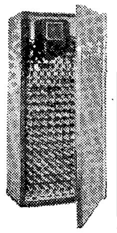

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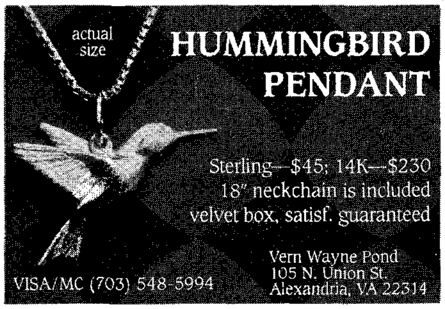

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language, lipstick, gauze, and muslin, which are to protect us from the galactic silence.

This may be the first time that lipstick and the galactic silence have coexisted in a reasonable sentence; and it is just this vertiginous turn from close-focus tenderness to Mt. Palomar chill that makes Milosz's ambitious poetic structures so memorable. In the transcribed conversations, Milosz is deprived of his lyric honeycombs, but his epigrammatic wit, his scorn of cant, his historical reference are all present. The conversations naturalize us to the Miloszian atmosphere—its myths, its recollections, its European moment.

In fact, Milosz's world is half myth, half recollection. Mythical counters from his Catholic inheritance—God, the World, the Flesh, and the Devil—play powerful roles in the poetry as he re-creates his youth in Lithuania and Poland. The "untranslatable" parts of his poetic work (some of which have now been translated) linger over the Lithuanian and Polish historical past in an effort of resuscitation, inventory, and commemoration which must be inestimably precious to Polish readers, the more so because the poems (as a Polish critic like Stanislaw Baranczak can tell us) are labors of linguistic memory as well. In a previously untranslated segment ("Lauda") of the sequence "From the Rising of the Sun," Milosz writes:

> Who except me has pondered the
>   life of Jasiulis
> And his wife, and their son Gregory,
>   and their four daughters,
> And Matulis, Pranialis, Ambrożej,
>   and their sisters Polonija,
> Rajna, Dosjuda, and Bujkis? . . .
> Who sifts in his hand their ashes,
>   changed now into words?

Milosz feels a survivor's duty to the dead, since the prewar environment of which he is one of the last inhabitants has almost vanished. He has said that when he went to Salem, Massachusetts, he recognized in the architecture and implements of the seventeenth-century houses precisely the environment of his childhood ("In Salem, by a spinning wheel / I felt I, too, lived yesterday"); he is himself a living bridge from the almost medieval rural life of Europe before the First World War to the postmodern life of California.

Like Milton before him, Milosz has wanted to understand the whole culture of his era, and to see what can be

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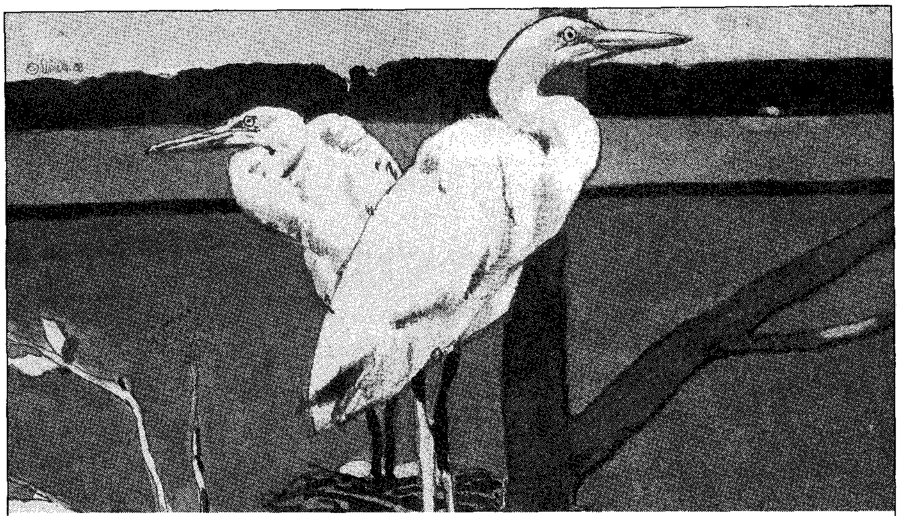

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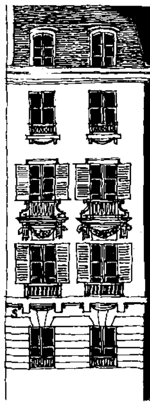

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truly said of our life in the vocabulary available to this century. His poetry faces up not only to moral evil but to the irremediable physical evil of the universe. Milosz admits the present powerlessness of literal images of an eternal afterlife (whether Heaven or Hell). He substitutes for those lost images the eternal "now" of memory and art. And yet the elegiac vein in Milosz is powerfully corrected by a sardonic and contemptuous laughter:

> Every minute the spectacle of the world astonishes me; it is so comic that I cannot understand how literature could expect to cope with it.

In a famous passage from a poem of 1961 ("Throughout Our Lands") Milosz presents with comic grotesquerie his own perspective on the world:

> If I had to tell what the world is for me
> I would take a hamster or a hedgehog or a mole
> and place him in a theater seat one evening
> and, bringing my ear close to his humid snout,
> would listen to what he says about the spotlights,
> sounds of the music, and movements of the dance.

Even here, we can see the elements of the Miloszian poetic construct: the moral meaning ("what the world is for me"), the lens that distorts and thereby renews perspective (the rodent eye), the distance from the spectacle (the theater seat), the foregrounding of expressive language ("what he says"), the items and rhythms of the *theatrum mundi* (spotlights, music, dance), and, chiefly, the oddity of the poet's viewpoint. No other poet has wanted to bring ear to snout for epistemological information.

Milosz often treats his own life with the same economical contempt he bestows on others:

> I knew what was left for smaller men like me:
> A feast of brief hopes, a rally of the proud,
> A tournament of hunchbacks, literature.

And yet, when occasion demands, he can combine scorn for his own ambition with veneration for the powers of art. He may begin in hubris:

> Tomorrow at the latest I'll start working on a great book
> In which my century will appear as it really was.

But this ambition, ironically represented, falters before a welter of anguished emotions not yet disciplined to form:

> No, it won't happen tomorrow. In five or ten years.
> I still think too much about the mothers
> And ask what is man born of woman.
> He curls himself up and protects his head
> While he is kicked by heavy boots; on fire and running,
> He burns with bright flame; a bulldozer sweeps him into a clay pit.
> Her child. Embracing a teddy bear.
> Conceived in ecstasy.
>
> I haven't learned yet to speak as I should, calmly.

"Preparation" is the title of this poem, and the poet's preparation embraces an enormous historical ambition ("my century . . . as it really was"); a lifelong linguistic preparation (symbolized glancingly by the Biblical allusion to "man born of woman"); a sensual initiation that can speak knowledgeably of the utmost reaches of bodily sensation ("conceived in ecstasy"); a storehouse of personal memory ("embracing a teddy bear"); self-analysis ("I still think too much"); and an instinctual revulsion from evil—torture, napalm, indifferent mass burial. All the preparations are to be brought into the finality of art-speech—that "calm" of aesthetic poise achieved when every linguistic weight and counterweight is in place. Here one feels that poise in the balance of "tomorrow . . . No, it won't happen tomorrow;" in the shocking slippage from the universal "man" born of woman to the particular body being kicked, set afire, bulldozed; in the cinematic reverse from corpse to ovum ("bulldozed" to "conceived"); and in the supplanting of the speech-pitch of horror by the moral effort of making art (to "speak calmly").

Anyone curious about the larger aesthetic effects in Milosz can see how often pity and indignation struggle in him with the effort to balance all, bring all to mind. The unspeakable invention of war—which will surely appear one day as inconceivable as public drawing and quartering—must be rendered, not propagandized against; and Milosz's incomparable gift for the astonishing detail (the bright flame of the body, the baby with the teddy bear) is his best weapon against cliché. His brief vignettes of the European past have some of the theatrical chiaroscuro of painting, as his spotlight picks out a hat adorned with one red plume, a silk bathing suit, a "horseflesh-colored city in ruins." The very first poem in the "Collected Poems"—"Artificer," written when Milosz was twenty—defines the artist's work as the detaching of such elements from the continuum of temporal experience and their recombination into the new constellation of a poem:

> He cuts the glowing, yellow buildings in
> two, breaks the walls into motley
> halves;
> pensive, he looks at the honey seeping from
> those huge honeycombs:
> throbs of pianos, children's cries, the thud
> of a head banging against the floor.
> This is the only landscape able to make
> him feel.

The effect here is rather strained: chop a building open, see society (art, children, violence), feel emotion, extract the honey of import. Nonetheless, the poem betrays the young Milosz's restless voyeurism of the whole—his wish to be a poet of society rather than of nature alone—and it suggests as well his distinctive combination of thought and sensual expectancy: pensive, he looks at honey.

Milosz's "Collected Poems" is an enthralling and commanding book. What it must mean to a Polish reader I can only imagine. Its great poems, already known to many, stand in imposing array: "The World," "Incantation," "From the Rising of the Sun," "The Separate Notebooks," "The Garden of Earthly Delights." The poetry becomes, as Milosz ages, less choral and incantatory, more historical and precise. The sobriety of Milosz's style (based not on metaphor but on the telling detail) seems to have increased as his narratives of penitence, pride, and ecstasy have become sparer. I can imagine that each period of his writing life will have its advocates. What is certain is that many of his poems have already passed into the canon of poetry in English—that is to say, they are admired and imitated by poets. "The World" is one of these; another is a chant called "Incantation"—Milosz's hymn to human thought and human art. I quote the opening and the close of this poem, since they exhibit Milosz's enchanting capacity for mixing religion and fairy tale, the prophetic and the hu-

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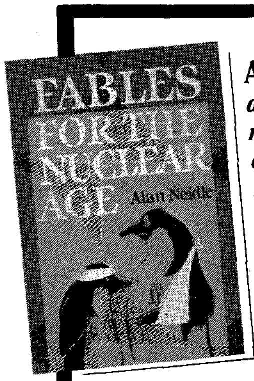
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morously tender, the personal and the liturgical:

> Human reason is beautiful and invincible.
> No bars, no barbed wire, no pulping of books,
> No sentence of banishment can prevail against it. . . .
> Beautiful and very young are Philo-Sophia
> And poetry, her ally in the service of the good.
> As late as yesterday Nature celebrated their birth,
> The news was brought to the mountains by a unicorn and an echo.
> Their friendship will be glorious, their time has no limit.
> Their enemies have delivered themselves to destruction.

One does not go to Milosz for relaxed domesticity, social brilliance, indolent luxury, or fantastic arabesques; no poet's work can be as large as the imagination. But he is one who knows the "mountain ridges in the heavenly forest / Where, beyond every essence, a new essence waits." These pages unfold a new essence with each new title. The "Collected Poems" makes me want to read a good book on Milosz by a Polish-speaking poet—one who will describe to me not those structural and focussing powers visible even in translation but the gracious, denunciatory, nostalgic, and sublime powers of Milosz's inventive Polish. At this moment, even though he has received the Nobel Prize for his poetry, Milosz is known chiefly as a political exile, a polemicist, a memoirist, and an analyst of the Marxist state. In time, the poems will eclipse the rest.

—HELEN VENDLER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

IN THE HEART OF THE WHOLE WORLD, by John Rolfe Gardiner (Knopf; $17.95). Ray Sykes becomes the victim of a kind of emotional rape when he is not allowed to acknowledge the daughter he inadvertently sires. Her existence forms for him a twin of his obsession with the town in which he was born, of which he has written a history, and which he finds himself unable to leave. At the heart of this community is a mall called the Whole World; its beating center is a supernatural mural whose subject is the town, especially as represented by the elusive daughter—who grows up to broadcast a "Prairie Home Companion"-like show about the town. It's the artist's hand drawing a picture of the artist's hand drawing a picture of the artist's hand. The circularity is carried further in the local teen-agers' dating by "doing circles" around the beltway, and in the fifteen-year-old daughter's becoming the ringleader of a round-robin of scheduled sexual partners. Meanwhile, the narrative is propelled on the momentum of child pornographers with a chain saw, secret notes, and uncanny messages. However, along with the suggestive hoopla is a naturalistic novel of a thwarted father and daughter. The unsolved mystery of who the girl is, tantalizing and brilliant in its observation of ordinary life, leaves you longing for proper resolution. What *was* going on with those sex games, and was it all because the girl needed her father, really?

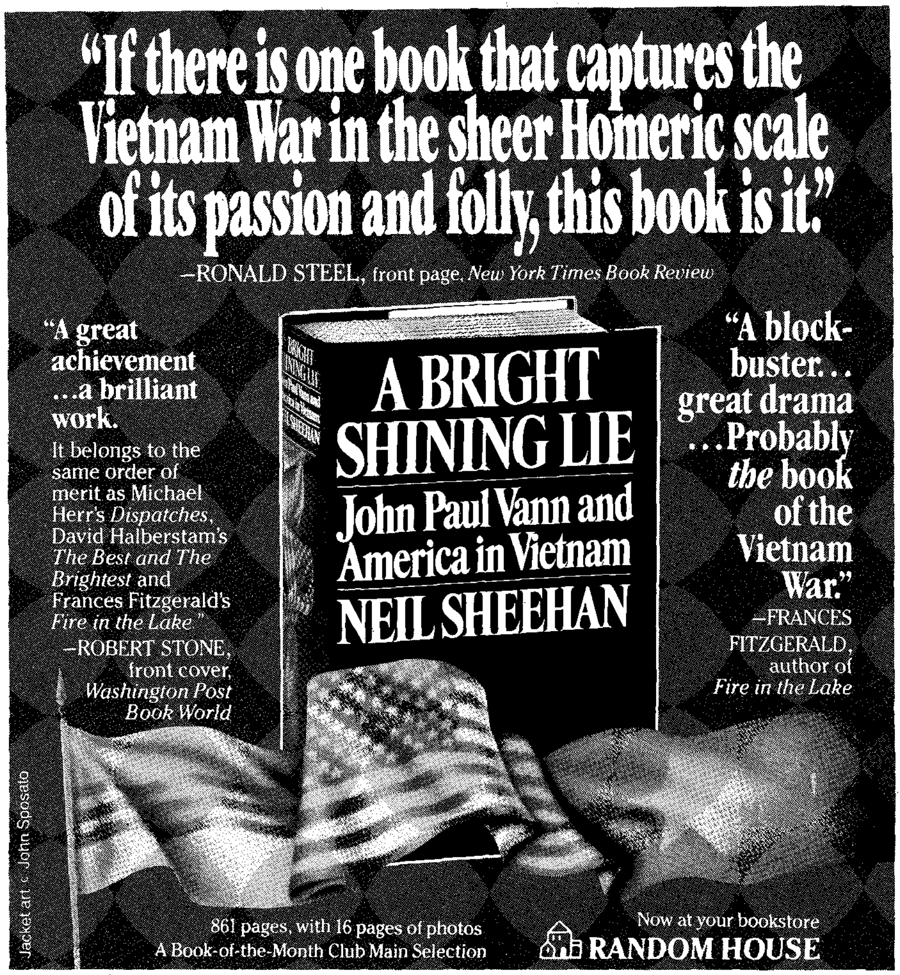
THE WOMAN WHO WAS NOT ALL THERE, by Paula Sharp (Harper & Row; $17.95). There seem to be a lot of first novels these days about women on their own who hold down jobs, raise children, and make ends meet but don't recognize the grains of feminism in their homegrown philosophies. This is one of those novels, and Marjorie LeBlanc, a nurse and the mother of four, is one of those women. At a gait so gentle that some readers may be discouraged, the naïve, thoughtful voice of Marjorie and the earnest voices of her lantern-jawed children, who resemble her ex-husband exactly, chronicle a decade of growth in the sixties and early seventies on the dusty outskirts of Durham. What is most interesting—and most realistic—about the book is that Marjorie isn't altogether likable. She isn't *strong and cheerful and brave*; rather, she complains of swollen ankles at the end of the day, gets cross easily, and too often feels unappreciated. It is in Marjorie's children that the independence and resourcefulness she won't give herself credit for come to full bloom. One is soulful, one tomboyish, one political, and one prim; all are worth getting to know.

GENERAL

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, VOLUME VIII: NEVER DESPAIR 1945-1965, and CHURCHILL: A PHOTOGRAPHIC

PORTRAIT, by Martin Gilbert (Houghton Mifflin; $40 and $24.95). The eighth and concluding volume of the official biography opens with the defeat of Nazi Germany and ends with Churchill's death, at the age of ninety. As many readers will recall, the British voters celebrated victory in 1945 by electing a Labour Government. Churchill thereupon became Leader of the Opposition, and held that position until 1951, when he again became Prime Minister. He resigned office in 1955, but sat in Parliament until 1964. He also wrote his war memoirs and revised his "History of the English-Speaking Peoples." Mr. Gilbert treats these comparatively uneventful decades in Churchill's life with deliberate amplitude (nearly fourteen hundred pages) and immerses his readers in Churchill's existence day by day, thus enabling them to know the man in the vicissitudes of rejection and old age and to appreciate his greatness. We see, too, the Churchill of myth—the Churchill who drank, smoked, and joked continually, who kept weird hours and was always playful. He enjoyed company, and he enjoyed work. His diligence was formidable, as were his powers of concentration; and his constitution was astonishing in its resilience. The volume of photographs that Mr. Gilbert has collected and annotated reminds us that the noble old man of the last volume was once a boy wonder. Many of the early pictures are posed studio portraits, but a few—such as a snapshot taken in Durban in 1899, after Churchill had escaped from a Boer prison—suggest the vitality that fuelled his talents.

IMPRESSIONISM: ART, LEISURE, AND PARISIAN SOCIETY, by Robert L. Herbert (Yale; $50). A fresh and penetrating look at the Impressionist painters—in particular, those who identified themselves and their art with Paris and the cultural ferment that began in the eighteen-sixties, when Louis-Napoleon was transforming his capital into a city of parks and vistas and public pleasures. The artists considered here are Manet, Monet, Renoir, Degas, Morisot, Caillebotte, and Cassatt. These painters, the author says, responded to and commented upon the changing social scene in Paris,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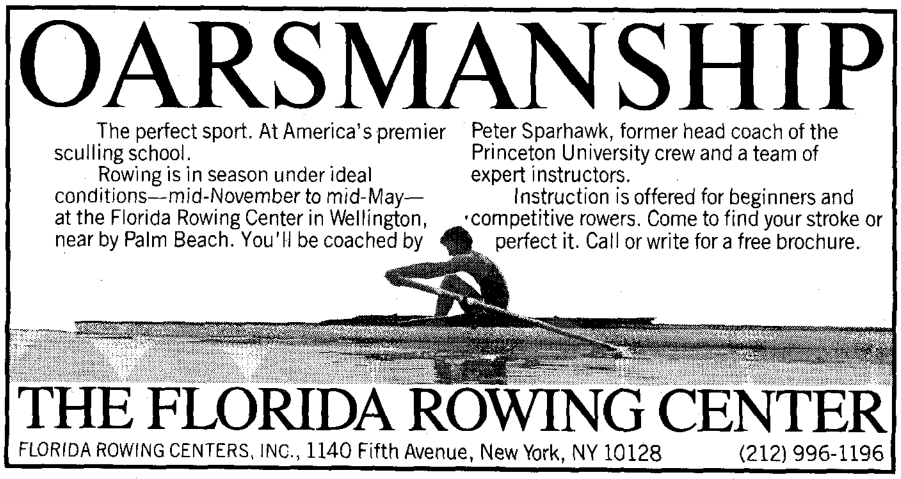
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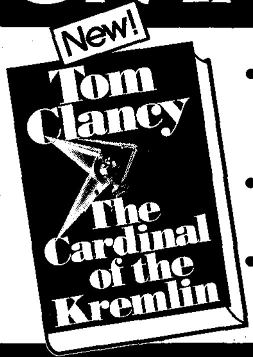

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and, with their innovative painting techniques—the use of heightened color, informal composition, and free, cursive brushwork—expressed the newfound liberalization of bourgeois life. Mr. Herbert does not suggest, however, that they were merely placid illustrators. The Impressionists, he writes, were "all naturalists who stared present-day life in its face, who revealed the predicament of modern beings." This is a thoroughgoing study, a milestone in art and social history.

On Bended Knee: The Press and the Reagan Presidency, by Mark Hertsgaard (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $22.50). A well-documented account of the methods that the President's public-relations staff has employed to assure admiration of the man and acceptance of his policies. The author attributes much of Reagan's popularity to his advisers' shrewdly affable obfuscation. This President's men, he says, have invariably known just which emotional or technological button to push to elicit the kind of coverage they wanted. Indeed, as Mr. Hertsgaard takes us through the two terms it sometimes appears that he is writing a textbook on political prestidigitation. His sources include reporters, editors, news executives, and White House staff people. In general, he says, Reagan has benefitted from the media's assaults on earlier Presidencies as newspaper and television corporations have become fearful that their reporting will be seen as hostile or destructive. This is a well-reasoned, fierce, and essential book.

The Time Is Ripe: The 1940 Journal of Clifford Odets (Grove; $22.50). The year Odets kept this journal, he was thirty-four, and the past five years had seen a series of flashing successes—"Waiting for Lefty," "Awake and Sing!," "Golden Boy," "Paradise Lost," "Rocket to the Moon." In 1940, however, he was separated from his wife, Luise Rainer; his play "Night Music" failed (murdered, he said, by the New York critics); the Group Theatre, which had nurtured his talent and put on his best plays, was disintegrating; and he was being assailed by self-doubt—what he characterized, in capital letters, as "this fear of not writing a play." But the diary is not all morosely introspective. Odets relates his love affairs, sentimental and sensual, and describes late nights in night spots with well-known friends. He discusses world politics and the war in Europe and his very discriminating musical, artistic, and literary enthusiasms. His journal bristles with spiky little comments—on "the rather undelectable" Kay Francis, on the "vortex of vanity" that is Walter Winchell.

Note: "Dateline Soweto: Travels with Black South African Reporters," by William Finnegan, has been published by Harper & Row ($18.95). Much of the contents first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Open Season, by Archer Mayor (Putnam; $18.95). A black newcomer to Brattleboro, Vermont, has been convicted by a plethora of evidence of the strangulation of a pretty drugstore clerk. Then Mr. Mayor, through his narrator, Police Lieutenant Joseph Gunther, drops a suggestion that maybe the black man wasn't guilty after all. The action explodes: an innocent young man is mistaken for an intruder and killed by a frightened old woman; a man disguised by a ski mask begins to turn up ominously; Gunther discovers that the murdered girl's father is a bloody-minded Special Forces colonel; a harmless junkie is tortured; a drug pusher is murdered. Mr. Mayor is relentless in the troubles he throws Gunther's way, but Gunther is equally relentless in his search for truth. It is our good fortune that Mr. Mayor's skills are equal to the vigor of his imagination, and we are more than willing to take his word for every twist, every turn, and every thunderbolt.

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